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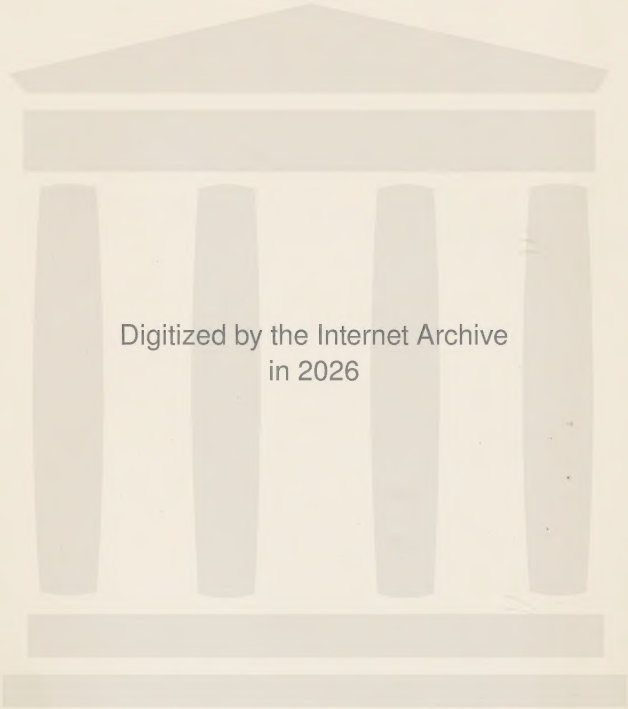
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Life and Manners

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FOREWORD TO VOLUME THE SECOND

THE present volume is the upper storey of an anthology dealing with the history and topography of Oxford, which appeared in the autumn of last year under the same title. An index has been added, the pagination, as will be seen, being continuous throughout. The aim of the compilers, in the historical portion, was to make a selection of passages which should afford a general view of the growth of the University from its origin to our own times. The subject of this second volume is the manners and customs of Oxford, old and new; it may under some future dynasty—who knows?—become a great Goliardic text and the Codex A of a cycle of romances known as *The Legend of Oxford*. Like its predecessor, it aims at judicial impartiality; and, as in the historical part, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth appeared among the benefactors, and Oxford in Laudian days received no praise which was not bestowed on the Oxford of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, so it is hoped that not one of the thousand lights and shades of the University's life, illustrated in the present volume, can claim to have secured undue predominance in the selection. Sins of omission and commission must needs come into all anthologies, but the compilers can honestly plead that their misdeeds flow from original sin, and not from malice aforethought. And if here and there the authors summoned to testify in praise of *Alma Mater* seem, like inverted Balaams, to curse rather than bless, let it not be ascribed to any want of affection either in them or in the editors. It may be that we 'Oxonians' have not always the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us; perhaps we are on our own account inclined to hypercriticism and even sometimes distrustful of ourselves, forgetful of our past achievements, and wanting in faith as to the future. Yet in our heart of hearts we know well that

the work goes steadily on, the *genius loci* is as strong to save as it ever was, reforms come slowly but surely, Oxford scholars are still at work, Science is represented by more than one professor of European fame, undergraduates continue to educate themselves in midnight talk, and men are sent forth into the world to serve Church and State no less successfully than in the days of William of Wykeham.

Salve magna parens.

It only remains to make the acknowledgements most rightly customary in all anthologies. 'The booksellers of London,' said Dr. Johnson, 'are generous, liberal-minded men,' and the editors again beg to acknowledge most gratefully the ready kindness with which the publishers have permitted them to draw from books still protected by copyright. They therefore tender their thanks to Messrs. Macmillan, Smith Elder, Longmans, Murray, Methuen, Hutchinson, Dent, Duckworth, Blackwood, Grant Richards, Heinemann, Arnold, Fisher Unwin, Chapman and Hall, Allen, Parker and many others. More especially are they bound to render thanks to the Delegates of the Press of their own University, to whom their debt is indeed great. Like kindness has been shown by authors, and particularly would they make mention of Dr. Herbert Warren, Mr. A. D. Godley, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Lang, Mr. A. G. Little, Sir H. Maxwell Lyte, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. G. L. Calderon, Professor Ashley, Mr. Ashton, K.C., Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, Mr. A. M. Broadley, the Dean of Norwich, Archdeacon Hutton, Mr. Oldershaw, Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Mrs. De Paravicini, for permission to quote from their works. Others there are, both publishers and authors, to whom thanks are due, whose names the editors fear may not be included in these lists. For this, as well as for any neglect on their part, if neglect there has been, to obtain consent or approval, they ask forgiveness. They have also to thank Mr. P. E. Matheson of New College, Mr. Atlay, Mr. W. G. Waters, and Mr. Cyril Bailey of Balliol, for the kindly assistance they have given in regard to certain points.

Finally, the editors know only too well that they must have overlooked many a passage worthy of inclusion. They are the

more comforted by the reflection that their readers may already have had recourse to other anthologies, and particularly to Professor Knight's *Glamour of Oxford*, Mrs. Oona H. Ball's *Oxford Garland*, and Mr. J. B. Firth's *Minstrelsy of Isis*, all of which have sprung into existence since the present work was conceived and commenced in the first lustrum of the new century. The present compilers eschew the omen of completing or concluding so auspicious a work, and submit Volume II. of *In Praise of Oxford* to their indulgent readers exclusively in the capacity of a second instalment.

H. SPENCER SCOTT.

1*st September* 1911.

In 1893 we stood at the elbow of Mr. Gladstone as he took his last look at St. Mary's Church from the top of Oriel Lane. . . . There he stood like Sir Bevidere, 'revolving many memories' totally oblivious of the respectful salutations of the passers-by. What a roll of associations must he have recalled at that time! . . .

Some set their hearts upon a First; a few
Snatch at the distant shadow of a Blue.
Ah! look ye not for Blues or Firsts, for they
Were not for me. How shall they be for you?

. . . .

I met a Don, and murmured, 'Brother, how
Go things with thee? Why hast so sad a brow?'
And painfully there came the answer back,
'I was a man. Ah say what am I now?' . . .

For what remains, however great thy fame?
For thee, for me, for all, the end's the same—
Climb the dark stairs to my old college rooms,
Look o'er the door and read another's name.

L. O. *apud* J. C. R.

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BOOK III

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

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IN PRAISE OF OXFORD

Alma Mater

In dealing with and on behalf of her sons the University appealed to the strongest affections and the most solemn sense of piety and duty by standing forth in the light of a mother. 'Alma mater' is an expression so well known to the students of our older colleges to-day, that it has assumed on the lips of many a half-jocular meaning, quite overshadowing the very real sense in which the words stand to some and which they certainly carried to the ears and hearts of our forefathers at Oxford and at the Oxford foundation at Douay. The growth of such a feeling is not hard to explain. In days when travel was difficult and rarely undertaken, the University was a boy's home for several years. Again the very great preponderance of the priesthood and consequent renunciation of family ties by the large majority of the resident masters suggested, with a peculiar force, the creation of fictitious bonds of relationship, and gave them a reality and strength which rooted them in the heart and became a powerful motive of action and guide of conduct in life. The motherhood of the University thus became a distinctive feature of mediæval academic life. In an appeal to the Chapter of the Benedictines for help in the erection of the Divinity School, a letter states that the request is made with all the more confidence from the deeply-seated consciousness that 'the University is our tender mother, whose wondrous fertility adorns the world.' When Master Thomas Bromis was elected Bishop of Chichester, the University was ready with a letter to the Pope begging that the election might be ratified. 'Our mother, the University of Oxford,' pleaded for 'her most dear son, our brother most nobly nourished on the same mother's breast.' Again the Archbishop of Canterbury is implored to listen to the University which, 'like the mother of the sons of Zebedee, pleads for her son,' Master Thomas King. John, Bishop of Bath and Wells and Lord Chancellor of England, is reminded that the University is the mother from whose full breast his abounding knowledge took its beginning. She therefore turns to him a tearful face, and has no shame in acquainting him with her troubles—the sufferings, which, whilst in labour, bringing forth the fruits of

learning she has to endure from unnatural and ungrateful sons who try to strip her of her liberties. And that this sentiment was not all on one side is clear from a letter of 1480 from the Bishop of Salisbury, who wrote to say that he would bring Edward Pole, nephew of Edward IV., to Oxford. To his promise that 'it shall not be long before I come to lay that noble child in his mother's lap,' the University appropriately replies that his lordship thus gives a proof of his filial love, which, though not needed, was nevertheless highly appreciated.

Dublin Review, July 1901, 'University Life in Mediæval Oxford,' by J. B. Milburn.

Sepulchral Monuments

SEPULCHRAL monuments may be regarded, either as expressions of love and veneration from those who delight to linger over the memory of departed worth; or as records and materials, to be valued for their usefulness in furnishing excitement to virtue and direction to its efforts. In either view, I presume that the tombs of the Founders of Colleges in Oxford will not be contemplated with indifference.

For with respect to the first of these causes, it may well be questioned whether there exists a class of persons more strongly impressed with gratitude and respect for the parents of those institutions from which they have derived benefit, than the Members of this University are for the venerable names, which stand associated with the origin of their respective collegiate bodies.

Pietas Oxoniensis, by Joseph Skelton, Preface. Oxford, 1828.

A Catholic's Praise

OXFORD separates its scholars into three ranks or orders, Masters, Bachelors, Disciples. That these ranks should be confused one with another is regarded in the light of a crime. Thus it comes to pass that Masters do not rashly mingle with Bachelors, nor Bachelors lower themselves to the level of the disciples; much less do the disciples, the lowest order of all, dare to place themselves on terms of equality with their superiors. To these latter it is not even permitted to go outside their college unless accompanied by a comrade. And so a certain pleasing harmony is engendered between these orders, one with another, and also a great reverence on the part of all towards the heads of colleges. But not only degree but dress also distinguishes them. For as all wear a square cap and that loose gown the robe of peace and quiet, either plain or pleated and gathered into the yoke; so the distinct conditions of the persons distinguish these gowns with a mark peculiar to each; by

which they may be recognised not only in the schools and at disputations which demand a kind of dress peculiar to itself, suitable to each degree, but also elsewhere outside their college gates. Nay, even he who rightly has mastered the laws and institutions of these colleges and has diligently considered not only the order and discipline among them, but also the studiousness, modesty, taciturnity, obedience, and the great contention and alacrity of minds to all noble studies, will so approve the reason of all these matters, that he will not be able to refrain from praising the opinions of that most learned man who after a careful survey and mastery of their system was so moved by admiration and love that he left committed to writing this noble testimony of his judgment; the colleges of Oxford approach more nearly to well-ordered cloisters of religious and monks than to an assembly of young men and youths congregated in their respective halls.

Oxoniensis in Anglia Academiæ Descriptio,
by Nicholas Fitzherbert, 1602.

The Praise of my Nursing Mothers

With these sixteen colleges and eight halls besides, elegantly built and handsomely endowed and furnished with libraries, Oxford flourishes so as to surpass all the universities of Christendom, and for living libraries (as I may justly with Eunapius call learned men), proficiency in the learned sciences, and the discipline and government of the whole body of letters here yields to none.

But why do I enlarge here? Oxford shines with such abundant lustre, to borrow Pliny's phrase, that it wants no panegyric; nor would I be thought extravagant in the praises of my nursing mother. Suffice it to say of Oxford what Pomponius Mela says of Athens, 'It is too well known to be pointed out.' For a conclusion take the beginning of the History of Oxford from the Proctors' book. 'Many chronicles have testified that many places throughout the world at different times have been eminent for the study of various sciences. But of all among the Latins the University of Oxford appears to have been the first in foundation, took in the largest compass of science, maintained the Catholic faith with greater steadiness and enjoyed the greatest number of privileges.'

Camden's *Britannia*.

Praise of Oxford

I was educated in the University of Oxford. I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and of

scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge and a genuine [?generous] freedom of thought was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation and by authority. I breathed the same atmosphere that the Hookers, the Chillingworths, and the Lockes had breathed before; whose benevolence and humanity were as extensive as their vast genius and comprehensive knowledge; who always treated their adversaries with civility and respect; who made candour, moderation, and liberal judgment as much the rule as a subject of their discourse. . . . And do you reproach me with my education in this place and with my relation to this most respectable body, which I shall always esteem my greatest advantage and my highest honour.

Bishop Lowth's *Letter to the Right Reverend Author of the Divine Legation*, 1765.

'The Sacred City'

ROME has been called the 'Sacred City': might not our Oxford be called so too? There is an air about it resonant of joy and hope: it speaks with a thousand tongues to the heart: it waves its mighty shadow over the imagination: it stands in lowly sublimity on the 'hill of ages,' and points with prophetic fingers to the sky: it greets the eager gaze from afar 'with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,' that shine with an eternal light as with the lustre of setting suns: and a dream and a glory hover round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes, are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory: its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out: its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future: Isis babbles of the Muse, its waters are from the springs of Helicon; its Christ Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields; we could pass our lives in Oxford without having or wanting any other idea—that of the place is enough. We imbibe the air of thought, we stand in the presence of learning. We are admitted into the Temple of Fame, we feel that we are in the sanctuary, on holy ground, and 'hold high converse with the mighty dead.' The enlightened and the ignorant are on a level, if they have but faith in the tutelary genius of the place. We may be wise by proxy, and studious by prescription. Time has taken upon himself the labour of thinking, and accumulated libraries leave us leisure to be dull. There is no occasion to examine the buildings, the churches, the colleges, by the rules of architecture,

to reckon up the streets, to compare it with Cambridge (Cambridge lies out of the way, on one side of the world); but woe to him who does not feel in passing through Oxford that he is in 'no mean city,' that he is surrounded with the monuments and lordly mansions of the mind of man, outvying in pomp and splendour the courts and palaces of princes, rising like an exhalation in the night of ignorance, and triumphing over barbaric foes, saying, 'All eyes shall see me, and all knees shall bow to me!'—as the shrine where successive ages came to pay their pious vows, and slake the sacred thirst of knowledge, where youthful hopes (an endless flight) soared to truth and good; and where the retired and lonely student brooded over the histories or over fancy's page, imposing high tasks for himself, framing high destinies for the race of man—the lamp, the mine, the well-head whence the spark of learning was kindled, its flower, its treasures were spread out through the remotest corners of the land and to distant nations. Let him, then, who is fond of indulging in a dreamlike existence, go to Oxford, and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noon, or mellowing the silver moonlight, let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants; for if he does, the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of the enchantment will melt from his embrace into thin air!

Pictures at Oxford and Blenheim, by William Hazlitt.

The Secret of Oxford

We have, if we would go back to the beginning, to picture an Oxford in which only a few Jews' houses were built of stone; in which the herded students from all quarters of England, Scotland, Europe, had scarcely a recreation beyond drinking and dicing in taverns; where the upper windows discharged their slops into open gutters running midway down the alleys; where in cold weather (and it can be cold in Oxford) the lecturer talked foggily by lantern light or within unglazed windows to a group of scholars blowing on their nails and shuffling their feet in the straw.... With difficulty, too, ... can we picture to ourselves the extreme poverty in which many of the students lived who listened to Edmund Rich, Roger Bacon, Robert Grosseteste. Yet even the most famous story of their poverty ends on that note of youth which, if we will hold to it, holds somewhere the secret of Oxford. There lodged together (we are told) three students so poor that they had but one *cappa* between them to cover their tunics: and so they took it in

their turns, the one going abroad in the *cappa* to lecture, while the other two kept their room. They fared on bread and porridge and a little wine, and never saw meat or fish but on Sundays and holy days: and yet the story winds up that Richard, of Chichester, who was one of the three, always remembered this time as the jolliest in his life—*et tam saepe retulit quod nunquam in vita sua tam jucundam tam delectabilem duxerat vitam.* There, in brief apologue, shines the spirit of youth which is the spirit of Oxford.

But listen to another which, though perhaps unhistorical, seems to me yet more illustrative. In the days when the biretta (or mortar board) was the coveted badge of the Mastership in Arts, two very young Masters, having scraped up their pence to purchase the headgear, flaunted it together in a walk to Bagley Wood. Their names were Richard Hamond and Walter Treverbyn; and the day, though bright, was boisterous, with north-westerly squalls. On their way home across Folly Bridge a gust caught Hamond's biretta and blew it clean off his head into the river—*irreparabile damnum*, for he could not swim and had not a shilling to purchase another. Treverbyn glanced at his friend's face. 'Of us two it is both or none,' said he, plucked off his own biretta, and sent it skimming into the flood. So they walked up St. Aldate's, sharing one another's humiliation, while the two hats danced in a bumping-race down the flood to Iffley.

In later years they married and lived remote from one another; which was lucky, for their wives could never, by any possibility, have agreed. Also they themselves took up very hotly with irreconcileable political opinions. Yet they died in the end having never entertained a thought of one another that was less than kind. For in the given hour at Oxford, they had learnt the secret at the price of two Masters' caps; and though neither could ever explain the secret, it remained with them ineffaceably.

A. T. Quiller Couch, 'The Secret,' in *The Oxford Historical Pageant.* Printed by Oxford Chronicle Company Limited, 1907.

'Genius Loci'

THERE is at Oxford and Cambridge at least one very powerful incentive to learning, I mean the *Genius of the place.* It is a sort of inspiring deity, which every youth of quick sensibility and ingenious disposition creates to himself, by reflecting that he is placed under those venerable walls, where a Hooker and a Hammond, a Bacon and a Newton, once pursued the same course of science, and from whence they soared to the most elevated heights of literary fame. This is that incitement which Tully, according

to his own testimony, experienced at Athens, when he contemplated the porticos where Socrates sat, and the laurel groves where Plato disputed.

Johnson, *The Idler*.

Laus Cantabrigiensis

OXFORD, *May* 30, 1820.

Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth:
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! your presence over-powers
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street—
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!

Wordsworth, *The River Duddon*, etc., 1820.

Defence of Oxford

No doubt the foundations have been perverted. Oxford, which equals in wealth several of the smaller European states, shuts up the lectureships which were made 'public for all men thereunto to have concourse'; mis-spends the revenues bestowed for such youths 'as should be most meet for towardness, poverty, and painfulness'; there is gross favouritism; many chairs and many fellowships are made beds of ease; and it is likely that the University will know how to resist and make inoperative the terrors of parliamentary inquiry; no doubt, their learning is grown obsolete; but Oxford also has its merits and I found here also proof of the national fidelity and thoroughness. Such knowledge as they prize they possess and impart. Whether in course or by indirection, whether by a cramming tutor or by examiners with prizes and foundation scholarships, education according to the English notion of it, is arrived at.

Universities are, of course, hostile to geniuses, which, seeing and using ways of their own, discredit the routine; as churches and monasteries persecute youthful saints. Yet we all send our sons to college; and, though he be a genius, he must take his chance. The university must be retrospective. The gale that gives direction to the vanes on all its towers blows out of antiquity. Oxford is a

library, and the professors must be librarians. And I should as soon think of quarrelling with the janitor for not magnifying his office by hostile sallies into the street, like the Governor of Kertch or Kinburn, as of quarrelling with the professors for not admiring the young neologists who pluck the beards of Euclid and Aristotle, or for not attempting themselves to fill their vacant shelves as original writers.

It is easy to carp at colleges, and the college, if we will wait for it, will have its own turn. Genius exists there also, but it will not answer a call of a committee of the House of Commons. It is rare, precarious, eccentric, and darkling. England is the land of mixture and surprise; and when you have settled it that the universities are moribund, out comes a poetic influence from the heart of Oxford to mould the opinions of cities, to build their houses as simply as birds their nests, to give veracity to art and charm mankind, as an appeal to moral order always must.

Emerson's *English Traits.*

Progressive Emulation

JOHNSON expatiated on the advantages of Oxford learning, 'There is here, Sir (said he), such a progressive emulation. The students are anxious to appear well to their tutors; the tutors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the college; the colleges are anxious to have their students appear well in the University; and there are excellent rules of discipline in every college. That the rules are sometimes ill observed, may be true; but is nothing against the system. The members of an University may, for a season, be unmindful of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the institution.'

Boswell's *Johnson.*

THE ROAD TO OXFORD

Advice to Freshmen

YOUTH will be sanguine, but before you go,
Learn these plain rules and treasure when you know:
Wisdom is innate in the gown and band;
Their wearers are the wisest in the land.
Science, except in Oxford, is a dream;
In all things heads of houses are supreme;
Proctors are perfect whosoe'er they be;
Logic is reason in epitome;
Examiners, like kings, can do no wrong;
All modern learning is not worth a song.

The English Spy, 1825.

Only the great things last

ONLY the gracious air, only the charm,
And ancient might of true humanities:
These, nor assault of man, nor time, can harm:
Not these, nor Oxford with her memories.

Together have we walked with willing feet
Gardens of plenteous trees, bowering soft lawn,
Hills, whither Arnold wandered; and all sweet
June meadows, from the troubling world withdrawn.

Chapels of cedarn fragrance, and rich gloom
Poured from empurpled panes on either hand;
Cool pavements, carved with legends of the tomb;
Grave haunts, where we might dream and understand.

Over, the four long years! And unknown powers
Call to us, going forth upon our way:
Ah! turn we, and look back upon the towers,
That rose above our lives and cheered the day.

Lionel Johnson, *Oxford: To Arthur Galton.*

The Road to Oxford

OXFORD City would be nothing without colleges; for there are scarce any more inhabitants in it than enough to serve three or four thousand students and to cultivate a very delightful plain where

the City stands upon a small river, abounding with fish, which falls near it into the Thames. We were two days in going by the stage-coach to Oxford thro' a fine country, where we were delighted with the sight of Uxbridge, Beaconsfield, High Wickham, and West Wickham, which they call towns tho' they are in strictness no more than large unwalled boroughs. They frightened us with the danger of highwaymen on the road, which I thought they did out of vanity, and to the end that Paris might have nothing to upbraid London with; but I am satisfied some of them appeared in reality now and then.

Sorbière's *Voyage*, 1709.

Oxford Coaches, 1669

MONDAY was the first day that the flying coach went from Oxon to London in one day. A. W. went in the same coach, having then a boot on each side. Among the six men that went was Mr. Richard Holloway, a counsellor of Oxon, afterwards a judge. They then (according to the Vice-Chancellor's order stuck up in all public places) entred into the coach at the tavern dore against All Souls College, precisely at 6 in the morning and at 7 at night they were all set down in their inn at London.

Wood's *Life*.

Oxford Coaches, 1692

FROM Our Lady-day unto Michaelmas the coaches go every day in the week between Oxford and London and carry passengers in one day, every passenger paying ten shillings. But after Michaelmas unto Our Lady-day the coaches go out every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and carry passengers in two days, each passenger paying ten shillings.

Oxford Almanac, 1692.

Shotover

THE heart-shaking possibilities of old-time Shotover are illustrated in the experience of Charles Wesley, travelling on horseback from Oxford to London one October day in 1739. He had not gone more than a mile from Oxford when his horse fell lame. He did, according to his lights, the next best thing to going back, that is to say, he sang the ninety-first psalm, and commended himself to the Divine protection. If we turn to the ninety-first psalm we shall see that he was horribly frightened, for it is one in which the Psalmist sustains his own faltering courage with assurances that the godly shall be protected and shall not be afraid of the terrors by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day. He had scarce ended the singing and had but that moment passed 'the hut'—apparently a wayside tavern—on Shotover Hill when a man came up and asked him for his money. The highwayman

showed no pistol, but Charles Wesley very meekly handed over his purse, containing thirty shillings. 'Have you no more?' asked the highwayman, whereupon he put his hand in his pocket and gave the man some halfpence. Again the highwayman asked the question. Now Charles Wesley could not, any more than Washington, tell a lie, and so, with conscientious diplomacy, he merely bade the persistent fellow search for himself. It was a successful ruse, for the highwayman, evidently never before having met a traveller not prepared to lie with fluency and a good conscience to save his money, took this rejoinder as a surly way of saying 'no,' and declined to search him. In this manner the good Wesley salved his conscience and saved the thirty guineas he had in another pocket.

The highwayman then ordered him to dismount, which he did, but begged hard for his horse again, promising that he would make no pursuit. To this our complaisant robber, probably having in the meanwhile observed that the horse was lame, consented, and so Charles Wesley rode gently on, praising God for the preservation of self, horse, saddle-bags, watch, and those thirty guineas.

The Oxford, Gloucester, and Milford Haven Road, by Charles G. Harper. Chapman and Hall, 1905.

Pope at Oxford

NOTHING could have more of that melancholy which was once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours —was rolled up in books—lay in one of the most ancient dusky parts of the University—and was as deaf to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was

a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself received with a sort of respect which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay and the ambitious are in your world.

Pope to Martha Blount.

Jeremy Bentham's Matriculation

JUNE 27-28, 1760.—*Aujourd'hui à midi* set out with my friend, Mr. William Brown, and my son Jeremy, from London for Oxford. Lay at Orkney's Arms, by Maidenhead bridge; got to Oxford at dinner *après midi*. Entered my son a commoner at Queen's College; and he subscribed[1] the statutes of the University in the apartment of Dr. Browne, the Provost of Queen's, he being the present vice-chancellor; and by his recommendation I placed my son under the care of Mr. Jacob Jefferson, as his tutor—paying Mr. Jefferson for caution-money, £8; entrance to Butler, etc., 10s.; matriculation, 17s. 6d.; table fees, 10s. The age of my dear son, upon his being admitted of the University this day, is twelve years, three months, and thirteen days. On the 29th, *matin à l'église* of St. Mary; *après-midi* dined with the vice-chancellor at his apartments at Queen's. 30th, Dined in commons at Queen's College with Mr. Jefferson and the rest of the fellows and gownsmen of the house. Paid for a commoner's gown for my son, £1, 12s. 6d. Paid for a cap and tassel, 7s. Expenses of journey to Oxford, £7, 5s. 3d.

Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham, by John Bowring.
Bentham's *Works*, 1843.

Oxford Coaches, 1768

JOHNSON might have returned either by the Oxford Post-Coach, which left at 8 A.M., fare 15s., no outside passengers; or by the Oxford Machine, which left the Bear Inn, High Street, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 6 A.M. The Machine was licensed by the Vice-Chancellor; carried six inside passengers, at 10s. each; outside passengers half-price. Each inside passenger was allowed 20 lbs. of luggage; above that weight a penny per lb. was charged. Had Johnson had heavy luggage he might have sent it by the University old Stage Wagon, which left Oxford every Tuesday morning at one o'clock [*i.e.* one hour after midnight], and arrived at the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, every Wednesday at three. It returned on Thursday at nine [in the morning], and was at Oxford on Friday evening.

Letters of Samuel Johnson, ed. by G. Birkbeck Hill.
Clarendon Press, 1892.

[1] On account of his tender age, Bentham was not required to take the oaths.

1799. *Jan.* 12.—Robbed by two mounted highwaymen, on my return to Oxford, with Mr. Woolcombe and Mr. Mant (afterwards the bishop), between Uxbridge and Beaconsfield. **Highwaymen on the Oxford Road**

Copleston's *Diary*, 1851.

If you have ever happened to travel that road about the end of October, you have probably seen a great deal even of the more transitory and occasional sort of things that fell under the inspection of Reginald and his companions. You have probably observed abundance of rosy-cheeked old Staffordshire parsons, in gray-worsted stockings, seeing their sons into the Oxford-bound coach, just below the rectory ha-ha. You have been annoyed with the troops of empty, talking, consequential, beardless 'men,' chattering to each other about 'First Class' and 'Second Class'—Sir Roger Newdigate's prize poem—the Dean of Christchurch—Copleston's pamphlets—and the Brazen-nose Eight-oar. You must have been amused with the smug tutors, in tight stocking pantaloons and gaiters, endeavouring to shew how completely they can be easy, well-bred, well-informed men of the world, when they have not their masters' gowns upon their backs—hazarding a jocular remark, perhaps, even to an under-graduate the one moment, and biting their lips and drawing themselves up the moment after. You have been distrest with their involuntary quotations from Joe Miller and the *Quarterly Review*; and if you have taken a second 'cheerer' with them after supper, you may have been regaled with some classical song out of the Sausage—'the swapping, swapping Mallard'—or **On the Road to Oxford**

> 'Your voices, brave boys, one and all I bespeak 'em,
> In due celebration of William of Wickham;
> Let our chorus maintain, whether sober or mellow,
> That old Billy Wickham was a very fine fellow,' etc.

Reginald Dalton, by J. G. Lockhart, 1823.

Leaving London Cobbett rode through Hants, Wiltshire, Gloucester, and Hereford, returning by way of Oxford. The sight of the University produced a characteristic outburst: **Cobbett on Oxford**

'Upon beholding the masses of buildings, at Oxford, devoted to what they call "*learning*," I could not help reflecting on the drones that they contain and the wasps they send forth! However, malignant as some are, the great and prevalent characteristic is *folly*: emptiness of head; want of talent; and one half of the fellows who are what they call *educated* here are unfit to be clerks in a grocer's or mercer's shop. As I looked up at what they called

University Hall, I could not help reflecting that what I had written, ever since I left Kensington on the 29th October, would produce more effect, and do more good in the world, than all that had for a hundred years been written by all the members of this University, who devour, perhaps, not less than *a million pounds a year*, arising from property, completely at the disposal of the "Great Council of the nation," and I could not help exclaiming to myself: "Stand forth, ye big-wigged, ye gloriously feeding Doctors! Stand forth, ye *rich* of that Church whose *poor* have had given them *a hundred thousand pounds a year*, not out of your riches, but out of the *taxes*, raised in part from the *salt* of the labouring man! Stand forth and face me, who have from the pen of my leisure-hours, sent, among your flocks, a hundred thousand sermons in ten months! More than you have all done for the last half-century,"—I exclaimed in vain. I dare say (for it was at peep of day) that not a man of them had yet endeavoured to unclose his eyes.'

A Study of Cobbett, by E. I. Carlyle. Constable, 1904.

Greater Facilities

ALTHOUGH the chief coach inn of Oxford, the 'Angel' in High Street, has vanished, there still remains a very striking group of old coaching hostelries in Cornmarket Street—houses much patronised by the sportive youth of the 'Varsity in those halcyon days reflected in the classic pages of *Verdant Green*. To them the budding Jehu, still under collegiate rule, resorted, fresh from the triumphs of the box, and replacing the top-boots and coachman's hat and coat by the more decorous costume of the undergraduate, returned to his College, with Dons and Proctors little the wiser. To drive a coach a stage or two in or out of Oxford was a thing that stamped a man at once, and gave him an entry to the best sets. Do we not read in *Pendennis* how Harry Foker drove the Ox[ford] coach nearly all the way from London, greatly to the terror of a fat old gentleman from the City, occupying, with Major Pendennis, an inside seat? Coaching, indeed, exercised a wide-spread fascination, a little difficult to understand, over all classes. There was, for example, in the early twenties, a clergyman, the Rev. Charles Atterbury, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Oxford, who had for some years, as an amateur, taken a great interest in coaching, and was in the habit of regularly going down the road to inspect the working of Costar's Birmingham coach. On August 26th, 1823, he had not long obtained his customary box-seat, after much wrangling with another passenger who had come early and was not readily to be bullied out of it, when he was accidentally thrown off and killed. It was remarked at the time as strange that the un-

fortunate clergyman should the Sunday before have preached from the text, 'Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.'

For some years after the Great Western main line was opened, the nearest railway station to Oxford was Steventon, nine miles distant, and the University was still powerful enough to petition, with some prospect of being accorded a hearing, against the proposed line from Didcot, projected in 1838. The three reasons advanced against the undertaking were, firstly, that the existing means of communication sufficed; secondly, that greater facilities would be destructive of discipline; and thirdly, that the railway works adjoining the river would necessarily cause floods. But these objections were overruled, and the Great Western Railway was opened to Grandpont, June 12th, 1844, and to the existing station shortly after. . . .

Inns in the Corn

The Cornmarket Inns are sadly dwindling. On one side is 'The Clarendon' (formerly 'Star') still unchanged from the day when the old 'Blenheim' coach drew up before its long stuccoed front. On the other, 'The Roebuck,' shouldered by 'The Golden Cross'—narrow entry, cobble stone yard, high gables, Jacobean windows of the belvedere or perpendicular oriel. Every line and curve of these old buildings and outhouses is a seventeenth-century lyric. It does the connoisseur of the roads good to see 'The Golden Cross' a going concern. To observe the joints, hanging up where joints have been hanged for four hundred years, and to see the long row of bells waggling and hear them jangling in the service of guests. . . .

The Oxford Road, by C. G. Harper.
Chapman and Hall, 1905.

Oxford Bells

From Andover to Wantage town
Is nigh on forty mile:
You go all day on a grassy way
With not a stone nor stile,
And some companionable wind
Speaks to you all the while.

You are so high above the world,
That, as the shepherd tells,
When the wind blows up from South and West
It brings the sharp sea smells;
And elfin-dim when the north wind blows,
You hear the Oxford bells.

It is I that would hear the Oxford bells
  Above the Oxford flowers,
When the chestnuts are a-droop with drouth,
  Sounding the sleepy hours;
Or quavering in the loud March gale
  That thunders round her towers.

New Poems, by St. John Lucas.
Constable, 1908.

'I know nothing about railways!'

BEFORE the days of railways, winter snows and frosts often delayed the reassembling of a college. Thus we learn from the Magdalen Order Book on Feb. 1, 1814, that six undergraduates were allowed a fortnight's grace for coming up on account of the severity of the weather. There is a well-known story how Dr. Routh [1755-1854], the aged President of Magdalen, who remembered, when a young M.A., seeing Dr. Johnson in Oxford, persisted in excusing a gentleman commoner for not appearing at the commencement of term, on the ground that the stage coaches were probably too full or the roads too bad. When the Vice-Principal suggested that the man would probably come by railway and not by the extinct coach, the old President, who clung to the ways of the past years with which he still remained alone familiar, irritably exclaimed, 'Railway, sir! Oh, I know nothing about railways!'

See *A Register of Magdalen College*, New Series, by William Dunn Macray. Frowde, 1906.

Turner's View.

THE coaching days were the best for those who wanted to see what Oxford looked like as a whole. From the top of the London coach as Headington Hill was reached there must have been on a summer morning a minute or two of ecstasy for those who first caught sight of the glittering city at their feet. Not quite so fair a view, but beautiful enough, was theirs who came by way of Cumnor from the Berkshire Downs. . . . And yet there is something better still. I would have, could I arrange it, for my friend a more gradual approach yet. I would take him off the converging roads while yet Oxford was unseen. I would lead him in the early morning of a summer day—it must ever be summer—away where the river washes the feet of the old town at Abingdon, and thence by pleasant paths, through Sunningwell we would ascend Boar's Hill. There, on a grassy spot, a hanging wood partly revealed below us, we would lie face downwards on the turf and gaze on Oxford lying far below—the Oxford Turner saw.

F. D. How, *Oxford*.

TERMS AND VACATIONS

The first Day of Michaelmas Term

THE first day of Michaelmas term is, to an undergraduate's furniture, the brightest day of the year. Much as Charles regretted home, he rejoiced to see old Oxford again. The porter had acknowledged him at the gate, and the scout had smiled and bowed, as he ran up the worn staircase and found a blazing fire to welcome him. The coals crackled and split, and threw up a white flame in strong contrast with the newly-blackened bars and hobs of the grate. A shining copper kettle hissed and groaned under the internal torment of water at boiling point. The chimney-glass had been cleaned, the carpet beaten, the curtains fresh glazed. A tea-tray and tea-commons were placed on the table; besides a battel paper, two or three cards from tradesmen who desired his patronage, and a note from a friend whose term had already commenced. The porter came in with his luggage, and had just received his too ample remuneration, when through the closing doors, in rushed Sheffield in his travelling dress.

'Well, old fellow, how are you?' he said, shaking both of Charles's hands, or rather arms, with all his might, 'here we are all again; I am just come like you. Where have you been all this time? Come, tell us all about yourself. Give me some tea and let 's have a good jolly chat.'

Loss and Gain, by Cardinal Newman, 1848.

Disillusionment of a Third Year Man

I WON'T go back to Oxford at present. Why should I? If the College object, they may send me down. To have to think of the place is bad enough. It is like a tomb of cold grey stone, a tomb where young men bury their hope and faith. As to charity, if tolerance be charity, let us rub out the old passage about charity suffering much and put in 'Charity cares for none of these things.' The glorious crown of the highest education of the country is a fine indifference as to what becomes of your neighbour. Let him go to the devil in his own way. We will not interfere, and we pride ourselves on our toleration. Let us alone. Don't ask us to do anything. So much may be said for doing the opposite. Some are active enough, of course, picking up scraps of knowledge, which

will gain marks, which will bring money. Good, sensible souls! Why am I not of them? For me our great, world-renowned, historic, bloated University is but a cumbrous machine for producing bags of wind, a Juggernaut, a school of paralysis. Of course I know, Oxonian as I am, that so much is to be said on the other side. The truth is, that I am sick to death of my little list of rules for purifying religion, elevating humanity, reforming the universe. When I went up to Oxford, I had an awful appetite for these things. It seemed so easy to do almost everything, when one once understood it all. Here were people all about ready to make us understand. It was intoxicating to acquire so much knowledge. On Monday I chanced on a law which explained all the processes of the universe. On Tuesday, I came across a system to which all people might so easily conform and become on a sudden wise and good. On Wednesday, I found that my law was attacked and my system demolished. On Thursday, I saw the great beauty of toleration; there was some truth on every view of a subject. 'O liberty!' I cried on Friday, and glowed with a generous enthusiasm for my neighbour's right to get drunk. On Saturday I was ready to cry 'Vanity' with the Preacher; and on Sunday, lo! there was vanity in the pulpit. . . . When I think what a prig I have been for my first two years at Oxford I despise myself. I hope that is the beginning of wisdom. I believe that in my heart I was glad that a bad thing was, if I could say a good thing about it. There is a depth!

John-a-Dreams: A Tale, by Julian Sturgis. Blackwood, 1878.

The Beginning of Term

DEAR City! far in hollow hills,
And kept awake by flooded rills,
This night I hear the many feet
That pace thy steeple-shadowed street,
The tide of youth in merry going
Beneath the college windows flowing:
And strange, most strange it seems to me
At such an hour far off to be.
I miss the evening thronged with greeting,
The tumult of the autumnal meeting,
When every face is fresh of hue,
As though its life began anew.
I almost wonder not to hear
Some chosen voices speaking near.

My very hand the air doth grasp
In pressure kind or burning clasp:
While with a pleasant, solemn strain
The chapel bell wakes up again.
And still to my believing eyes
St. Mary's shadow seems to rise,
All gently cast o'er every sense
With its old wonted influence.
Wherewith it hallowed many a night
My ramblings in the cold moonlight;
And thrills of joy and thoughts of good
Were deepened by its neighbourhood.

F. W. Faber, *Poems*, 1857.

The first Summer Term

THE cream of University life is the first summer term. Debts, as yet, are not; the schools are too far off to cast their shadow over the unlimited enjoyment, which begins when lecture is over at one o'clock. There are so many things to do,—

'When wickets are bowled and defended,
When Isis is glad with the eights,
When music and sunset are blended,
When Youth and the Summer are mates,
When freshmen are heedless of "Greats,"
When note-books are scribbled with rhyme,
Ah! these are the hours that one rates
Sweet hours, and the fleetest of time.'

There are drags at every college gate to take college teams down to Cowley. There is the beautiful scenery of the 'stripling Thames' to explore; the haunts of the immortal 'Scholar Gipsy,' and of Shelley, and of Clough's Piper, who

'Went in his youth and the sunshine rejoicing, to Nuneham and Godstowe.'

Further afield men seldom go in summer, there is so much to delight and amuse them in Oxford. What day can be happier than that of which the morning is given (after a lively college breakfast, or a commonising with a friend) to study, while cricket occupies the afternoon till music and sunset fill the grassy stretches above Iffley, and the college eights flash past among cheering and splashing. Then there is supper in the cool halls, darkling and half-lit up; and after supper talk, till the birds twitter in the elms, and the roofs and the chapel spire look unfamiliar in the blue of dawn. How long the days were then! almost like the days of childhood; how distinct is the impression all experience used to make!

Oxford, by Andrew Lang. Seeley, 1906.

Summer Term

EASTER TERM, with the four days' vacation, and little Trinity term at the end of it, is surely the cream of the Oxford year. Then, even in this our stern northern climate, the sun is beginning to have power, the days have lengthened out, great-coats are unnecessary at morning chapel, and the miseries of numbed hands and shivering skins no longer accompany every pull on the river and canter on Bullingdon. In Christ Church meadows and the college gardens the birds are making sweet music in the tall elms. You may almost hear the thick grass growing, and the buds on tree and shrub are changing from brown, red, or purple, to emerald green under your eyes; the glorious old city is putting on her best looks and bursting out into laughter and song. In a few weeks the races begin, and Cowley Marsh will be alive with white tents and joyous cricketers. A quick ear, on the towing-path by the Gut, may feast at one time on those three sweet sounds, the thud, thud of the eight-oar, the crack of the rifles at the Weirs, and the click of the bat on the Magdalen ground. And then Commemoration rises in the background, with its clouds of fair visitors, and visions of excursions to Woodstock and Nuneham in the summer days; of windows open on to the old quadrangles in the long still evenings, through which silver laughter and strains of sweet music, not made by man, steal out and puzzle the old celibate jackdaws, peering down from the battlements with heads on one side. To crown all, long vacation, beginning with the run to Henley regatta, or up to town to see the match with Cambridge at Lord's and taste some of the sweets of the season, before starting on some pleasures of English country life! Surely, the lot of young Englishmen who frequent our universities is cast in pleasant places.

Tom Brown at Oxford, by Thomas Hughes, 1861.

Dulce Domum

ON the morning after Commemoration, Oxford was in a bustle of departure. The play had been played, the long vacation had begun, and visitors and members seemed equally anxious to be off. At the gates of the colleges, groups of young men in travelling dresses waited for the coaches, omnibuses, dog-carts, and all manner of vehicles, which were to carry them to the Great Western railway station at Steventon, or elsewhere, to all points of the compass. Porters passed in and out with portmanteaus, gun-cases, and baggage of all kinds, which they piled outside the gates, or carried off to 'The Mitre,' or 'The Angel,' under the vigorous and not too courteous orders of the owners. College servants flitted round the groups to take last instructions, and, if so might be, to extract the balance of extortionate bills out of their departing

masters. Dog fanciers were there also, holding terriers; and scouts from the cricketing grounds, with bats and pads under their arms; and ostlers, and men from the boats, all on the same errand of getting the last shilling out of their patrons—a fawning, obsequious crowd for the most part, with here and there a sturdy Briton who felt that he was only there for his due.

Tom Brown at Oxford, 1861.

Visit from one's People

Sept. 5, 1721.—My Father, Brother Buckley, and Mr. Bernewitz, came from London to Oxford and lodg'd at Mr. Best's near our College.

Sept. 7.—Rid out with my Father, Mr. Jordan and Bro. John to Shotover Hill, whence had a good view of Col. Tyrrell's beautiful Seat. Din'd at Wheatley. Coming back saw Cudsdon, the Bishop of Oxford's Palace, an old House; and Dr. Panting's House—both pleasantly seated.

Sept. 9.—Rode with my Father, etc., to Woodstock and Blenheim.

14.—Rode with Ditto to Fyfield (6 long miles from Oxford), passing by Hincksey, Sandford, etc. Returned by Bazizley, the seat of —— Linton, Esq^re^, which is a good old House and agreeably settled in a Wood; and through Bottley and over Bottley Causeway. At Fyfield dined at Ralph Wilder's. This is a pleasant jaunt.

Sept. 15.—Show'd my Father the Colleges and Curiosities of the University.

19.—Went with my Father to Newnam by Water, leaving Eafly, Kennington, Littlemore, and Sandford on the right and left. This is a most agreeable Passage.

. . . My Father, Bro. Buckley, and Mr. Bernewitz returned to London.

'Diary of Erasmus Philipps,' *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 1860.

'Three cheers for the ladies in dark blue'

THE proceedings in the Oxford theatre, supposed to be the central fact of the Commemoration week, impressed Daisy Fairfield with an unfeigned and ill-pleased wonder. . . . Why, on this of all days in the year, the dignified university should turn itself into a common bear-garden, allow its own elected officers to be officially pilloried by the universal hiss of public scorn, for nothing particular except doing what they were appointed to do; specially invite famous authors, famous soldiers, famous statesmen and diplomatists, to receive their honours in an inexplicable dumb-show and noise, and to hear there the names of favourite heroes and leaders, perhaps,

proposed for general execration; expose ladies and young girls to a fire of very impertinent and unseemly banter, and in more than one instance to considerable fright,—and all this for the behoof of a gang of juvenile rowdies, resembling a boxing-night sixpenny gallery in everything but the wit and the musical ear—will perhaps puzzle the future historian of English manners. . . . 'Three cheers for the ladies in dark blue' was the cry most in favour in that day's gallery, suggested by the rich deep-hued dress which Daisy wore. . . .

'Oh, Mr. Faucit, how very rude and noisy! I shall be glad to get away.'

'It's abominable,' answered Faucit, thoroughly vexed. 'I can't think why on earth this sort of thing isn't put a stop to. It goes from bad to worse every year, and will end in putting a stop to Commemoration altogether.'

'If they said any single thing worth hearing, or that one could laugh at,' she said, 'one wouldn't so much mind. But they're dull enough to be respectable!' And a discordant, many-throated howl went up, as a figure in cap and gown came into the hall.

'Yah! yah! yah!' like the shouts of some fictitious semi-human breed in a fancy of Dean Swift's.

'Who's that unhappy man, and what has he done?'

'That's the proctor; and he is a very good fellow, who has done no harm to anybody.'

. . . . . .

Suddenly the howls swelled and gathered into one stupendous yell.

'Yah! yah! yah! Take it off! take it off!'

'Good gracious, what is it now?'

'*Vir doctissime et reverendissime.*'

'Who's that?'

'That's the public orator reading something in Latin.'

'Yah! yah! yah! The man in the straw hat!'

'Yah! yah! yah! Take it off! take it off!'

'Three cheers for the ladies in dark blue! Hip!'

But the diversion was vain, and succeeded no further than the first hip.

'Yah! the straw hat! Take it off! turn him out!'

The storm gathered and arose; proctors and unpopular statesmen were forgotten; the face of the public orator grew impatient and disgusted; a distinguished foreign ambassador who had come to be honoured looked about him in blank and undisguised amazement. . . .

The solitary offender in the straw hat, a well-bred and distinguished man of letters, who lived in retirement and innocent of Oxford's jealousy for good manners, was there by invitation, was for a long time placidly unconscious of the cause of the uproar. As it began to dawn on him, he frowned and took root and looked thoroughly determined and resentful. But modesty and indignation mastered him as he became the mark of all eyes, friendly and unfriendly, and at last he beat a sudden retreat into the street. . . .

A shout of triumph from the gallery followed the fugitive; and proudly conscious of having vindicated the laws of breeding, the undergraduates with trencher caps in different degrees of dilapidation and unsightliness, graciously permitted the proceedings to advance to something like an intelligible close. The public orator's well-turned attempts to frame the most modern English sentiment in classic Latin were favourably, if rather satirically, received; and the sonorous couplets of the bard of Newdigate were hailed with an amount of encouraging applause, due, perhaps, as much to the reappearance of the English tongue on the scene as to the sentiments expressed.

Faucit of Balliol, by H. C. Merivale.
Chapman and Hall, 1882.

Did he come in the 'One-hoss shay'?

THIS 'Commem.' of 1886 was a famous one. Honest John Bright had reconciled his Quaker conscience to red robes, and stood up to be honoured. His grand face was applauded to the echo. But the gallery gods had heartier applause for Dr. Holmes, whose almost boyish countenance told them of the eternal youth in the poet's heart. What a quick response there was from those other hearts up aloft, who knew that the good Doctor would not mind the unbridled licence which they enjoy one day in the year! The complimentary address was being read, Dr. Holmes standing in his scarlet finery, but the noise in the gallery was deafening! 'Hurry up your Latin, man.' 'Open your mouth so that the Doctor can hear.' 'Mispronounced again, sir; the Doctor is laughing at you'; and verily the Autocrat could not keep back a broad grin from that face which seemed indeed always kindly smiling. The speaker did finally stumble and stutter. Then how he was reviled! 'Take a deeper breath, sir.' 'Now, one, two, three.' 'Don't prompt him, O Vice-Chancellor.' 'I say, let him go it alone.' 'Lady's looking over your shoulder, sir.' Dr. Holmes's grin was subsiding as the speaker tried to find his place, so we next heard: 'Doctor wants to know where the joke is, sir.'

'Hurry up! don't you see our guest is tired?' And when at last the end came, and the Autocrat was enrolled among the worthies, 'Give the Autocrat a seat'; for the D. C. L. bench was well crowded. 'Room, room!' 'Seat, seat!' 'Come, show your manners, gentlemen!' 'No place for Wendell Holmes to sit!'

Life and Letters of O. W. Holmes, by J. T. Morse. Sampson Low, 1896.

The Long Vacation

'THE place is now a sullen solitude,' wrote Johnson on Aug. 1, 1775, from Oxford. Yet when he was an undergraduate Oxford was by no means deserted during the Long Vacation. The books of Pembroke College show that on Aug. 15, 1729, there were twenty-five members in residence out of a maximum of little more than fifty. On Sept. 12 the number sank to sixteen.

Letters of Johnson, ed. by G. Birkbeck Hill. Clarendon Press.

THE long recess between the Trinity and Michaelmas terms empties the colleges of Oxford; I spent, at my father's house at Buriton in Hampshire, the two months of August and September. It is whimsical enough that, as soon as I left Magdalen College, my taste for books began to revive.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

A YOUNG undergraduate of Queen's who remained in residence most of the Long Vacation of 1779, writing on Oct. 7, says:— 'The University is yet thin and desolate. A few solitary tutors that drop in one by one are all you meet in an evening, and these by a certain woefulness of countenance seem not too well pleased with the exchange of a good table and merry circle of friends for spare diet and prayers twice a day.'

Letters of Radcliffe and James. Oxford Historical Society, 1888.

IN the English colleges every one may reside all the year as all my pupils did; and I should have thought myself little better than a highway-man if I had not lectured them every day in the year but Sundays.

Wesley's *Journal*, 1827.

The Academic Year

BEFORE the time of Laud the period of residence was nominal: by his statutes it was raised to fourteen weeks in the year; at a later date this became eighteen weeks. At the present time residence for forty-two days in the Michaelmas and Hilary Terms

and of forty-eight days in the Easter and Trinity Terms combined, or one hundred and thirty-two days in all, is the minimum of residence required in the twelve academical terms to be kept and counted towards the attainment of a degree. . . . The statutes of 1877 by which the Colleges are required to provide courses of instruction for their undergraduates during at least twenty-four weeks in the academical year, practically determine the length of residence.

Adapted from Lord Curzon's
Principles and Methods of University Reform.
Clarendon Press, 1909.

Charles Lamb, 'Oxford in Vacation'

To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or a curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours), whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago, and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that being nothing, art everything! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—

then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration, thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*. What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is a nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping! Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, the shelves. What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Essays of Elia, 'Oxford in Vacation.'

FRESHMEN AND THEIR WAYS

Furnishing Rooms

The young men travelled on horseback, going in fair-sized parties for company and safety. The Cellarer's Roll of 1456-57 shows that the horses were hired usually, not bought—for that roll contains a simple little tragedy—for it tells us that the Cellarer had to pay 5s. 7d. for one horse hired from John Coken to go to Oxford, and it had died on arriving there, from fatigue and overwork. A fat young monk, indifferent as to his beast, had ridden the poor creature too hard. 'Pro uno equo conducto de Joh. Coken versus Oxoniam et ibidem pro nimio labore mortuo, 5s. 7d.' To each student was given a sum of money, usually 3s. 4d., for travelling expenses; they could not have had many hotel bills to pay. When they reached Oxford at last, probably after a fortnight's journey, and many small adventures, the 'pueri' or secular scholars had to appear before a notary (who got a shilling for each) to take an oath of allegiance to the College and University. Then they were settled into their rooms. The College had a chapel and a hall, a buttery and a kitchen, a common room or parlour for all the members of the upper rank (the seculars or servitors lived in the kitchen and their large bedroom), a room, sitting-room and bedroom in one, for the Warden, and twelve chambers for the inmates with twenty beds in them; two of these chambers had but one bed each; that is, that adjoining the library, and doubtless occupied by the librarian, and that over the gate or entrance into the College, in which the porter slept. The chambers for the monks had each two beds: and the 'boys' had three rooms, with five wooden beds and some press-beds—so that there was no great crowding anywhere, as the seculars were usually only seven or eight in number. Thus there were about fifteen beds for the six or eight monks; so that the community could very well accommodate a friend or two, and might have let chambers to monks from other houses.

We can learn how these rooms were furnished. On the walls of the Warden's chambers there were tapestries hung; the other rooms had bare walls. For the chapel were plenty of vestments, embroidery and altar trappings, and such silver as was needed;

also a fair collection of service books. The hall was almost unfurnished, four tables, three forms, fire-irons, silver or brass vessels and knives and forks. The house had some fine pieces of plate, not many, but heavy and good: also two-and-twenty spoons.

The common room had beautiful tapestries, used on the back of the great bench as bench-covers, with birds inwoven, and three cushions therewith; an arm-chair, a long settle, a cupboard, a little form, nine 'skips' or rush hassocks under their feet; two tables, a pair of trestles, andirons, and an iron candelabra fastened to the wall. The Warden's chamber had much the same furnishing—there were in it two beds with handsome canopies and curtains, an armchair, a long settle, two cupboards, a little bench, a table, poker and tongs, and in his study a real good bed, with tapestry embroidered with the name of Jesus Christ and a star, washing materials, and towels. The others all washed at the common trough. They had a stable and harness room, and three horses standing there for their use.

Ruskin in Oxford and other Studies,
by Dean Kitchin. Murray, 1904.

'Tucking'

Two things I had also a principal hand in when I was at the college [Exeter]. The one, I caused that ill custom of tucking freshmen to be left off . . . it having been a foolish custom of great antiquity that one of the seniors in the evening called the freshmen (which are such as came since that time twelvemonth) to the fire and made them hold out their chin, and they with the nail of their right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer glass of water and salt. The time approaching when I should be thus used, I considered that it had happened in that year more and lustier young gentlemen had come to the college than had done in several years before, so that the freshmen were a very strong body. Upon this I consulted my two cousin-germans, the Tookers, my aunt's sons, both freshmen, both stout and very strong, and several others, and at last the whole party were cheerfully engaged to stand stoutly to defence of their chins. We all appeared at the fires in the hall, and my Lord of Pembroke's son calling me first, as we knew by custom it would begin with me, I according to agreement gave the signal, striking him a box on the ear, and immediately the freshmen fell on, and we easily cleared the buttery and the hall, but bachelors and young masters coming in to assist the seniors, we were compelled to retreat to a ground chamber in the quadrangle. They pressing at the door, some of the stoutest and

strongest of our freshmen, giant-like boys, opened the doors, let in as many as they pleased and shut the door by main strength against the rest; those let in they fell upon and had beaten very severely, but that my authority with them stopped them, some of them being considerable enough to make terms for us, which they did, for Dr. Prideaux being called out to suppress the mutiny, the old Doctor, always favourable to youth offending out of courage, working with the fears of those we had within, gave us articles of pardon for what had passed and an utter abolition in that college of that foolish custom.

Life of the First Earl of Shaftesbury, by W. D. Christie. Macmillan, 1871.

'Salting' a Freshman[1]

ALTHOUGH the ceremony of salting the freshmen had been forbidden early in Elizabeth's time, such customs die hard. . . . At Oxford the freshmen were seated upon benches in the hall before their senior undergraduates and were called upon one by one to mount the table and 'speake some pretty apothegme,' or make a jest or a bull, or speak some eloquent nonsense, to make the company laugh. The self-possessed and quick-witted who did well were rewarded with plenty of beer or sack. Others had to swallow large draughts of heavily salted water, or 'cawdel.' This was 'salting.' 'Tucking' followed—the drawing blood from the chin, or under lip, by the sharp finger nail of some upper class man. All ended with the administration, by the senior cook, to all new comers of an oath, sworn upon an old shoe, which each was required to kiss reverently. The only fragment of this formula remaining is this:—

'Item tu jurabis, quod penniless bench non visitabis.'

The costs fell upon the freshmen and were charged in their tutors' accounts.

England and Holland of the Pilgrims, by H. M. and M. Dexter. Constable, 1906.

Tutor's advice to a Freshman and his Father, 1688

. . . THAT your son observe the duties of the House for prayers, exercise, etc., as if he were the son of a beggar; for when a young boy is plumed up with a new suit, he is apt to fancie himself a fine thing. Because he hath a peny commons more than the rest, therefore he ought to be abated a penyworth of duty, learning and wisedom. Whereas the gentlemen in the University ought to doe more exercise than others, for they stay but little time there, and ought to be accomplished in haste, because their quality and the

[1] Cf. p. 365.

national concern make them men apace. And truly if men may be heard in their own cause, the gentry are too severe in condemning the Universities for not sending home their sons furnish'd with ethicks, politicks, rhetorick, history, the necessary learning of a gentleman, logick and philosophy, etc., and other useful parts; when they send up their sons for two, perhaps three years onely, and suffer them to trifle away half that time too. It is an ungrateful task to the tutour always to be chiding, the father must command greater strictness; otherwise, when the young man who hath been long in durance, and here finds his shackles knocked off, and the gate wide open, he will ramble everlastingly, and make it work more than enough for us to keep him sober: whereas, if they will take care that he be furnish'd early at school with Latin, come up hither young and pliable, stay here and study hard for five years, then if he prove not able to doe the king and his country service, I am content it should be our fault.

That he writes no letter to come home for the first whole year. It is a common and a very great inconvenience, that soon after a young gentleman is settled, and but beginning to begin to study, we have a tedious ill-spell'd letter from a dear sister, who languishes and longs to see him as much almost as she doth for a husband. And this, together with rising to prayers at six o'clock in the morning, softens the lazy youth into a fond desire of seeing them too. Then all on the sudden up posts the livery-man and the led horse, enquires for the college where the young squire lives, finds my young master with his boots and spurs on beforehand, quarrelling the poor man for not coming sooner. The next news of him is at home; within a day or two he is invited to a hunting-match, and the sickly youth, who was scarce able to rise to prayers, can now rise at four of the clock to a fox-chase; then must he be treated at an ale-house with a rump of beef seven miles from home, hear an uncle, cousin or neighbour rant and swear; and after such a sort of education for six or eight weeks, full of tears and melancholy, the sad soul returns to Oxford; his brains have been so *shogged*, that he cannot think in a fortnight; and after all this, if the young man prove debauch'd the University must be blam'd. That he frequent not publick places, such as an bowling green, racket court, etc., for beside the danger of firing his blood by a fever, heightning passion into cursing and swearing, he must unavoidably grow acquainted with promiscuous company, whether they are or are not virtuous. Nay, were his new acquaintance all very good, and of the strictest house, the certainty of making him idle by receiving and paying treats and visits is dangerous.

Be sure that he discharge all dues quarterly and not learn to run into debt. . . . Whatever he saves of your allowance let it be his own gain, and I would advise you to double it; for prodigality is a little more catching than niggardliness with young gentlemen. . . . Whatever letters of complaints he writes home I desire you to send me a copy; for ill-natured, untoward boys, when they find discipline sit hard upon them, they then will learn to lie, complain and rail against the university, the college and the tutour, and with a whining letter, make the mother, make the father, believe all that he can invent, when all this while his main design is to leave the university and go home again to spanning farthings. I understand by one of your daughters that you have brought him up a fine padd to keep here for his health's sake; now I will tell you the use of an horse in Oxford, and then do as you think fit. The horse must be kept at an ale-house or an inn, and he must have leave to go once every day to see him eat oats, because the master's eye makes him fat; and it will not be genteel to go often to an house and spend nothing; and then there may be some danger of the horse growing resty if he be not used often, so that you must give him leave to go to Abingdon once every week to look out of the tavern window, and see the maids sell turnips, and in one month or two come home with a surfeit of poisoned wine, and save any farther charges by dying, and then you will be troubled to send for your horse again. This was the unhappiness of a delicate youth, whose great misfortune it was to be worth two thousand a year before he was one and twenty. **Advice to a Freshman**

That he go constantly to the university church on Sundays. As for your allowance and moderate pocket money, it must be at your discretion; only I desire that it may go through my hands at least the whole first year, till I can take some measures of his discretions. . . .

That he grow intimate with none but such as I shall recommend to his acquaintance. Necessity, good manners, and the customary respect which is usually paid strangers, will command a friendly correspondency with the members of the same college: but it is of very ill-consequence, for an unexperienced easie-natured person of quality (the better natur'd the sooner undone) to make himself fond of every man who shall court a constant familiarity, with all the civility of address and friendship. For if he be a man of great acquaintance, so must you. If he be idle, then by frequent avocations he will by degrees lessen the practice of your duty, and jest you out of the opinion of it. Then prayers shall be called loss of time; *disputations*, schoolplay; and *lectures*, pedantry; then the

tutour's presence will become frightfull, advice useless, and commands provoking. . . .

The Guardian's Instruction, by Stephen Penton, 1688.

Shrove Tuesday at Merton

A. Wood was matriculated as a member of the university and a gentleman's son. St. Luke's day and Munday he was entered into the buttery-book of Merton college, being about that time made by Mr. Edw. Copley, fellow of that house, his post master, and put into the chamber under him in the great quadrangle.

At that time Christmas appearing, there were fires of Charcole made in the common hall on Allsaints eve, Allsaints day and night, on the holydayes their nights and eves between that time and Christmas day. Then on Christmas eve, Christmas day and holydayes and their nights, and on Candlemas eve, Candlemas day and night.

At all these fires every night, which began to be made a little after five of the clock, the senior under-graduats would bring into the hall the juniors or freshmen between that time and six of the clock, and there made them sit downe on a forme in the middle of the hall, joyning to the declaiming desk; which done, every one in order was to speake some pretty apothegme, or make a jest or bull, or speake some eloquent nonsense, to make the company laugh: but if any of the freshmen came off dull, or not cleverly, some of the forward or pragmatical seniors would tuck them, that is, set the nail of their thumb to their chin, just under their lipp, and by the help of their other fingers under the chin they would give him a mark, which sometimes would produce blood. On Candlemas day, or before (according as Shrove-Tuesday fell out) every freshman had warning given him to provide his speech, to be spoken in the publick hall before the under-graduats and servants on Shrove-Tuesday night that followed, being alwaies the time for the observation of that ceremony. According to the said summons A. Wood provided a speech as the other freshmen did.

Shrove-Tuesday Feb. 15, the fire being made in the common hall before 5 of the clock at night, the fellowes would go to supper before six, and making an end sooner than at other times, they left the hall to the libertie of the under-graduats, but with an admonition from one of the fellowes (who was the principal of the under-graduats and post-masters), that all things should be carried in good order. While they were at supper in the hall, the cook (Will Noble) was making the lesser of the brass pots ful of cawdel at the freshmen's charge; which, after the hall was free from the fellows, was brought up and set before the fire in the said hall.

Afterwards every freshman, according to seniority, was to pluck off his gowne and band, and if possibly to make himself look like a scoundrell. This done, they were conducted each after the other to the high table, and there made to stand on a forme placed thereon; from whence they were to speak their speech with an audible voice to the company: which if well done, the person that spoke it was to have a cup of cawdle and no salted drinke: if indifferently, some cawdle and some salted drink; but if dull, nothing was given to him but salted drink, or salt put in college beere, with tucks to boot. Afterwards when they were to be admitted in the fraternity, the senior cook was to administer to them an oath over an old shoe, part of which runs thus: item tu jurabis quod *penniless bench* non visitabis, etc., the rest is forgotten, and none there are that now remembers it. After which spoken with gravity, the freshman kist the shoe, put on his gowne and band, and took his place among the seniors.

Now for a diversion, and to make you laugh at the folly and simplicity of those times, I shall entertaine you with part of a speech, which A. Wood spoke, while he stood on the forme, placed on the table, with his gowne and band off, and uncovered.

'Most reverend seniors,—May it please your gravities, to admit into your presence a kitten of the muses, and a meer frog of Helicon, to croak the cataracts of his plumbeous cerebrosity before your sagacious ingenuities. Perhaps you may expect, that I should thunder out demicannon words, and level my sulphurious throat against my fellowes of the Tyrocinian crew; but this being the universal judgment of wee fresh water academians, behold, as so many stygian furies, or ghosts risen out of their winding sheets, wee present ourselves before your tribunal, and therefore I will not sublimate nor tonitruate words, nor swell into gigantick streins: such towring ebullitions do not exuberate in my aganippe, being at the lowest ebb. . . .

'I am none of those Maypole-freshmen, that are tall cedars before they come to be planted in (the) academian garden, who fed with the papp of Aristotle at twenty or thirtie yeares of age, and suck at the duggs of their mother the university, tho they be high Colossus's and youths rampant. . . .

'I am none of the university blood-hounds, that seek for preferment, and whose noses are (as) acute as their eares, that lye perdue for places, and who, good saints, do groan till the visitation comes. These are they that esteem a tavern as bad as purgatory, and wine more superstitious than holy water: and therefore I hope this honorable convocation will not suffer one of that tribe to tast

of the sack (least they) should be troubled with a vertigo and their heads turne round.

'I never came out of the country of Lapland. I am not of the number of beasts. I meane those greedie dogs and kitchen-haunters, who noint their chops every night with greese, and rob the cook of his fees,' etc.

Thus he went forward with smart reflections on the rest of the freshmen and some of the servants, which might have been here set downe, had not the speech been borrowed of him by several of the seniors, who imbezeled it. After he had concluded his speech, he was taken doune by Edm. Dickenson, one of the bachelaur-commoners of the house, who with other bachelaurs and the senior under-graduats made him drink a good dish of cawdle, put on his gowne and band, placed him among the seniors, and gave him sack.

This was the way and custome that had been used in the college, time out of mind, to initiate the freshmen; but between that time and the restoration of K. Ch. 2. it was disused, and now such a thing is absolutely forgotten.

Life of Anthony à Wood.

A Fellow Commoner

'1720, Augst 1. Went from London with my Father and Bro. John in Hayne's Grand Alrighman Coach for Oxford where my brother and self were the next day, Aug. 2, admitted Fellow Commoners of Pembroke College by Matthew Panting, D.D., the Master of it, and took an oath to obey the Master, and observe the statutes of the College, etc. Paid Mr. Hopkins, the college Butler, £1, 2. 6. Entrance money. Din'd the same day with the Rev^{d} Mr. Sam Horne (Master of Arts, one of the Fellows and Junior Dean of the College) whose Pupil I was. Next day din'd with the Master and his Lady at the Lodgings.

'Augst 4. I was Matriculated before Dr. John Cobb, Warden of New College, one of the four Pro-Vice-Chancellours under Dr. Shippen, the Vice Chanceler, who is Principal of Brazennose College. N.B. I subscribed the thirty-nine Articles, took the Oaths of Supremacy and an Oath to observe the Statutes of the University. Paid Benj. Cooling, Esq. (who is a Fellow of New College), the Esquire Beadle of Divinity, who attended on this occasion, £2. . . .

'Paid the Rev^{d} Mr. Wm. Jordan (one of the Fellows of Pembroke and one of the Bursars and Chaplain to ditto) and the Rev^{d} Mr. Wm. Blandy (another Fellow and the other Bursar) £10

for my Caution to remain in their hands till I leave College; paid 'em also 10/ for a key of the College Garden. . . .

'Aug. 4. My Mother and Sisters came from London to Oxford, with my Father, Bro. Buckley and Mr. Bernewitz [the family tutor]. Set out the 6th following for Picton Castle [his father's house] where they arrived the 12th Inst.'

'Diary of Erasmus Philipps,' *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 1860.

Matriculation Oaths and Subscription

WITHIN fifteen days after a freshman's admission into any college, he is obliged to be matriculated or admitted a member of the university; at which time he subscribes the thirty-nine articles of religion. . . . At the same time he takes the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, which he is praetaught to evade or think null: some have thought themselves sufficiently absolved from them by kissing their thumbs instead of the book; others, in the crowd or by the favour of an honest beadle, have not had the book given to them at all. He also swears to another volume of statutes, which he knows no more of than of his private college-statutes. . . .

But I have not mention'd the most absurd thing in matriculation yet. The statute says, if the person to be matriculated is sixteen years of age, he must subscribe the thirty-nine articles, and take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, as also an oath of fidelity to the university; but if the person is not sixteen years of age, and above twelve, then he is only to subscribe the thirty-nine articles. What a pack of conjurors were our forefathers! to disqualify a person to make a plain simple promise to obey his King, until he is sixteen years of age, which a child of six is able to do; and at the same time suppose him capable, at twelve years of age, to subscribe thirty-nine articles of religion, which a man of threescore, with all his experience, learning, and application, finds so hard to understand!

Terrae Filius, by Nicholas Amhurst, 1721.

Note.—Amhurst, who was a Whig and of St. John's College, was expelled from the University in 1719. He settled in London and started a bi-weekly periodical *Terrae Filius*, in which the University was savagely ridiculed.

Johnson a Freshman

JOHNSON was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, on the 31st October 1728, being then in his nineteenth year. On the evening of his arrival at Oxford, his father, who had anxiously accompanied him, found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, who was to be his tutor. His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good scholar, and a poet, and wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner

appeared strange to them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation, he suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius; and thus he gave the first impression of that more extensive reading in which he had indulged himself.

Boswell's *Johnson*.

Ply your books now

'I REMEMBER very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, "Young man, ply your books diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come unto you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task."'

Dr. Johnson, *ap.* Boswell's *Johnson*, 1763.

A fourteen-year-old Freshman

MY own introduction to the University of Oxford forms a new era in my life; and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man: the persons, whom I respected as my superiors in age and academical rank, entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown, which distinguish a gentleman commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a schoolboy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command, among the tradesmen of Oxford, an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit. A key was delivered into my hands, which gave me the free use of a numerous and learned library, my apartment consisted of three elegant and well-furnished rooms in the new building, a stately pile, of Magdalen College, and the adjacent walks, had they been frequented by Plato's disciples, might have been compared to the Attic shade on the banks of the Ilissus. Such was the fair prospect of my entrance (April 3, 1752) into the University of Oxford.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

A twelve-year-old Freshman, 1760

THE chamber which Jeremy Bentham occupied at Queen's was a very gloomy one. It looked into the churchyard and was covered with lugubrious hangings. Bentham's fear of ghosts and of the visitations of spiritual beings was strong upon him; and the darkness of the chamber and its neighbourhood added to his alarms. But he was enabled to effect a change with another student. . . . Once, at Oxford, going round the sights, his father took him into the hall at Christ Church, where the students were all assembled at dinner. He compelled the timid boy to go from the bottom to

the top of the hall, to walk round the tables, and to report whether he recognised any schoolfellow. Bentham was ready to faint—to sink into the earth with agony. 'O, would he but change places with me!' said the poor lad to himself. His father thought it excellent strategy to force him into notice; and among other arrangements for that purpose, he sent him a silk gown to wear, while the other students wore gowns of stuff. A grievous annoyance to Bentham, at Oxford, was the formal dressing of the hair. 'Mine,' he said, 'was turned up in the shape of a kidney: a quince or a club was against the Statutes; a kidney was in accordance with the Statutes. I had a fellow-student whose passion it was to dress hair, and he used to employ a part of his mornings in shaping my kidney properly.'

Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham.

A Freshman's Home Letters

J. James, Junior, to J. James, Senior. Oxford, *Oct.* 8, 1778:

'Honoured Father,—You may now address me at Queen's College, Oxford. . . . I am now a member of this College, not as yet, of this University—and pique myself no little on my new title. I had provided a gown and cap in London, and thought I had made a cheap bargain, having heard of the extravagance of college tradesmen. These I brought down, but upon putting them on, was told that I should be hooted at. The gown was of the mungrel kind, neither commoner's nor gentleman commoner's, strangely made, and of bad stuff to boot. The cap was too small both in crown and board. . . . The gown I have been obliged to purchase here is cheaper by two-thirds than the London one. And now *eccum*! See me strutting in my new robes, with my square cap and tossel, with as much dignity as Falstaff when he personated the King. I have been highly pleased with some of the men that wait upon the college. "I remember your father," says an elderly man, as he took my shoes to clean them; "ah! he was a good kind man, and God grant you may be like him." . . .

'To my great joy I am this day in possession of a very comfortable set of chambers in a staircase adjoining to that of Shepherd's, and pretty quiet. It is a most studious, contemplative place. Right before my window stands St. Peter's Church, and I may meditate upon the tombs below (for mine is the second floor) with vast satisfaction by moonlight. My furniture is pretty good, and the thirds will run low [two-thirds of valuation paid by incomer to outgoer]. I have provided tea equipage and hope to be tolerably myself presently. This morning the Doctor [Nicholson] examined me in the ninth chapter of Acts and second epistle of Horace.

These have been the standard by which the Doctor has tried his pupils' abilities for many years. He strongly admonishes to attend prayers regularly, and due attendance to these has, I fear, too great weight with him.'

Letters of Radcliffe and James, ed. by Margaret Evans, Oxford Hist. Soc., 1888.

A Freshman's Home Letters

Mrs. James and J. James, Senior, to J. James, Junior. *Nov.* 6, 1778: 'My dear John . . . You may believe me when I tell you that my heart has dictated more or less to you every day. From the spirits you write in I hope your health has not suffered from your journey, nor from the change of air; and as you have got good rooms, I doubt not you will be very happy after you have formed connexions, which I hope will be both useful and agreeable, as much depends upon the acquaintance you make. You will not, I daresay, think it an impertinent admonition to be nice in this particular. Suspicion is said to dwell only in low minds, and I believe it is generally the case; but I hope prudence and caution may be admitted into the most generous breasts. My dear child will excuse a mother's anxiety. I have not the smallest reason to doubt your conduct, I only wish you to be upon your guard, as young people are too apt to be deceived by professions and appearances. . . .

'We think the sooner you begin French the better, if it don't interfere with any particular scheme which you might chuse to pursue at this season; and if it don't crowd too much upon you at once, a lesson in musick once a week (we suppose the French master will only attend thrice) might, with your own practice, enable you by-and-by to join in the consorts . . . but these are only hints, it is left entirely to yourself whether you chuse to begin now or not till after Christmas, or when you judge most convenient. We would by no means debar you on account of the expense, as we have no doubt of you making the best use of the instructions you receive.

'Now for some enquiries about your housekeeping. You have got china and glasses; have you got spoons? or a tea chest; any green tea for your genteeler company? or how do you manage? You seem to breakfast upon milk, shall we send you any oatmeal, or is there anything we can get you? . . . My dear son's ever affectionate mother, Ann James.'

'Your mother leaves me, I believe, with reluctance, the remaining part of the paper to scribble one word or two. . . . You seem to be properly employed for the present. The sketch of authors which I gave you I take for granted you have, and I think the order not a

bad one for reading them in, but let your own taste determine whether to read the poets by themselves or intermix them with the others. I should be afraid of cramping your genius by prescribing rules—only I think some order necessary to be observed—and I should rather wish first to know your own taste and scheme in that matter, and then to make my observations and emendments where necessary. In these things every man has a peculiarity of genius and sentiment which it is best to follow and to which all advice should be subservient. In science for this year Logic and Ethics seem to be properest and the books such as I recommended to you before we parted, but these and everything else think for yourself and exercise your own judgment without surrendering your opinions to any till your reason is satisfyed. If you had a friend to talk to or take into your plan, it would be most useful to canvass every point with him. For this study and for composition, I should think the first hours in a morning best. But as your four books are so long, would it not be best to divide them in some degree or other, rather than give the whole to one branch? Only take care not to make confusion or to fatigue the mind too much on the one hand, and on the other not interrupt it when warmed with a subject and fond of the pursuit, merely to comply with a plan which you have laid down. Don't neglect to cultivate the Muses, especially in Latin. Whatever you want either to know or communicate, write without any demur, the expense of postage is nothing and be under no restraint. I mean to write whenever I can, and do you do so without regard to the punctilio of an answer. Perhaps you may hear from me again very soon, but don't wait for it. I may be hindered. This you see is scribbled in a hurry, but I would not lose the opportunity of giving a hint or two which might possibly be serviceable. Adieu. My dear boy's most affectionate Father J. J.'

Letters of Radcliffe and James. Oxford Hist. Soc.

'THE oak is such a blessing!' said Shelley slowly and in a solemn tone. 'The oak alone goes far towards making this place a paradise. In what other spot in the world, surely in none that I have hitherto visited, can you say confidently, it is perfectly impossible, physically impossible, that I should be disturbed? Whether a man desire solitary study, or to enjoy the society of a friend or two, he is secure against interruption. It is not so in a house, even in the best-contrived house. The servant is bound to answer the door; he must appear and give some excuse; he may betray by hesitation and confusion that he utters a falsehood; he must expose himself to be questioned; he must open the door and

'The Oak

violate your privacy in some degree; besides, there are other doors, there are windows, at least, through which a prying eye can detect some indication that betrays the mystery. How different is it here! The bore arrives; the outer door is shut; it is black and solemn, and perfectly impenetrable, as is your secret; the doors are all alike; he can distinguish mine from yours by the geographical position only. He may knock; he may call; he may kick, if he will; he may inquire of a neighbour, but he can inform him of nothing; he can only say, the door is shut, and this he knows already. He may leave his card, that you may rejoice over it, and at your escape; he may write upon it the hour when he proposes to call again, to put you upon your guard, and that he may be quite sure of seeing the back of your door once more. When the bore meets you and says, I called at your house at such a time, you are required to explain your absence, to prove *an alibi*, in short, and perhaps to undergo a rigid cross-examination; but if he tells you, "I called at your rooms yesterday at three, and the door was shut," you have only to say, "Did you? Was it?" and there the matter ends.

'Shelley at Oxford,' by T. J. Hogg, from *New Monthly Magazine*, 1832.

Hogg in praise of the Oak

'WERE you not charmed with your oak? Did it not instantly captivate you?'

'My introduction to it was somewhat unpleasant and unpropitious. The morning after my arrival I was sitting at breakfast; my scout, the Arimaspian, apprehending that the singleness of his eye may impeach his character for officiousness, in order to escape the reproach of seeing half as much only as other men, is always striving to prove that he sees at least twice as far as the most sharp-sighted. After many demonstrations of superabundant activity, he inquired if I wanted anything more; I answered in the negative. He had already opened the door: "Shall I sport, sir?" he asked briskly, as he stood upon the threshold. He seemed so unlike a sporting character that I was curious to learn in what sport he proposed to indulge. I answered, "Yes, by all means," and anxiously watched him, but, to my surprise and disappointment he instantly vanished. As soon as I had finished my breakfast, I sallied forth to survey Oxford. I opened one door quickly and, not suspecting that there was a second, I struck my head against it with some violence. The blow taught me to observe that every set of rooms has two doors, and I soon learned that the outer door, which is thick and solid, is called the oak, and to shut it is termed, to sport.

I derived so much benefit from my oak that I soon pardoned this slight inconvenience. It is surely the tree of knowledge.'

'Who invented the oak?'

'The inventors of the science of living in rooms or chambers—the Monks.'

'Ah! they were sly fellows. None but men who were reputed to devote themselves for many hours to prayers, to religious meditations and holy abstractions, would ever have been permitted quietly to place at pleasure such a barrier between themselves and the world. We now reap the advantage of their reputation for sanctity. I shall revere my oak more than ever, since its origin is so sacred.'

New Monthly Magazine, 1832.

A Freshman a Forlorn Animal

A FRESHMAN is a forlorn animal; everything is strange,—not only College society, but any society at all,—and he is solitary in the midst of a crowd. If, indeed, he should happen to come to the University from one of the great publick schools, he finds some of his late school-fellows, who, being in the same straggling situation with himself, abridge the period of his fireside loneliness, and of their own, by forming a familiar intercourse;—otherwise he may mope for many a week;—at all events, it is generally some time before he establishes himself in a set of acquaintance.

But the principal calamity of the freshman arises from his ignorance in oeconomicks;—from his utter helplessness in providing himself with the common articles of consumption and comfort, requisite for the occupant of a lodging.

On my *début* as a Commoner at Christ Church, the flourishing College was, at least, full, if not overflowing, and afforded me a very remote prospect of sitting down in regular apartments of my own;—in the mean time, my Tutor stow'd me in the rooms of one of his absent pupils, which were so much superior to those of most other undergraduates, that I did not at all relish the probability of being turn'd out of them, as soon as the owner arrived,—and he was daily expected. This precarious tenure, however, was envied by several of my contemporaries; for the College was so completely cramm'd, that shelving garrets, and even unwholesome cellars, were inhabited by young gentlemen, in whose father's families the servants could not be less liberally accommodated.

Random Records, by George Colman, the Younger, 1830.

A Freshman's Old Nurse

IN the hall stood my nurse, like a fountain of tears,
'Mid a crowd of old serving-men, scratching their ears:
Poor woman—her sluices of tears so gush'd out
That they carried her spectacles quite off her snout.

She whined, 'Well-a-day, this will break my old heart!
Lackadaisy, at Oxford they teach the black art!
Magicians dwell there, who work all sorts of evil,
Such as laying of spectres and raising the d——l.
They make brazen heads, with assistance from hell,
That wise as a gipsy's can everything tell;
And 'tis said that you never set foot in the street,
But some such curs'd noddle you 're certain to meet.'

C. K. Sharpe's *Memoirs*, 1869.

Hogg in Shelley's Rooms at University

We spoke of our happy life, of universities, of what they might be, of what they were. How powerfully they might stimulate the student, how much valuable instruction they might impart. We agreed that although the least possible benefit was conferred upon us in this respect at Oxford, we were deeply indebted, nevertheless, to the great and good men of former days who founded these glorious institutions, for devising a scheme of life, which however deflected from its original direction, still tended to study, and especially for creating establishments that called young men together from all parts of the empire, and for endowing them with a celebrity that was able to induce so many to congregate. Without such an opportunity of meeting we should never have been acquainted with each other. In so large a body there must doubtless be many at that time who were equally thankful for the occasion of the like intimacy, and in former generations her many friendships that had endured through all the various trials of a long and eventful life, had arisen here from accidental communion, as in our own case.

Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, 1858.

Undergraduate Sheepishness

This sheepishness and wondering what others were thinking of me, was a source of unspeakable misery to me. I did not know where to put my hand, how to look, how to carry myself. I tried in vain to find out by what secret other men moved about so unembarrassed. I remember as if it were yesterday the first time I met the Provost in the street. When I became aware that he was coming I was seized with such a tremor, that in the thought of how I ought to perform my first act of 'capping,' I omitted the ceremony altogether, and passed him in blank confusion. I saw he knew me and smiled, and I tortured myself with conjecture as to what the smile meant—contempt or compassion. A few days afterwards I met him and Mrs. Hawkins again in the back lane; he knew me—he knew us all by sight—and good-naturedly

supposing that on the previous occasion I had not recognised him, he advanced towards me, holding out his hand, 'Good morning, Mr. Pattison.' I was again in a state of nervous collapse, but having prepared myself in imagination for the terrible ordeal, I executed according to the rules 'ad justum intervallum caput aperiendo,' but took no notice of the outstretched and ungloved hand proffered me. I remember now the grunt of dissatisfaction which escaped from the Provost as I tore past, discovering my blunder when it was too late to repair it. I think the Provost's aversion for me dated from this gross exhibition of *maladresse*; and I am not at all surprised at it. He, however, included me in his freshman's dinner-party the very first term. I went like a victim, and sate the allotted two hours in misery. At ringing of Chapel-bell we were dismissed, and this time I managed to execute the *nunc dimittis*; rushed to my room, tore off my white choker and my blue swallow-tail coat, with gilt flat buttons, and felt myself again. Since I became a Don I have never been surprised or alienated from one of our men by any *gaucherie* they may have committed in my presence, remembering that they probably came from less gentle homes than my own, and simply didn't know what they ought to do. But I have gone on the plan of leaving a freshman alone, as far as civilities go, the two or three first terms, till he has rubbed off some of his boorishness. I find what indisposes me to cultivate a pupil is never *mauvaise honte*, for which I have nothing but pity.

Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*. Macmillan, 1885.

Chrysalis to Butterfly

THE first weeks of an undergraduate's life at Oxford are often a crisis of supreme importance to his future career. Up to the moment of his becoming a member of the University, and tenanting an independent domicile of his own, the supervision of parent or pedagogue has kept him in a chrysalis or cocoon state of existence, and into what he is to develop, butterfly or grub, drone or worker, is now to be developed in no small measure by the accidental associations of the period of nonage into which his college life introduces him. This isolation is less frequently the rule now than in the days of my youth, for almost every boy comes up from a public school with old alumni expecting him, and ready to look after him if he is good for anything at all, and with the College authorities prepared to make a far more thorough and far more judicious provision for the mental and bodily wants of the freshman than was the wont of the don of my time, who with some few honourable exceptions seemed to regard the junior member of the University as an indispensable misfortune, to be severely ignored as

far as possible, until coercion became absolutely necessary. Even in such matters as ordinary sanitation and daily decency the arrangements in not a few of the best colleges were indescribably rude and filthy. . . . Even in so good a College as B. N. C., where the accommodation at the present day is somewhat limited, the overcrowding was such that occasionally a late comer was informed that he must submit to be billeted upon another man, whose set of rooms embraced two sleeping apartments. This, considerably, to my disgust, I found was to me my fate when I entered Brasenose in the forties.

Outcomes of Oxford, by Rev. W. K. R. Bedford. Hutchinson, 1899.

Advice to a Freshman

Now as to your day and its order. First, rise briskly when you are called, and into your cold bath, you young dog! No shilly-shally; into it. Don't splash the water about in a miserable attempt to deceive your scout, but take an Honest British Cold Bath like a man. Soap should never be used save on the hands and neck. As to hot baths, never ask for them in College; it would give great trouble, and it is much better to take one in the Town for a shilling; nothing is more refreshing than a good hot bath in the winter term.

Next you go out and 'keep' a Mosque, Synagogue, or Meeting of the Brethren, though, if you can agree with the system, it is far better to go to your College Chapel; it puts a man right with his superiors and you obey the Apostolic injunction.

Then comes your breakfast. Eat as much as you can; it is the foundation of a good day's work in the Vineyard. . . .

Put on a black coat before Hall, and prepare for that meal with neatness, but no extravagant display. Do not wear your cap and gown in the afternoon, do not show an exaggerated respect to the younger Fellows (except the chaplain), on the one hand, nor a silly contempt for the older Dons upon the other. The first line of conduct is that of a timid and uncertain mind . . . the second is calculated to annoy as fine a body of men as any in England and seriously to affect your reputation in society.

Lambkin's Remains, by H. B. Oxford, 1900.

Freshman's First Look Round

After breakfast, and some disbursements to porter and scout, he begins to make acquaintances, over a newspaper in the junior common room, or at a preliminary visit to his tutor. With one, he walks up and down High Street; he learns the habitat of tailors, hatters, tobacconists, and bookshops where credit is never

denied. With another, he goes out to Parson's Pleasure, admires the willows of Mesopotamia, contemns Ruskin's experimental Museum, of which Taine might have said, pointing to Keble, *ceci tuera celà*. He gazes at the prison which, like the stranger at Edinburgh, he mistakes for the Castle. He is pointed out the Queen's restaurant and its modern successors in undergraduate favour, and reminded that Queen's at Oxford is pronounced 'Quaggers,' just as Worcester is 'Wuggers,' and Jesus, 'Jaggers'; while the Martyrs' Memorial is adumbrated by 'Maggers Memugger.' Luncheon ended—a cold leg of fowl, lettuce, bread, butter, cheese, and ale, served by his scout in his college chamber—he must watch football or the humours of 'tubbing' on the river. His companions, with all the easy omniscience of public-school-boys, are so busy telling him what's what, that he learns little of what is. And at tea, he is as wise as they, and has the tired emotion of one who has been through fairyland on a motor car.

The Freshman and his Tutor

But what is this?—a note from your Tutor. Off you go at the appointed time, and as you may be somewhat nervous and diffident I will give you a little Paradigm, as it were, of a Freshman meeting his Tutor for the first time.

(The Student enters, and as he is half way through the door says):

St. Good morning! Have you noticed what the papers say about——(Here mention some prominent subject of the day. The Tutor does not answer but goes on writing in a little book; at last he looks up and says):—

Tut. Pray, what is your name?

St. M. or N.

Tut. What have you read before coming up, Mr. ——?

St. The existing Latin authors from Ennius to Sidonius Appolinaris, with their fragments. The Greek from Sappho to Origen, including Bacchylides.

(The Tutor makes a note of this and resumes):

Tut. Have you read the Gospels?

St. No, sir.

Tut. You must read two of them as soon as possible in the Greek, as it is necessary to the passing of Divinity, unless, indeed, you prefer the beautiful work of Plato. Come at ten to-morrow. Good morning.

St. I am not accustomed to being spoken to in that fashion.

(The Tutor will turn to some other student and the first student will leave the room.)

Lambkin's Remains.

From Day School to University

A MAN who has been a boy at Eton or at Winchester has already, at a more impressionable age, seen buildings not less beautiful than those of Oxford. To go to his College Chapel is much the same thing as going to his School Chapel. To dine in hall is much the same thing at Christ Church as it was at Eton, except that the hour is different. The dons are magnified ushers, and the scouts a mere repetition of the school-house butler. Lord Milner was at King's College, and I was at Manchester Grammar School, both day schools. And to a lad who has gone to a day school with town surroundings, everything is new at Oxford. To live perpetually in the society of other men, to dine with two hundred others in a beautiful hall, to read the lessons in chapel—if you are a scholar—to the master, fellows, graduates, and undergraduates—all these are sensations of vivid and almost poignant interest. Looking back across half a lifetime it seems but yesterday since I first went to the Balliol Chapel and heard the present Bishop of Birmingham read from Ezekiel the passage about the dry bones—which his voice almost brought to life—to be followed by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the second lesson who with a dry sarcasm, monitory of the future, read out how the people thought St. Paul would be poisoned by the viper, but 'when they saw that he took no hurt, they changed their minds and said he was a god.'

Gentleman's Magazine, July 1906.

Like the Leaves

OCTOBER'S leaves are sere and wan;
And Freshmen each succeeding year
Are, like the leaves, less verdant than
They were.

Time was, they paced the Broad or High
In cap and gown, with sober mien,
Their only wish to gratify
The Dean.

But now they seek the social glass,
The bonfire and the midnight feast:
And e'en describe their Tutor as
A Beast.

Once, when that Tutor strove to show
How (though it 's sometimes hard to see)
There *is* a difference 'twixt ὀν
And μή,

They gazed with simple wonder at
The treasures of his hoarded lore,
Nor hinted that they'd 'heard all *that*
Before.'

They wore a cap hind part before,
A gown of quaint domestic cut:
They served the general public for
A butt.

On them the casual jester tried
(Nor failed) his old ancestral jokes:
They nightly placed their boots outside
Their oaks.

No youths but recently from school
Could hope to ape the senior man:
But now—I state a general rule—
They can:

And it's comparatively rare
For Fourth-year men, though old and gray,
To have as much of *savoir faire*
As they.

For still among the myriad throng
Who yearly tread Oxonia's stones,
Monotony extends her sway,
And Smith grows liker every day
To Jones

Verses to Order, by A. G. Methuen, 1892.

See the Freshers as they go!

In the sad and sodden street,
To and fro
Flit the fever-stricken feet
Of the freshers as they meet,
Come and go,
Ever buying, buying, buying,
When the shopmen stand supplying,
Vying, vying
All they know,
While the Autumn lies a-dying
Sad and low

As the price of summer suitings, when the winter
breezes blow,
Of the summer, summer suitings that are standing
in a row
On the way to Jericho.

See the freshers as they row
To and fro
Up and down the Lower River for an afternoon
or so—
(For the deft manipulation
Of the never-resting oar,
Though it lead to approbation,
Will induce excoriation)—
They are infinitely sore,
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme
Up and down the way to Iffley in an afternoon
or so:
(Which is slow).

Do they blow?
'Tis the wind and nothing more,
'Tis the wind that in Vacation has a tendency to go:
But the coach's objurgation and his tendency to 'score'
Will be sated—nevermore.

See the freshers in the street,
The *élite!*
Their apparel how unquestionably neat!
How delighted at a distance,
Inexpensively attired,
I have wondered with persistence
At their butterfly existence!
How admired!
How I envy the vermilion of the vest!
And the violet imbedded in the breast!
As it tells,
'This is best
To be sweetly overdressed,
To be swells,
To be swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
To be simply and indisputably swells.'

See the freshers one or two,
Just a few,
Now on view,
Who are sensibly and innocently new;
How they cluster, cluster, cluster
Round the rugged walls of Worcester!
Book in hand
How they stand
In the garden ground of John's!
How they doat upon their Dons!
See in every man a Blue!
It is true
They are limited and lamentably few.
But I spied
Yesternight upon the staircase just a pair of boots outside
On the floor,
Just a little pair of boots upon the stairs where I reside,
Lying there and nothing more;
And I swore
While these dainty twins continued sentry by the chamber door.
That the hope their presence planted should be with me evermore,
Should desert me—never more. Q.

Echoes from the Oxford Magazine. Frowde, 1890.

The Modern Freshman

It is an age of monotony. Even the Freshman, that delightful creation of a bygone age, is not by any means what he was. He is still young, but no longer innocent; the bloom is off his credulity; you cannot play practical jokes upon him any more. Now and then a young man will present himself to his college authorities in a gown of which the superfluous dimensions and unusual embroidery betray the handiwork of the provincial tailor; two or three neophytes may annually be seen perambulating the High in academic dress with a walking stick; but these are only survivals. Senior men have no longer their old privilege of 'ragging' the freshman. . . . We have changed all that, and treat the 'fresher' now with the respect he deserves.

Aspects of Modern Oxford, by a Mere Don. Seeley, 1894.

BEER AND BATTELS

'CROAKERS sometimes say dismal things about the decadence of food and drink in Oxford: they talk of undergraduates chiefly consuming tea and jam and such-like things. But let us hope it isn't true. It is difficult, almost impossible, to believe that hundreds, even of married dons, can have allowed their cellars to be denuded, and their kitchens to lose their secrets—the famous *fondus* of Brasenose, the dressed crabs and hare soup of Merton, the wild fowl of Christ Church. It is still more inconceivable that, though "Oxford night-caps" may be seldom put on, thousands of intelligent youths should permit the decay of cider cup and the obsolescence of spiced ale.'

George Saintsbury.

Wine Taverns

THOMAS REYNOLD, Vice-Chancellor to Cardinal Pole, Chancellor of Oxford, at the Court. Mr. Cole, by his wisdom and pains, set many things in good forwardness towards reformation of disorders, so that, I hope, through my own and other officers' diligence, you shall, by little and little, see a new face of the university, as well in life as in learning. . . . I beseech your aid in . . . fulfilment of the Act of Parliament, 7 Edw. VI., which most prudently ordained that in all Oxford there should be but three wine taverns, if it may be without injury; for since then, eight or more have,—under the cloak of pretended loss in providing for the Parliament that was appointed by Her Majesty to be held at Oxford,—obtained of the late Lord Chancellor license to sell wine for a term of years, and that to their best advantage, so that some sell Gascony wine at 16d. the gallon, sack at 2s. 4d., and Malmsey at 2s. 6d. If this gap be not stopped, neither I nor all the heads of this university can do any good, besides the great impoverishing of the poor scholars who will have wine whatever it cost.

If my Lord Chancellor would remedy the matter it were much for the weal of the university, for what inconvenience has grown by this great number of taverns and other victualling houses well appears by the discommuning of so many houses, as in your late visitations was decreed and done by your discreet visitors; and yet I have, in this little time, been importuned to admit three or four more. So that if this be not redressed with speed, the great part of the exhibition of scholars will scarcely serve for this abuse. Wherefore I, in the name of all the heads of the university, beseech

you, as you have most godly begun reformation amongst us, to provide a salve for this sore, without which all our travail shall be but in vain.

Cal. of State Papers, Dom., 1547-1565, Addenda.

Drinking and Smoking

WHEREAS in the days of Queen Elizabeth it [drunkenness] was little or nothing practiced (sack being then rather taken for a cordial than a usual liquor, sold also for that purpose in apothecaries' shops), and a heinous crime it was to be overtaken with drink or smoake tobacco, it now became in a manner common. The court that was here the last year [1605] left such impressions of debauchery upon the students, that by a little practice they improved themselves so much, that they became more excellent than their masters, and that also without scandal, because it became a laudable fashion.

Wood's *Annals*.

An Official Ale-taster

IT is noted in Dr. Langbaine's Collections, under January 23, 1617, that John Shurle had a patent from Arthur Lake, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, for the office of ale-taster [to the University], and the making and assizing of bottles of hay. The office of ale-tasting requires that he go to every ale-brewer that day they brew, according to their courses, and taste their ale; for which his ancient fee is one gallon of strong ale and two gallons of small wort, worth a penny.

Chambers's *Book of Days*, Jan. 23.

'Smoking prohibited'

ON April 22, 1619, the Fellows of University met in solemn conclave and warned Samuel Wilson, one of Lord Leicester's scholars and a bachelor, that he should not enter any house in the town 'ad potandum vel ad fumigandum cerebrum, vulgariter vocatum 'to take tobacco,' and that he should neither drink nor smoke in his room or in other parts of the College on pain of expulsion.

University College, by W. Carr. Hutchinson, 1902.

The First Coffee-drinker

THERE came in my time (1637-9) to the College [Balliol] one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece from Cyrill, the patriarch of Constantinople, who returning many years after was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee; which custom came not into England till thirty years after.

Evelyn's *Diary*.

Coffee-houses

THIS yeare 1650 Jacob a Jew opened a coffey house at the Angel in the parish of S. Peter in the East, Oxon, and there it was by some, who delighted in noveltie, drank. When he left Oxon, he sold it in Old Southampton buildings in Holborne near London.

Cirques Jobson, a Jew and Jacobite, born near Mount Libanus sold coffey [1654] in a house between Edmund Hall and Queen's College corner. . . . Arthur Tillyard, apothecary and great royalist, sold coffey [1655] publickly in his house against All Soul's College. He was encouraged so to do by some royalists now living in Oxon, and by others who esteemed themselves either virtuosi or wits ; the chiefest number were of All Souls, as Peter Pett . . . Christopher Wren. This coffey house continued till his Majestie's return and after, and then they became more frequent, and had an excise set upon coffee.

The fashion of drinking coffee in public prevailed in Oxford immediately upon its introduction into England, and continued to a late period. I am told by a venerable friend now (Feb. 1848) in his 93rd year that he well remembers the time when every academic of any fashion resorted to the coffee-house during the afternoon: Tom's nearly opposite the present market being frequented by the most gay and expensive ; Horseman's, also in the high street, nearly opposite the house of the principal of Brasenose, received the members of Merton, All Souls, Corpus and Oriel ; Harper's the corner house of the lane leading to Edmund Hall those of Queen's and Magdalen ; Baggs's the stone house (built, by the way, out of the surplus materials from Blenheim by Sir John Vanbrugh, who built also a similar house in New Inn Hall lane) at the corner of Holywell facing the King's Arms, used by New College, Hertford and Wadham ; and Malbon's, a diminutive tenement some feet below the present street at the north-east corner of the Turl, was filled from Trinity, and by the members of the neighbouring colleges.

Bliss, note to *Life of Wood*. Eccles. Hist. Soc., 1848.

Balliol Ale drinkers

THERE is over against Baliol College, a dingy, horrid, scandalous alehouse, fit for none but draymen and tinkers, and such as by goeing there have made themselfes equally scandalous. Here the Baliol men continually ly, and by perpetuall bubbeing add art to their natural stupidity to make themselfes perfect sots. The head [Dr. Good, 1672-8], being informed of this, called them togeather, and in a grave speech informed them of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor cold ale, that it destroyed both body and soul, and advised them by noe means to have anything more to do with it ; but one of them, not willing soe tamely to be preached out of his beloved liquor, made reply that the Vice-Chancelour's men [Bathurst, the President of Trinity] dranke ale at the Split Crow, and why should not they too? The old man, being nonplusd with this reply, immediately packeth away to the Vice-Chancelour, and

informd him of the ill example his fellows gave the rest of the town by drinkeing ale, and desired him to prohibit them for the future; but Bathurst, not likeing his proposall, beeing formerly an old lover of ale himselfe, answered him roughly, that there was noe hurt in ale, and that as long as his fellows did noe worse he would not disturb them, and soe turnd the old man goeing; who returneing to his colledge, calld his fellows again and told them he had been with the Vice-Chancelour, and that he told him there was noe hurt in ale; truely he thought there was, but now, being informed of the contrary, since the Vice-Chancelour gave his men leave to drinke ale, he would give them leave to; soe that now they may be sots by authority.

Letters of Prideaux to Ellis. Camden Soc., 1875.

From Tavern to Coffee-house

Why doth solid and serious learning decline, and few or none follow it now in the university? Answer: Because of coffee-houses, where they spend all their time; and in entertainments at their chambers, where their studies are become places for victualers, also great drinking at taverns and ale-houses (Dr. Lampshire told me there were 370 in Oxford), spending their time in common chambers whole afternoons, and thence to the coffee-house.

Wood's *Life and Times.*

Great Victory over Van Tromp

We got a greater victory over Van Tromp here than all your sea captaines in London, he confesseing that he was more drunke here than anywhere else since he came into England, which I think very little to the honour of our University. Dr. Speed was the chiefe man that encountred him, who mustering up about five or six more as able men as himselfe at wine and brandy got the Dutchman to the Crown Tavern, and there soe plyed him with both that at 12 at night they were fain to carry him to his lodgeings.

Letters of Prideaux to Ellis. Camden Soc., 1875.

Brasenose Ale

Here's none of your new fangled Stuff brought from Vigo,
This comes from ye Cellar where Michael and I go.
For this generous Liquour we nere cross the Main
Nor want either Commerce with France or with Spain.
Old England affords us whatever we lack,
Give us Ale; and a fig for their Claret or sack,
Then in true English Liquor, my Masters begin
Six Godowns upon Rep. to our true English King.
In this orthodox Health let each Man keep his Station
For a Whig will conform upon such an Occasion.

Hearne's *Collections*, ed. by C. E. Doble. Oxford Hist. Soc., 1886.

Music and Polite Entertainments

THE money which by part of the university was formerly spent in midnight drinkings, to the ruin of their health, is now employed in securing themselves against these complaints to which by a sedentary and studious course of life they are particularly exposed. And the expenses of the students which, after the example of their leaders, were laid out to much the same purpose, are now devoted to a different channel. A taste for musick, modern languages, and other the polite entertainments of the gentlemen have succeeded to clubs and Bacchanalian routs.

Boase's *Oxford*. Longmans, 1887.

Roast Beef of Old Oxford

THE first day Adam Smith dined in the hall at Balliol (1740) he fell into a reverie at table and for a time forgot his meal, whereupon the servitor roused him to attention, telling him he had better fall to, for Smith could have never in his life have seen such a piece of beef in Scotland, as the joint then before him.

Monthly Review, 1790.

'The fragrant weed'

Imitation of Mr A. Phillips

LITTLE tube of mighty power
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest;
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses;
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns,
When agen the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine,
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

The Oxford Sausage, 1764.

Smoking and Slang

When I went up to Oxford, 1823-4, there were two things unknown in Christ Church, and I believe very generally in Oxford—smoking and slang. I never saw a man smoking till Michaelmas Term, 1826. I never heard a word of slang till about the same time. So against the taste of the time was slang, that I have a distinct memory of a man being held disqualified as candidate for the Loder Club, because he talked 'Stable Slang.'

Archdeacon Denison—*Our Memories, Shadows of Old Oxford*, edited and printed by H. Daniel. Oxford, 1893.

Taverns and Coffee-houses

The social life of a modern undergraduate tends to centralise itself within the walls of his colleges, his pastors and masters, very wisely on the whole, preferring a little sacrifice of their academic calm to the risk of his finding questionable amusements outside. He has his own common room with many of the comforts of a club . . . there is a recognised part of the quadrangle where he may make an authorised bonfire. But the original scheme of the colleges did not contemplate them as places of miscellaneous entertainment; and when the undergraduate began to make his own amusement the great end of a University career, the convivial centres which attracted him lay outside the walls of his own college. . . . Thus sings the panegyrist of *Oxford Ale*:

'Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-house snug to visit; wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins . . .
Where the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian Bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale.'

Macmillan's Magazine, Sept. 1898, 'Oxford in the Eighteenth Century,' by A. D. Godley.

It is a great thing to dine with the Canons of Christ Church

Next morning we went to Pembroke College, and waited on his old friend Dr. Adams, the master of it, whom I found to be a most polite, pleasing, communicative man. We walked with Dr. Adams into the master's garden, and into the common room. Johnson (after a reverie of meditation): 'Ay! here I used to play at draughts with Phil. Jones and Fludyer. Jones loved beer and did did not get very forward in the church. Fludyer turned out a scoundrel, a Whig, and said he was ashamed of having been bred at Oxford. He had a living at Putney, and got under the eye of some retainers to the court at that time, and so became a violent Whig; but he had been a scoundrel all along, to be sure.'

He then carried me to visit a Dr. Bentham, canon of Christ Church and Divinity professor, with whose learned and lively conversation we were much pleased. He gave us an invitation to dinner, which Dr. Johnson told me was a high honour. 'Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the canons of Christ Church.' We could not accept his invitation, as we were engaged to dine at University College.

Boswell's *Johnson.*

A Three-bottle Man

TALKING of drinking wine, Dr. Johnson said, 'I did not leave off wine, because I could not bear it; I have drunk three bottles of port without being the worse for it. University College has witnessed this.'

Boswell's *Johnson.*

Oxford Grace Cup

EXTRACT the juice from the peeling of a lemon, and cut the remainder into thin slices; put it into a jug or bowl and pour on it three half-pints of strong home-brewed beer and a bottle of mountain wine; grate a nutmeg into it; sweeten it to your taste; stir it up till the sugar is dissolved and then add three or four slices of bread toasted brown. Let it stand two hours and then strain it off into the Grace Cup.

Oxford Night Caps, 1847.

Cider Cup

CIDER CUP or Cold Tankard has for a very long period been a favourite summer drink, not only within the walls of the Colleges, but also at Taverns situated near the banks of the river, which are much resorted to by the junior members of the University who are fond of aquatic excursions. Many are the sonnets and songs which have been made upon the fair waiting-women who almost invariably prepare this cooling and wholesome beverage.

Recipe

Extract the juice from the peeling of one lemon, by rubbing loaf sugar on it; cut two lemons into thin slices; the rind of one lemon cut thin, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and half a pint of brandy. Put the whole into a large jug, mix it well together, and pour one quart of cold spring water upon it. Grate a nutmeg into it, add one pint of white wine and a bottle of cider, sweeten it to your taste with capillaire or sugar, put a handful of balm and the same quantity of borage in flower (*borago officinalis*) into it, stalks downwards. Then put the jug containing this liquor into a tub of ice, and when it has remained there one hour it is fit for use. The balm and borage should be fresh gathered.

Oxford Night Caps.

New College Puddings

For one duzon take a penny halfe penny white bread and grate it, and put to that halfe a pound of beefe suett minced small, halfe a pound of curantes, one nutmeg and salt, and as much creame and eggs as will make it almost as stiffe as past, then make you in the fashon of an egg, then lay them into the dish that you bake them in one by one with a quarter of a pound of butter melted in the bottom, then set them over a cleare charcole fire and cover them, when they are browne turne them till they are browne all over, then dish them into a cleane dish; for yr sause take sack sugar rose water and butter, pour this over yr puddings and scrape over fine sugar and serve them to the table.

New College, by Hastings Rashdall and Robert S. Rait. Hutchinson, 1901.

Oxford Night Caps

Bishop seems to be one of the oldest winter beverages known, and is to this day preferred to every other, not only by the youthful votary of Bacchus at his evening's revelry, but also by the grave don by way of a Night Cap. . . . It appears from a work published some years since and entitled *Oxoniana*, or Anecdotes of the University of Oxford, that in the Rolls or Accounts of some Colleges of ancient foundation, a sum of money is frequently met with charged '*pro speciebus*,' that is, for spices used in their entertainments; for in those days, as well as the present, spiced wine was a very fashionable beverage. . . .

Recipe

Make several incisions in the rind of a lemon, stick cloves in the incisions, and roast the lemon by a slow fire. Put small but equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, mace, and all-spice into a saucepan with half a pint of water; let it boil until it is reduced one-half. Boil one bottle of port wine; burn a portion of the spirit out of it, by applying a lighted paper to the saucepan. Put the wasted lemon and spice into the wine; stir it up well, and let it stand near the fire ten minutes. Rub a few knobs of sugar on the rind of a lemon, put the sugar into a bowl or jug, with the juice of half a lemon (not roasted), pour the wine into it, grate some nutmeg into it, sweeten it to your taste, and serve it up with the lemon and spice floating in it.

Oxford Night Caps.

Dinner in Hall

I wish some generous and wealthy benefactor would rise, some hospitable man who knows how much a pleasant meal removes awe and gives us 'suppler souls,' who would provide Harvard with a Hall for the Professors, Assistant-Professors, Tutors, and Instructors,

a noble kitchen, a good cellar, a stock of old wine, and half a dozen Common Rooms. Perhaps, large though the staff is, one Common Room would suffice at first, till the art of using it had been acquired. Two or three of the most promising young men might be sent over to Oxford for a year to study social life. They would see how even the married Professors and tutors share in it, dining at least once a week in College. No man thinks himself too old to dine in hall. The generous hospitality of the place brings the men of the different Colleges together. The stranger, too, shares in it, and sees a side of academic life which is found only in England. He dines in a noble hall, adorned by the portraits of former students who, in one way or another, had gained distinction in the world; from the dais on which he sits he looks down upon the rows of tables filled with men all in the freshness of youth; as all stand up for the Latin grace he notices the picturesque gowns, which by their shape mark the different ranks of those that wear them. After dinner he is taken to a Common Room dark with oaken wainscot—the room perhaps where James the Second's arbitrary court was held, and where Addison, perhaps, first learnt to like that wine which shortened his days, and enabled him, at the early age of forty-seven, to show his step-son 'how a Christian can die.' If it was in Addison's College that our stranger dines, he may have noticed a lad perched on a stool in a corner, close behind the President's Chair. It is a little chorister, ready to chant grace if he is called on; in any case to be rewarded with a slice of pudding. . . . Everywhere in Oxford the stranger finds something that is curious—something unlike all that he has ever seen before. Such customs cannot be transplanted, they must grow. No university can exclaim, 'Go to; I will be venerable.' Let Harvard once get two or three Common Rooms built, and hospitable customs will begin slowly to form.

Harvard College, by An Oxonian. Macmillan, 1894.

Sunday Hall

EVERY Sunday evening the fellows and tutors in each college meet at dinner—and often they invite guests. This evening as a guest I was privileged to take my place at the high table of Balliol, presided over by the Master, Dr. Caird, a well-known philosopher. On the floor of the hall undergraduates in their gowns talked in low voices; above their heads the last rays of light illuminated the stained windows. Was not this a banquet of Oxford clerks at which we were present in some dream. . . . We left the smoking-room; the groups had dispersed; the evening was mild, and the old buildings were illumined with a pleasant and melancholy light; occasional songs, or the far-off echo of some ballad, broke the

silence of the night. And it is in the midst of sights such as these that these young men pass four or five years. They ought all of them to be men of talent.

Memories of Oxford, by Jacques Bardoux, translated by W. R. Barker. Hutchinson, 1899.

Oxford Landladies

'HONESTLY if you care to, but—get money.' Such is the motto of the average Oxford lodging-keeper. The really good lodgings in this city can be numbered on your fingers. Under the fostering influence of a special delegacy appointed with unlimited weeding powers, the really bad multiply. . . . A female there is doing a thriving business, who accumulates her little profit in the following honourable and wholesome manner. Undergraduates occupy all her rooms. *De rigueur* most of them own dogs. These clean-mouthed quadrupeds she contracts to feed at from three to four shillings per tail per week. The staple of diet is of course bones, which the dogs scrape with that assiduity for which the canine race is remarkable. Then the good soul collects them, and they make excellent soup for the unwary lodger at sixpence per basin. Verily this is sharing your bone with your dog in most utilitarian fashion!

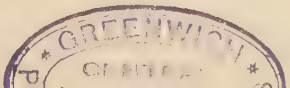
A member of this grasping sisterhood was heard to remark that Mr. —— had not treated her respectful. It was asked how? 'He owes me money,' was the reply, 'and yet he did not acknowledge me in the street.' There is a superfluous amount of capping done in Oxford all round. Fellows cap their warden, undergraduates their fellows, tradespeople every solvent gownsman, scouts gown and well-coated town, whilst the uncoated *residuum* cap the scouts. The only free men in the place appear to be the bedells, who have no rims to their caps; even they contrive to do obeisance with their pokers. This lodging-house keeper would seem, however, to recognise a very realistic theory, viz., the subservience of all debtors to all creditors—a principle which, if carried to its logical extreme, would considerably alter the condition of society.

The Dark Blue. London, 1871.

Which Newman do you mean?

THE first part of breakfast passed in almost complete silence; every plate was passed round the table before it found any one brave enough to keep it. Even Bill [the host] looked troubled, and could find no topic. Downy was the first to begin.

'It's a wonderful place is Oxford. You English gentlemen



arrivin' here from variously located parts of the country must feel fair cowed when you think of all the famous men who have lived in this little town before you.'

No one offered to interrupt his monologue.

'You must feel a thrill in your bones when you say to yourselves, "I'm walkin' the streets which John Ruskin has walked; I am livin' on the vurry same ward as has once contained Arnold, Froude, and Newman."'

If the freshmen felt any thrill in their bones they showed no sign of it in their faces. They looked blankly at Downy without the least symptom of enthusiasm.

'I would give a thousand dollars,' said Downy, 'to have been up here with Newman!'

None of the undergraduates looked as if he would have given a Greek grammar for it. Only one of them showed signs of life; he cleared his throat and moved uneasily in his chair for a few moments.

'Which Newman do you mean?' he asked.

'Why, Newman, sir; the Newman.'

'Do you mean W. G. Newman who fielded point, or T. P. Newman who broke the roof of the pavilion in the M.C.C. match?

All the freshmen glared at Downy.

'Neither, sir, neither; Cardinal Newman, the eminent divine!'

'Never heard of him!' said the bold freshman, and went on with his egg.

'Never heard of him!' echoed two or three others; and a short silence ensued.

'Wahl,' said Downy, 'that beats the bugs!'

But though Downy's conversational opening led to nowhere, it had served to break the ice. A general thaw set in. The mention of the two famous Newmans led to the mention of a host of other men of fame.

'Did you know Trevethick at Charterhouse?'

'Rather! Old Trevvy! At least, of course, I didn't *know* him; he was an awful swell.'

'Wasn't F. O. Smith a Charterhouse man?'

'Yes, rather! Did you see what he did against Essex?'

Downy V. Green, by George Leslie Calderon. Smith, Elder, 1902.

A Freshman's first Hall

My first dinner in hall was not a pleasant experience. The senior men came up a day after us, and most freshers, until they settle down, seem to spend their time in waiting for somebody else to say something. The dinner really made me feel most gloomy;

things seem to have been turned upside down, and in the process I felt as if I had fallen with a thud to the bottom. There were two or three freshers from Cliborough to whom I had scarcely spoken during my last two years at school, and these fellows all sat together and enjoyed themselves while I counted for nothing whatever.

I began to learn the lesson that being in the Cliborough XI. and XV. was not a free passport to glory. The man opposite to me looked as if he had never heard of W. G. Grace, and when I tried to speak to the fellow on my right about the Australians, he thought that I was talking about any ordinary Australian and had no notion that I meant the cricket team which had been over in the summer. He was quite nice about it, I must admit, and when he found out what I was driving at, said: 'I am afraid I don't know much about cricket; I have been over in Germany the last two or three months, trying to get hold of the language. I went to read Schiller and those other people in the original.'

He did not suit me at all, and as I had not the courage to give myself away by asking the names of the other people our conversation dropped. . . . I went out of the hall and found a tall dark fellow bowling pebbles aimlessly about the quadrangle. I bowled a pebble and, hitting him on the back, had to apologize. It is rather odd, now I come to think about it, that the first words I ever said to Jack Ward were in the nature of an apology. We strolled out of the quadrangle into the lodge, and after he had looked at me he asked me to come up to his rooms and have some coffee. I was not at all sure that I wanted to go, but I went. . . .

I sat in his rooms and listened to him talking until eleven o'clock; for almost the first time in my life I had nothing to say, and that must have been the reason why I felt amused and uncomfortable at the same time. He seemed to know all sorts of people and he spoke of them by their Christian names, which impressed me, and he referred to London as a place well enough to stay in for a time, but a terrible bore when one got accustomed to it. . . . As I went back to my rooms, I thought that my education had been neglected in many ways, and that Ward had been having a much better time than I had. But I soon changed my mind, and decided that he was the kind of fellow whom I should have thought a slacker at Cliborough, and I cannot put up with a man, who when he is doing one thing always wants to be doing another.

Godfrey Martin, Undergraduate, by Charles Turley. Heinemann, 1904.

Powers of Digestion

In both Oxford and Cambridge the cooks are restricted to a certain sum each term, beyond which the college will not protect them in

their demand upon the students. All else are extras, and are included in 'sizings' in Cambridge; in Oxford the term is 'to battel.' The head of a college in the latter university, not long since, sent for Mr. P——, one of his society, who had batteled much beyond the allowance; and after Mr. P—— had endeavoured to excuse himself on the ground of appetite, turning to the account, the Rector observed, 'meat for breakfast, meat for lunch, meat for dinner, meat for supper,' and looking up in the face of the dismayed student he exclaimed, with his Welsh accent, 'Christ Jesus! Mr. P——, what guts you must have.'

Oxford and Cambridge Nuts to Crack. Baily, 1835.

The Mitre in 1782

At the Mitre, the inn where I lodged, there was hardly a minute in which some students or other did not call, either to drink, or to amuse themselves in conversation with the daughter of the landlord.

C. P. Moritz, *Travels in England* in 1782.

College Grace

Agimus Tibi gratias, omnipotens et sempiterne Deus, pro his et universis beneficiis: dignare, Domine, misereri nostrum, et manere semper nobiscum, ut auxilio Spiritus Sancti mandatis tusi sedulo obsequamur, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Agimus Tibi gratias, omnipotens et sempiterne Deus, pro Thoma White, milite, Fundatore nostro defuncto, ac pro Avicia et Joanna uxoribus ejus, reliquisque quorum beneficiis hic ad pietatem et ad studia literarum alimur, rogantes, ut nos his donis Tuis ad gloriam Tuam recte utentes, una cum illis ad resurrectionis gloriam immortalem perducamur, per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Vers. Benedicamus Domino.

Resp. Deo gratias.

St. John's College Grace after Meat.

PENALTIES AND PROCTORS

College Gate and early rising

All the colleges have this common feature, that where the college buildings cease, a high wall girds them in, and they always shut and open their gates at one and the same hour. For at eight o'clock on winter evenings and at nine o'clock in summer after warning by the striking of a very great bell (so that it may be heard by all far and wide) the gates are shut; nor are they opened again until five o'clock in the morning. If any scholar during the intervening time is apprehended by the proctors outside the gate of his own college, he will hardly be able to proffer any excuse sufficiently legitimate as to exempt him from confinement and deliver him from the hands of the proctor. . . .

The time of rising throughout all the colleges is with the dawn, that is to say at five o'clock. Soon, met together in the chapel, they give a stated time to prayer, consecrating the first and the best part of the day to God; then they apply the remaining labours of the day to letters.

Oxoniensis in Anglia Academiæ Descriptio, by Nicholas Fitzherbert, 1602. Oxford Hist. Soc., 1886.

Robbery and Assault, 1677

I have no more home Newes to send you save only that att our Assizes in Oxoñ last weeke there was an unusual tryall sc: a scholler (late of Corpus Christi College) was try'd for breakeing through some walls or passages to gett to one of y^e^ Fellows chambers w^ch^ he design'd to knock in y^e^ head as he lay in bed and did acordingly attempt it w^tb^ an hammer whose handle very fortunately broke of after 3 or 4 blows and so y^e^ man sav'd his life: and is pretty well recover'd but the Assailer was condemn'd by Judge Rainsford but some say he has lately gott a reprieve, if he have not one speedily he'el go doune ye Carlile way.

The Flemings in Oxford, ed. by J. R. Magrath. Oxford Hist. Soc., 1904.

'July 13 [1677], Friday, John Bradshaw, a Kentishman, a scolar of C. C. Coll., broke into the cockle loft and so into the chamber of John Weeks the fellow; took away 25s. and then went to knock

Mr. Weeks on the head with a hamer, he being in bed; but the head fell off and so he was saved. Bradshaw expelled; put in the castle; condemned to be hanged 27 July; repreived; he continued in prison an yeare; . . . and sent away; teaches school in Kent 1679-80. John Weeks exhibited to John Bradshaw's studies: but Bradshaw was ungratefull and atheistical; brok into his chamber and took away money that was intended for him.'

Wood's *Life and Times*. Oxford Hist. Soc., 1892.

Proctors in 1688

Now full of instruction I was not long in getting on horseback, but an unhappy accident at Oxford had almost spoil'd all; for at ten of the clock in the inn there was such a roaring and singing that my hair stood on end, and my former prejudices were so heightened that I resolved to lose the journey and carry back my son again, presuming that no noise in Oxford could be made but scholars must doe it; but the proctur coming thither and sending two young, pert townsmen to the prison for the riot, relieved my fears, and quickly came to my chamber, and perceiving my boy designed for a gown, told me that it was for the preservation of such fine youths as he, that the proctors made so bold with gentlemen's lodgings. He was a man of presence and suitable address, and upon my request sate down. I told him I was glad to see authority discountenance the publick-houses, because it is an incredible scandal the University labours under from the account that countrey gentlemen (who come and lodge in Oxford) give of ranting in inns and taverns, as if there was no sleeping in that town for scholars. He civily replied, that things might be better, but he thanked God they were no worse: that scholars did often bear the blame of countrey gentlemen and the townsmen's guilt; and that absolutely to keep young men from publick-houses was impossible but by parents' injunction to their children, by tutours observing the conversation of their pupils, and every Head of an House commanding home in time all the junior part at least of their societies.

As for the prejudices we suffer under in the countrey, he said there were many reasons of that. The constant declamations against us of those intruding members who were turned out again in [16]60, the hatred all enemies of King and Church shew against us for being presumed parties; and the envy the gentry bear us upon a false supposition of our ease, luxury and prosperity; to which we ourselves (said he) do foolishly contribute by treating friends in our chambers as splendidly as if we were worth thousands, when, perhaps, half a Fellowship would not pay for two such dinners as are made upon a slight occasion. And of all men

living the gentry ought not to be against us or envy our moderate fortunes, whose whole employment is taken up in serving them by breeding their sons here, and serving their cures hereafter. Perhaps it will be said the sons of some of them miscarry; it is a great pity any one should; but I am sure that person ought to vindicate us whose son goes off vertuously bred; they do not know the care is taken to secure their children, and make them happy. I could willingly have heard him longer but that he was to go his *rounds*. It was pleasant to see how my son trembled to see the proctour come in without knocking at his father's chamber door.

The Guardian's Instruction, 1688.

Rules and Excuses

LEAVE of absence from Oxford was granted without demur or taken. Writing in the last years of the seventeenth century Mrs. Alicia D'Anvers enumerates in *Academia* some of the various excuses proffered by undergraduates who wish to escape from their duties: sometimes it is a friend or relation, 'or another,' who has come up to see Oxford, and the scholar must needs go with him and show him the town.

'And even when one stranger's gone,
Be sure they'll have another come,
. . . . . .
And then sometimes their father sends,
Or else some other of their friends,
(They say) a letter of Attorney,
Praying them to take a little journey.'

Macmillan's Magazine, Sept. 1898, 'Oxford in the Eighteenth Century,' by A. D. Godley.

Corporal Punishment at Corpus

EACH scholar was to be assigned by the President to a tutor, namely, the same Fellow whose chamber he shared. The tutor was to have the general charge of him; expend on his behalf the pension which he received from the College . . . watch his progress and correct his defects. If he were neither a graduate nor above twenty years of age he was to be punished with stripes. . . . Other punishments—short of expulsion—were confinement to the library with the task of writing out or composing something in the way of an imposition, sitting alone in the midst of hall, whilst the rest were dining, at a meal of dry bread and beer or even bread and water; and lastly deprivation of commons. This punishment operated practically as a pecuniary fine, the offender having to pay for his own commons instead of receiving them free from the College. . . .

It will be noticed that rustication and gating do not appear in

this enumeration. Rustication, in those days when many of the students came from such distant homes and the exercises in College were so severe, would generally have been either too heavy or too light a penalty. Gating, in one sense, could hardly exist, as the undergraduates at least were not free to go outside the walls, except for scholastic purposes, without special leave, and that would doubtless have been refused in case of any recent misconduct.

Corpus Christi, by Thomas Fowler. Hutchinson, 1899.

Discipline

THE want of experience, of advice, and of occupation, soon betrayed me into some improprieties of conduct, ill-chosen company, late hours, and inconsiderate expense. My growing debts might be secret; but my frequent absence was visible and scandalous; and a tour to Bath, a visit into Buckinghamshire, and four excursions to London in the same winter, were costly and dangerous frolics. They were, indeed, without a meaning, as without an excuse. The irksomeness of a cloistered life repeatedly tempted me to wander; but my chief pleasure was that of travelling; and I was too young and bashful to enjoy, like a manly Oxonian in town, the pleasures of London.

In all these excursions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again, as if I had been an independent stranger in a hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of controul. Yet my time was lost, my expenses were multiplied, my behaviour abroad was unknown; folly as well as vice should have awakened the attention of my superiors, and my tender years would have justified a more than ordinary degree of restraint and discipline.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

Youthful Undergraduates and their Penalties

IN earlier times the relation between tutor and pupil at the Universities had been similar to that which has of late so happily grown up in higher schools between boy and master. And indeed the '*children*' of the 16th, the '*boys*' and the 'schollers' of the 17th, and the 'lads' of the 18th century differed little in age or discipline from the public schoolboys of the present day. While they had been under their Udalls and Busbies they had learnt not less of latin and hebrew and of greek (as they were then known) than the upper-schoolboy of our public schools; or if any young Paston or William Page would make no progress in the world with his book, he was sure to be 'trewly belasschyd' (or 'preeched' as Sir Hugh Evans would say) for his lack of pains: the same boys when they arrived at Oxford or Cambridge in the 16th or 17th

century, still found the birch at the buttery-hatch: but they also found more liberty than they had enjoyed at Winchester or Westminster, at the Charterhouse or Merchant Taylors. They found, that is, at the University, much the same amount of liberty as those who are now Bachelors of Arts found when they went from a private to a public school. There was still one same regularity of hours; morning and evening prayer in the chapel, early dinner and supper in a common room—dormitories neither with complete privacy, nor yet entirely open to all comers, but arranged with some view to pleasant or profitable neighbourhood of sleepers. They found among the less respectable of their comrades a craving for ale and for tobacco smoke, as soon as it was to be had. They found also, in earlier times, those 'menne not werye of theyr paynes, but very sorye to leue theyr studye,' who being without fire were 'fayne to walk or runne vp and downe half an houre to gette a heate on their feete whan they go to bed.'

Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century, by Christopher Wordsworth. Cambridge, 1874.

Oxford Assizes

During the assizes at Oxford, the gownsmen are or were permitted to seat themselves in the courts. In most country courts there is a considerable share of noise and confusion; but at Oxford the din and interruption were beyond anything I have ever witnessed; the young men were not in the least solicitous to preserve decorum and the judges were unwilling to be severe on the students. A man was tried for some felony, the judge had charged the jury, and called on the foreman, who seemed to be a decent farmer, for a verdict. While the judge turned his head aside to speak to somebody, the foreman of the jury, who had not heard the evidence or the judge's charge, asked me, who was behind him, and whom he had observed to be attentive to the trial, what verdict he should give. Struck with the illegality of this procedure, I stood up and addressed the judges Wills and Smith. 'My Lords,' said I.—'Sit down, sir,' said the judge.—'My Lord, I request to be heard for one moment.'—The judge grew angry.—'Sir, your gown shall not protect you, I must punish you if you persist.'—By this time the eyes of the whole court were turned upon me; but feeling that I was in the right I persevered. 'My Lord, I must lay a circumstance before you which has just happened.' The judge still imagining that I had some complaint to make relative to myself, ordered the sheriff to remove me.—'My Lord, you will commit me if you think proper, but in the meantime I must declare, that the foreman of this jury is going to

deliver an illegal verdict, for he has not heard the evidence and he has asked me what verdict he ought to give.'

The judge from the bench made me an apology for his hastiness, and added a few words of strong approbation.

Edgeworth's *Memoirs*, 1821.

'Gownsman's Gallows'

WHAT, Sir, do you tell me, Sir, that you never heard of Gownsman's Gallows? Why, I tell you, Sir, that I have seen two undergraduates hanged on Gownsman Gallows in Holywell—hanged, Sir, for highway robbery.

'Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen,' Hare's *Story of my Life*. G. Allen, 1896.

Proctor's Code of Honour

ON one occasion it became known to a party of Undergraduates that a dance was to be held at Eaton, a village near Oxford, and they determined to attend it. This became known to the Proctors, who proceeded on the evening in question to the village, accompanied by Bulldogs and Marshall and surrounded the house at every door. A cry arose—'the Proctors! the Proctors!'—and all was in confusion. The Proctors entered and searched the room, knowing that six undergraduates were implicated, but could only find five. They took the names of these, and after an ineffectual search left the house. A few days after an undergraduate was visited by the Marshall, who informed him that the Proctor wished to see him. On reaching the Proctor's presence he was thus addressed—'I am sure, sir, you would not tell a falsehood, and I will not tempt you to do it; so I will tell you what has come to my knowledge. You were at the ball given a few nights ago at Eaton. We searched the house but could not find you, though we discovered your five companions; you escaped in this way. When the confusion began, you threw yourself on your hands and knees on the floor; three of the female dancers sat upon your back, and spreading out their dresses effectually concealed you. You must be aware that you were guilty of a serious breach of discipline, but you have made no remark on my statement, and the mode of escape was so ingenious that I am reluctant to punish you, and therefore wish you good morning.'

Our Memories, Shadows of Old Oxford, ed. and printed by H. Daniel. Oxford, 1893.

Rustication

NON-UNIVERSITY men sneer at rustication; they can't see any particular punishment in having to absent yourself from your studies for a term or two. But do they think that the Dons don't

know what they are about? Why, nine spirited young fellows out of ten would snap their fingers at rustication, if it wasn't for the home business. It is breaking the matter to the father, his just anger, and his mother's still more bitter reproaches. It must all come out, the why and the wherefore, without concealment or palliation. The colleges write a letter to justify themselves, and then a mine of deceit is sprung under the parents' feet, and their eyes are opened to things they little dreamt of. This, it appears, is not the first offence. The college has been long-suffering, and has pardoned when *it* should have punished repeatedly. The lad who was thought to be doing so well has been leading a dissipated, riotous life, and deceiving them all. This is the bitterest blow they have ever had. How can they trust him again? And so the wound takes long to heal, and sometimes is never healed at all. This is the meaning of rustication.

Ravenshoe, by Henry Kingsley, 1862.

The Proctor and the Penitent

'Sow your wild oats while you have the strength to sow them,' he had been advised by a beardless and brainless cynic: well he had sown them, and gained in a crop of sorrows. Now he would try another brand of seed. . . .

He had reached in his moody wandering the narrow lane that skirts New College. Suddenly round a dusky corner, rendered more sightless by an old-world lamp, there dashed a well-dressed youth of some twenty summers. He dodged adroitly so as to avert collision, gasped exhaustedly, 'Say I went to the left,' and vanished like lightning to the right. Close behind the young man, and equally exhausted, there appeared the Proctor for the day, flanked on either side by bull-dogs. He was about to pass, but Ralph laid a hand upon his shoulder.

'Sir,' he said proudly, raising his academic cap, 'I am that unhappy youth whom you arrested but lately on two consecutive nights, once rightly, but once also wrongly, while I sought only to reform my erring comrades in the Theatre. Perhaps I should never have told you this, much though it relieves me,—for I have now turned to more virtuous paths,—but that there is something, I would reveal to you.'

'What?' said the official, turning on every side to see that no eaves-droppers were near.

'The young man, whom you chased but now (I know not why), as he hurried past me, begged me to say that he passed to the left. Proctor, I cannot tell a lie. He vanished to the right.'

'Ralph, I respect you,' said the older man, grasping his inform-

ant's hand, and then at a fast trot turned sharply to the right. Ralph proceeded with his walk, buoyed by a pleasing sense of duty done.

Sandford of Merton, by Belinda Blinders. Alden and Co., Oxford, 1903.

'Are you a Member of this University, sir?'

If a Proctor meet a body
Coming down the High,
If a Proctor greet a body
Need a body fly?

Every Proctor has his bull-dog,
Dog of mickle might,
When he marches forth in full tog
At the fall of night.

Every bull-dog when he spies a
Man without a gown,
Promptly chases him and tries a-
Main to run him down.

Lays of Modern Oxford.

Lay of the Proctor

'Tell me, O Proctor, whither art thou going,
Thus with thy bull-dogs putting the pace on,
Thick is the rain, your bands will get spoilt, sir,
So will your velvet.

Tell me now frankly what made you turn Proctor,
Was there a lady somewhere in the case, sir,
Was it from duty, or is it true you 're
A misanthrope, sir?

Did you want coin to help you to marry,
Or did you feel it a duty to your College,
Or was it simply from a love of mischief
That you turned Proctor?

If 'twas the first, then I will gladly tell you
My name and College, and pay you the five shillings;
Nay more, I don't mind giving you a trifle
To help you on, sir.'

'Trifle!! I only hope that you are drunk, sir,
Openly to insult a Proctor daring
Thus in the streets. If you are not tipsy,
You 'll be sent down, sir.

Are you aware, sir, whom you're addressing?
One who can fine you, send you down or gate you—
Once more I ask, sir, *will* you tell me
Your name and College?'

'My name and College? I'll see thee d—d first,
Wretch with no sense of gentlemanly feeling,
Sordid, unholy, pitiless, degraded,
Brute of a Proctor.'

[*Trips up Proctor, knocks down Bull-dogs, and exits in transports of joy.*]

Shotover Papers, May 2, 1874.

'Two little Progs'

Two little Progs,
They lost their dogs,
And didn't know where to find them;
But down in the High,
They were doing the Spy,
Though nobody seemed to mind them.

Shotover Papers.

Proggins

I WENT into our Common Room to have a quiet smoke;
The Dean woke up at once and cracked the old familiar joke.
The Dons around the fire they laughed and giggled fit to die;
I went into the Quad. again, and to myself said I:
O it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and 'Proggins, how's your chest?'
But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Proctor!' when young women we arrest—
Young women we arrest, my boys, young women we arrest,
O it's 'Thank you, Mr. Proctor!' when young women we arrest.

I went into the Theatre as civil as could be;
They let in lots of Undergrads, but found no room for me;
They said into the gallery or pit perhaps I'd go,
But when it comes to Sermons I can have a whole front row.
For it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and 'Proggins, go behind!'
But it's 'Front pew for the Proctor!' when there's business in the wind,
There's business in the wind, my boys, there's business in the wind,
O it's 'Front pew for the Proctor!' when there's business in the wind.

Yes, making mock of velvet gowns that guard your morals here,
Is cheaper than those velvet gowns, and they 're not over-dear:
And poking fun at Proctors when their duty they don't shirk,
Is twenty times more sportsmanlike than doing dirty work.
Then it 's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and 'Proggins, you get out!'
But it 's 'Charter of our Liberties,' when Rads begin to shout;
When Rads begin to shout, my boys, when Rads begin to shout,
O it 's 'Charter of our Liberties,' when Rads begin to shout.

We are not chartered libertines, nor should we be 'Taboo,'
We 're ordinary mortals, most remarkably like you;
And if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Well, ordinary mortals are rarely perfect saints.
While it 's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and 'Proggins, you 're a brute!'
But it 's 'Rally round the Proctor,' when *The Star* begins to shoot,
The Star begins to shoot, my boys, *The Star* begins to shoot,
O it 's 'Rally round the Proctor!' when *The Star* begins to shoot.

You talk about our dignity and say we should precede
In public Heads of Houses who have not been D.D.'d.
Don't worry about etiquette, but show us to our face
That Alma Mater's uniform is not a man's disgrace.
For it 's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and 'Give it to him warm!'
But it 's 'Guardian of our morals,' when there 's mention of reform,
And it 's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and anything you like,
But Proggins isn't quite a fool, and Proggins soon will strike!

Common Room Carols (after R. K.).
Alden and Co., Oxford, 1893.

Proctoriz'd

As down the High at eve we went
Without a thought or care,
We passed by Queen's, my friend and I,
We passed by Queen's, I know not why,
And met the Proctor there.

. . . . . .

And when we called next day at ten
Excuse in vain we made:
For there within his private room,
Yes, there within his private room,
Five shillings fine we paid.

Poulton, *Oxford Memories*. Longmans, 1911.

OXFORD AT WORK

(§ 1) YE CLERKES OF OXENFORD

A Clerk of Oxenford

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe tyme i-go.
Al-so lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and therto soburly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde nought geten him yit a benefice,
Ne was not worthy to haven an office.
For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and reed,
Of Aristotil, and of his philosophie,
Then robes riche, or fithul, or sawtrie.
But although he were a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litul gold in cofre;
But al that he mighte gete, and his frendes sente,
On bookes and his lerning he it spente,
And busily gan for the soules pray
Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scolay.
Of studie tooke he most cure and heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede;
Al that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And schort, and quyk, and ful of gret sentence.
Sownynge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.'

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

A poor Scholar

Whilom ther was dwellyng at Oxenford
A riche gnof, that gestes heeld to boorde,
And of his craft he was a carpenter.
With him ther was dwellyng a pore scoler,
Hadde lerned art, but al his fantasye
Was torned for to lerne astrologie,

And cowde a certeyn of conclusiouns
To deme by interrogaciouns.
If that men axed him in certeyn houres
Whan that men schuld han drought or ellys schoures,
Or if men axed him what schulde bifalle
Of everything, I may nought reken hem alle.
This clerk was cleped heende Nicholas;
Of derne love he cowde and of solas;
And therwith he was sleigh and ful privé,
And lik to a mayden meke for to se.
A chambir had he in that hostillerye
Alone, withouten eny compaignye,
Ful fetisly i-dight with herbes soote,
And he himself as swete as is the roote
Of lokorys, or eny cetewale.
His almagest, and bookes gret and smale,
His astrylabe, longyng to his art,
His augrym stoones, leyen faire apart
On schelves couched at his beddes heed,
His presse i-covered with a faldyng reed.
And al above ther lay a gay sawtrye,
On which he made a-nightes melodye,
So swetely, that al the chambur rang;
And Angelus ad virginem he sang.
And after that he sang the kynges note;
Ful often blissed was his mery throte,
And thus this sweete clerk his tyme spente,
After his frendes fyndyng and his rente.

'The Miller's Tale,' *Canterbury Tales.*

Bachelor Fellowes

THE earliest group of colleges knew nothing of any obligation to conduct a young student through all the stages of his education from matriculation to his Bachelor's degree. The scholars of Merton or Oriel were, as we should now say, 'Bachelor Fellows,' men who were still *in statu pupillari* indeed, but whose early education had been provided for by the University in her schools and who were now to pursue their studies towards higher issues and the teaching degree. In short, to adopt the modern Oxford jargon a college such as Oriel in the fourteenth century consisted (as All Souls College practically still consists) of a 'common room' only.

Oriel College, by D. W. Rannie. Hutchinson, 1900.

Quarrelsome Fellows

THE scholars of Oxford of the time [fourteenth century] were as a class turbulent and aggressive, bachelors and masters no less than undergraduates. And Merton men were in the thick of every fray.

First they quarrelled bitterly among themselves three times a year at 'scrutiny' time. The famous record of the 'scrutiny' of 1338-1339 is evidence. Chief offender on this occasion was John the Chaplain, who wore unfitting boots and dress. He quarrelled daily with his servant and called him a thief. He was negligent in church, other Fellows, too, wore 'dishonest boots.' Some kept dogs, and by their laziness hindered study. Some talked at table. Another 'quum loquitur cum sociis non vult permittere eos loqui.' Some refused to give advice in College meeting. The Warden quarrelled with the Fellows, talked too much, neglected his financial duties, and absented himself without good cause. One Fellow 'intulit minas mortales' on another, who not unnaturally was resentful. Some said it was time to elect new Fellows: others complained they could not get books. One Fellow declared the honour of certain others was blackened. This caused much indignation. Another went so far on the path of shamelessness as to call the Warden 'Robert' in the presence of all. Most agreed 'quod non est caritas inter socios.' Evidently the scrutiny acted as a safety valve.

Merton College, by B. W. Henderson. Hutchinson, 1899.

Oxford Beggars

'BE it further enacted,' the Act [22 Henry VIII. c. 12] continues, 'that scholars of the University of Oxford and Cambridge, that go about begging, not being authorized under the seal of the said Universities, by the commissary, chancellor, or vice-chancellor of the same; and that all singular shipmen pretending losses of their ships and goods, going about the country begging without sufficient authority, shall be punished and ordered in manner and form as is above rehearsed of strong beggars.'

Froude's, *History of England*. Longmans.

'Oxford fare'

IF that exceed our ability [meaning the fare of New Inn in London, where he had part of his breeding], then will we the next year after descend to Oxford fare, where many great learned and ancient fathers be continually conversant, which if our power stretch not to maintain neither, then may we like poor scholars of Oxford go a begging with our bags and wallets and sing *Salve Regina* at rich men's dores.

Sir Thomas More after his dismissal from office.

Poor men's children shut out

THEY were erected by their founders at the first, onelie for poore men's sons, whose parents were not able to bring them up unto learning; but now they have the least benefit of them by reason the rich doo so incroach upon them. And so farre hath this inconvenience spread it selfe, that it is in my time an hard matter for a poore man's child to come by a fellowship (though he be never so good a scholer and woorthie of that roome). Such packing also is used at elections that not he which best deserveth, but he that hath most friends, though he be the woorst scholer, is alwaies surest to speed; which will turne in the end to the overthrow of learning. That some gentlemen also, whose friends have beene in times past benefactors to certeine of those houses, doo intrude into the disposition of their estates, without all respect of order or estatutes devised by the founders, onelie thereby to place whome they thinke good (and not without some hope of gaine) the case is too too evident: and their attempt would soone take place, if the superiors did not provide to bridle their indevors. In some grammar schooles likewise which send scholers to these universities, it is lamentable to see what briberie is used; for yer the scholer can be preferred, such bribage is made, that poore men's children are commonlie shut out and the richer sort received (who in time past thought it dishonor to live as it were upon almes) and yet being placed, most of them studie little other than histories, tables, dice and trifles, as men that make not the living by their studie the end of their purposes, which is a lamentable hearing. Beside this, being for the most part either gentlemen or rich men's sonnes, they oft bring the universities into much slander. For standing upon their reputation and libertie they ruffle and roist it out, exceeding in apparell and hanting riotous companie (which draweth them from their bookes into another trade). And for excuse when they are charged with breach of all good order thinke it sufficient to saie that they be gentlemen, which greeveth manie not a little.

Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577.

Archbishop Laud [Chancellor] to the Vice-Chancellor.

Mr. Crofts and his great horses

SIR,—For Mr. Crofts and his great horses, he may carry them back if he please, as he brought them. For certainly it cannot be fit for the University, though the exercise itself be exceedingly commendable: for the gentlemen there are most part too young, and not strong enough; besides you cannot put that charge upon their parents, without their particular leave and directions; but

this especially is considerable, that wherever the place of riding shall be, where one scholar learns, you shall have twenty or forty to look on, and these lose their time, so upon the whole matter that place shall be fuller of scholars, than either schools or library. Therefore I pray give Mr. Crofts thanks fairly for his good intentions; but as thus advised, I cannot give way to his staying there to the purpose he intends; nor is it altogether inconsiderable, that you should suffer scholars to fall into the old humour of going up and down in boots and spurs, and then have their excuse ready, that they are going to the riding-house; and I doubt not, but other inconveniences may be thought on, therefore I pray no admittance of him.

W. CANT.

Lambeth, June 23, 1637.

Reminiscences of Oxford by Oxford Men.
Oxford Hist. Soc., 1892.

University 'Cant'

AFTER Harris[1] had been at Trinity a year his tutor asked him how he liked Logic, y^e^ Lectures, Disputations, etc. He answered, not at all; for tho' that way of talking and reasoning might be necessary to be understood there as a kind of University Language, yet he said he cou'd not find he had gain'd any real knowledge by it. His Tutor, Mr. Steph. Hunt, told him it was very true: and if he had any hopes of making a figure in any of y^e^ learned professions, he must as much study to *Forget y^e^ cant* when he left y^e^ University, as now he took pains to acquire it.

Trinity College, by H. E. D. Blakiston.
Hutchinson, 1898.

Two Seventeenth-Century Undergraduates

NOV. 27, 1678.[2]—Your son is both frugall and studious, and all that I find amiss in him is that he wants courage and heart. I do all I can to animate and encourage him, and to put some more spirit into him. I hope disputing in y^e^ Hall will put some briskness and mettall into him and teach him to wrangle. . . . He deserves also all the encouragement that may be, because he is willing to do anything, and frequents Prayers and Disputacions as much as any one, though of much less Quality and honour than himselfe. He has another fellow-Pupill of y^e^ same order that keepes pace with him, and they have combin'd to sett paterns to

[1] John Harris, *Sch.* 1684-8.

[2] The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Fellow of Queen's, to Daniel Fleming of Rydal Hall. The son, Henry Fleming, entered Queen's as a batler in 1678, matriculated July 4, aged seventeen: the nephew, Henry Fletcher, the eldest son of Sir George Fletcher, Bart., entered Queen's as Upper Commoner the same year, matriculated June 10, aged sixteen.

all y^e^ rest of their Table: I hope they'l continues this their emulacion, and that your Son will also excite others of his degree to the same excellency and perfection. I love to see young men strive to exceed one another.

. . . . . .

Aug. 20, 1679.—Your Nephew is in good health, and is like to keep himself so, while he continues to rise att 6 of y^e^ clock in y^e^ morning, w^ch^ he dos not faile of as yet in Terme time. As to what you hint concerning his Treating, 'tis wholly grounded (I fancy) upon his abundant kindness to his Countrymen, to whom (if any of them happen to call upon him) he is very kind, and haveing the conveniency of a Cellar (under the cloyster belonging to S^r^ Joseph's building) is not stingy or niggardly of the liquor that 's in it, if they 'l accept of it: yet he endeavours to shirk all he can himself, and Ile assure you he hates drinking as much as any man can do. If he should be the least inclin'd that way, I should be very unworthy if I did not acquaint either you or his Father with it. I hope he gives his Father a good account of y^e^ money he receives. All I fear is that his expenses amount high, not so much upon the account of Treats, as Curiosity's (viz. pictures, cloathes, pamphletts) and ornaments for his chamber, which will be of use afterwards. I am sure his Batles are moderate, and so are his other Colledge Dues. Your son continues studious and frugall in a much lower rank.

The Flemings at Oxford, ed. by J. R. Magrath. Oxford Hist. Soc., 1903.

Servitors in Drama

In Baker's Comedy, an Act at Oxford, 1704, one of the characters is *Chum* (whose father 's a chimney-sweeper, and his mother a poor ginger-bread woman at *Cow-Cross*), a gentleman-servitor at *Brazen-Nose* College whose business is to wait upon Gentlemen-commoners, to dress and clean their shoes and make their exercises. In the drama he takes the place of the faithful slave in the old heathen comedy; and, by personating a rich lover, wins *Berynthia* for his master Smart. The poor fellow, whose Fortune was soon told—the reversion of old shoes which Gentlemen-commoners leave off, two Raggs call'd shirts, a dog's eard *Grammar*, and a piece of an *Ovid de Tristibus*—is rewarded by a present of 500 guineas.

Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century, by Christopher Wordsworth. Cambridge, 1874.

Profits of a Servitorship

Being now near eighteen years old, it was judged proper for me to go to the University. God had sweetly prepared my way. The friends before applied to, recommended me to the Master of Pem-

broke College . . . and the Master, contrary to all expectations, admitted me as servitor immediately.

Soon after my admission I went and resided, and found my having been used to a public house, was now of service to me. For many of the servitors being sick at my first coming up, by my diligent and ready attendance I ingratiated myself into the gentlemen's favour so far, that many, who had it in their power, chose me to be their servitor.

This much lessened my expense, and indeed, God was so gracious, that, with the profits of my place, and some little presents made me by my kind tutor, for almost the first three years, I did not put all my relations together to above £24 expense.

A Short Account of God's Dealings with the Rev. George Whitefield, 1740.

'Hunting the Servitor'

It was the practice in Johnson's time, for a servitor, by order of the Master, to go round to the rooms of the young men, and knocking at the door, to enquire if they were within, and, if no answer was returned, to report them absent. Johnson could not endure this intrusion, and would frequently be silent, when the utterance of a word would have insured him from censure; and farther to be revenged for being disturbed when he was profitably employed as perhaps he could be, would join with others of the young men in the college, in hunting, as they called it, the servitor, who was thus diligent in his duty; and this they did with the noise of pots and candlesticks, singing to the tune of Chevy-chace, the words in that old ballad—

'To drive the deer with hound and horn,' etc.

Sir J. Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*.

Poor Students

It is doubtful whether poor scholars were not greatly wronged by a change which was meant to give them freedom. The funds which supported them, now that the badge of servitude was removed, were far too commonly competed for in examinations by all alike, and far too often fell to the lot of the well-to-do. In the long training needed for the athletics of the class-room, money is of great service, for by money the services of the most skilful trainers are secured. The poor man fighting with difficulties may get the better education for the great main of life; but through the narrow straits of the examination-room the son of the rich man, unless his industry has been sapped by wealth, is often borne along in triumph. 'As many a poor man has worked his passage over

the sea to some settlement where a freer and a larger life awaited him,' so by a servitorship has many a man worked his way from a life of low drudgery to some high and honourable calling. The student-servant is no longer to be found at Oxford. But the poor student who, in his eagerness to fight his way by his learning, is ready for any duty, however humble it may be, finds one way barred to him that was open to the men of former generations.

Harvard College, by G. Birkbeck Hill. Macmillan, 1894.

'Sliding in Christ Church Meadow'

His tutor, Mr. Jorden, fellow of Pembroke, was not, it seems, a man of such abilities as we should conceive requisite for the instructor of Samuel Johnson, who gave me the following account of him. 'He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his instructions. Indeed, I did not attend him much. The first day after I came to college I waited upon him, and then staid away four. On the sixth, Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered I had been sliding in Christ Church meadow. And this I said with as much *nonchalance* as I am now talking to you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor. Boswell: 'That, Sir, was great fortitude of mind.' Johnson: 'No, Sir; stark insensibility.'

Boswell's *Johnson*.

Teaching by Lecture

We talked of the difference between the mode of education at Oxford, and that in those Colleges where instruction is chiefly conveyed by lectures. Johnson: 'Lectures were once useful; but now, when all can read, and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of a lecture, it is lost; you cannot go back as you do upon a book. Dr. Scott [Lord Stowell] agreed with him. 'But yet (said I), Dr. Scott, you yourself gave lectures at Oxford.' He smiled. 'You laughed (then said I) at those who came to you.'

Boswell's *Johnson*.

A learned Under-graduate

Sir William Jones soon found in the University all the means and opportunity of instruction which he could wish. . . . His college tutors, who saw that all his hours were devoted to improvement, dispensed with his attendance on their lectures, alleging with equal truth and civility that he could employ his time to more advantage. Their expectations were not disappointed; he perused with great assiduity all the Greek poets and historians of note, and the entire works of Plato and Lucian, with a vast apparatus of commentaries on them; constantly reading with a pen in his hand,

making remarks, and composing in imitation of his favourite authors. Some portion of every morning he allotted to Mirza [a native of Aleppo], whom he employed in translating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, writing himself the translation from the mouth of the Syrian. . . . In the course of his application to Arabic he discovered, what he had never before suspected, a near connection between the modern Persian and Arabic, and he immediately determined to acquire the former. He accordingly studied it with attention and found his exertions rewarded with rapid success.

Teignmouth's *Life of Sir William Jones*, 1804.

Matriculation

On my entrance at Oxford, as a member of Christ Church I was too foppish a follower of the prevailing fashions to be a reverential observer of academical dress and I was presented to the Vice-Chancellor, to be matriculated, in a grass-green coat with the furiously be-powdered pate of an ultra-coxcombe; both of which are prescribed by the Statutes of the University.

Much courtesy is shown, in the ceremony of matriculation, to the boys who come from Eton and Westminster, insomuch that they are never examined in respect to their knowledge of the School Classicks—their competency is considered as a matter of course; but in subscribing the articles of their matriculation oaths, they sign their praenomens in Latin; I wrote, therefore, 'Georgeius,' thus, alas! inserting a redundant *e*, and after a pause, said inquiringly to the Vice-Chancellor, looking up in his face with perfect naiveté, 'pray, sir, am I to add Colmanus?'

My Terentian father who stood at my right elbow, blushed at my ignorance; the Tutor did not blush at all, but gave a sardonick grin. The good-natured *Vice* drollingly answer'd me that, 'the surnames of certain *profound* authors, whose comparatively modern works were extant, had been latinized; but that a Roman termination tack'd to the patronymick of an English gentleman of my age and appearance would *rather* be a redundant formality.'

Random Records, by George Colman, 1830.

An 'Oxford Man'

At the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where the town is viewed as a mere ministerial appendage to the numerous colleges—the civic Oxford, for instance, existing for the sake of the academic Oxford, and not *vice versa*—it has naturally happened that the students honour with the name of '*a man*' him only who wears a cap and gown. The word is not used with any reference to physical powers or to age; but simply to the final object for which

the places are supposed to have first arisen, and to maintain themselves. There is, however, a ludicrous effect produced in some instances by the use of this term in contradistinguishing parties. 'Was he a man?' is a frequent question, and *as* frequent in the mouth of a stripling under nineteen, speaking, perhaps, of a huge elderly tradesman—'Oh, no! not a man at all.'

De Quincey.

Undergraduates and English Literature

'I MAKE it no subject of complaint or scorn, but simply state it as a fact that few or none of the Oxford undergraduates with whom parity of standing threw me into collision at my first outset, knew anything at all of English literature. The *Spectator* seemed to me the only English book of a classical rank which they had read; and even this less for its inimitable delicacy, humour, and refined pleasantry in dealing with manners and characters, than for its insipid and meagre essays, ethical or critical. This was no fault of theirs; they had been sent to the book chiefly as a subject for Latin translation.' . . .

De Quincey.

A Reading-Party in the Highlands

IT was four of the clock, and the sports were come to the ending,
Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.
Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in dressing.
Hope was first, black-tied, white waistcoated, simple, His Honour;
For the postman made out he was heir to the earldom of Ilay.
(Being the younger son of the younger brother, the Colonel),
Treated him therefore with special respect; doffed bonnet, and ever
Called him His Honour: His Honour he therefore was at the cottage;
Always his honour at least, sometimes the Viscount of Ilay.
Hope was first, His Honour; and next to His Honour the Tutor.
—Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed Adam,
White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique, square-cut waistcoat,
Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and feeling beneath it;
Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled;
Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but topping in Plays and Aldrich.
Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work of a lady
Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay,
Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician,
This was his title from Adam because of the words he invented,
Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the party;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him the Piper.
Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving Lindsay.
Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine* bathing; of course too
Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*, Audley by surname,
Arthur they called him for love and for euphony; they had been bathing,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended,
Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches between them.
Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam; on them followed Arthur;
Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of Olympus;
Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white tie finely adjusted,
Coral, moreover, the studs on a shirt as of crochet of woman:
When the fourwheel for ten minutes already had stood at the gateway,
He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian chamber.

The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, by A. H. Clough, 1848.

'I HAVE this morning been elected Fellow of Oriel.'

. . . . . .

'Elected Fellow of Oriel'

Mr. Newman used to relate the mode in which the announcement of his success was made to him. The Provost's butler—to whom it fell by usage to take the news to the fortunate candidate—made his way to Mr. Newman's lodgings in Broad Street, and found him playing the violin. This in itself disconcerted the messenger, who did not associate such an accomplishment with a candidateship for the Oriel Common-Room; but his perplexity was increased when, on his delivering what may be supposed to have been his usual form of speech on such occasions, that 'he had, he feared, disagreeable news to announce, viz., that Mr. Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel, and that his immediate presence was required there'; the person addressed, thinking that such language savoured of impertinent familiarity, merely answered, 'Very well,' and went on fiddling. This led the man to ask whether, perhaps, he had not mistaken the rooms and gone to the wrong person, to which Mr. Newman replied that it was all right. But, as may be imagined, no sooner had the man left, than he flung down his instrument, and dashed down stairs with all speed to Oriel College. And he recollected, after fifty years, the eloquent faces and eager

bows of the tradesmen and others whom he met on his way, who had heard the news, and well understood why he was crossing from St. Mary's to the lane opposite at so extraordinary a pace.

Newman.

An Oxford Lecture

When we went in to Denison, some one or two members of the class (a large one) did their piece well; to my flat amazement most of them stumbled over the easiest lines. When we came to the first lyrics, Φοῖβ ἀδικεῖς αὖ τιμὰς ἐνέρων, etc., the tutor put the question, 'What metre is this?' It went the round, no one had any idea; it came to me, and I remember the trembling excitement with which I answered, 'Anapæstic dimeter.' So much information was not far to fetch, for Monk had a note on the metre of the passage, and most of the class had Monk, but they had not read the Latin note. Denison gave me a look as much as to say, 'Who the devil are you?' He had evidently not been accustomed in his class to meet with such profound learning. I do not remember in the whole course of the term that Denison made a single remark on the two plays, *Alcestis* and *Hippolytus*, that did not come from Monk's notes.

In less than a week I was entirely disillusioned as to what I was to learn in an Oxford lecture-room. Copleston was still worse. Denison was a scholar according to the measure of those days, knew his Greek plays, and could let fall a clever thing. Copleston was a veritable dunce, who could teach you nothing. He was the butt of the college, and we used to wonder how he ever became Fellow of Oriel. The explanation was probably in the *name*. I suppose it was a job of his uncle's; for though Edward Copleston had ceased to be Provost at the date of W. J. Copleston's election, his influence must have been still powerful with the electors.

Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*. Macmillan, 1885.

A Reading-Party in the Highlands

So the discussion closed; and, said Arthur, Now it is my turn,
How will my argument please you? To-morrow we start on our travel.
And took up Hope the chorus,
To-morrow we start on our travel.
Lo, the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say they, rising;
Four weeks here have we read; four weeks will we read hereafter
Three weeks hence will return and think of classes and classics.
Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, undreamt of,
History, Science, and Poets! lo, deep in dustiest cupboard,
Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth buried!

Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of old Athens,
Dishes and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian blackguard!
Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace and abide in your lexicon-limbo!
Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculanean kindred,
Sleep, and for aught that I care, 'the sleep that knows no waking,'
Aeschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar and Plato.
Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our dreary classics.
And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper, the Dialectician,
Three weeks hence we return to the shop and the wash-hand-stand-basin
(These are the Piper's names for the bathing-place and the cottage),
Three weeks hence unbury Thicksides and hairy Aldrich.
But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nick-named Adam,
Who are they that go, and when do they promise returning?
And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself continued—
Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and Hobbes, and Hewson.
Answer was made him by Philip, the Poet, the eloquent speaker:
Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and Hobbes, peradventure
Tarry let Airlie May-fairly and Hobbes, brief-kilted hero,
Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie 'abide in his breeches';
Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an' it like them!
Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks prescribed us;
Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,
Eager to range o'er heather unfettered of gillie and marquis,
I will away with the rest and bury my dismal classics.
And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful; you go up at Easter,
This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin of women.
Good are the Ethics I wis; good absolute, not for me though;
Good too, Logic, of course; in itself, but not in fine weather.
Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence, Temperance, Justice,
Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose included;
Three weeks hence we return to cares of classes and classics.
I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal classics.

. . . . . .

So in the golden morning they parted and went to the westward.
And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes remained the Tutor;
Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor, Hobbes and Airlie;
One between bathing and breakfast, and six before it was dinner
(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again, the dinner);
Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to eleven.

The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, by Arthur Hugh Clough, 1848.

How Jowett took Essays

WHEN I went up to Balliol, in the autumn of 1858, my father told me to call on Professor Jowett. He was not my tutor, but my father had recently sat next him at a Magdalen Gaudy. I think I took a letter from my father to the great mysteriously reverenced man. I found him dozing in an arm-chair over a dying fire. His rooms were then in Fisher Buildings, looking out upon the Broad. It was a panelled room, with old-fashioned wooden mantelpiece. He roused himself, looked at the letter, looked at me, and said half dreamily: 'I do not think I know your father.' Then, after an awkward pause, he rose and added: 'Good-bye, Mr. Symonds!' I had gone with all a boy's trepidation to call on him. I took with me, moreover, something over-added of the shyness which my dependence on my father engendered. This dismissal, therefore, hurt me exceedingly.

I saw nothing more of Jowett for at least a year. But just before I went in for Moderations, he sent for me, and asked me to bring him Greek and Latin prose and verses. So far as I remember, I was allowed to select pieces. The few evenings in which he coached me made me feel, for the first time, what it was to be taught. He said very little, gave me no 'tips.' But somehow he made me comprehend what I had to aim at, and how I had to go about it. In some now to me unapprehended way, he showed me how to use my reading in Greek for the purpose of writing. I am sure that the iambics I produced from those few lessons were better than the thousands I had laboured at before. Such influence, if continued, might have educed the scholar in me, but I went into the schools, obtained a first-class in Moderations, and Greek iambics were shelved.

Jowett's influence over my mind, however, continued and strengthened. When I began to read for 'Greats,' I took him an essay on some philosophical or historical subject every week. The work for this essay absorbed the greater portion of all my energies. I neglected everything, except my sentiments and fancies, for its sole production. And in a certain way, I grew mightily under the discipline. I used to wait with intense eagerness, after reading my composition aloud, for his remarks. They were not much. 'That is very good, Mr. Symonds'; 'That is not so good as what you read last'; 'You have been too prolix'; 'There are faults of taste in the peroration'; 'You do not see the point about Utilitarianism'; 'That is an admirable statement of Plato's relation to the Eleatic philosophers.' I can hear him saying these sentences now, bent before his fireplace in the tower-room of the new buildings. I treasured each small word up, and somehow felt the full force of

them—expanded their leaves—until it filled my mind and penetrated the substance of my own thought about the essay. He taught me, indeed, to write; not to think scientifically, but to write as clearly as I could, and with as firm a grasp as I possessed upon my subject.

When the essay was over, Jowett made tea, or drank a glass of wine with me—far more often we had tea of the uncomfortable college sort, lukewarm, out of a large metal pot, in big clumsy cups. Conversation did not flow. Occasionally the subject of the essay led to some remarks from Jowett, but rarely. More often there was spasmodic talking about things in general—Jowett never suggesting a topic—I blunderingly starting one hare after another—meeting silence or a quenching utterance—feeling myself indescribably stupid, and utterly beneath my own high level, but quitting the beloved presence with no diminution of an almost fanatical respect. Obscurely, but vividly, I felt my soul grow by his contact as it had never grown before. That was enough, and more than enough. I did not then, and do not now, know what the process may have been. I almost think the paucity of speech, the sort of intellectual paralysis produced by what I knew to be not unkindly and not stupid in the man I revered, was more effective and more stimulative than lucid exposition or fluent conversation would have been.

J. A. Symonds: A Biography, by H. F. Brown. Smith, Elder, 1894.

Over-reading

I NEVER heard of any person whose health was seriously injured by over-reading, if, indeed, it was injured at all by the process. Novelists represent these alarming results in their fictitious narratives, but the health of young men is injured by many practices which cannot be conveniently confessed to, while the most reputable among the causes which might injure health is a passionate attachment to study. I should listen with great incredulity to any person who alleged that his health had given way to over-much mental exertion. Where we do know that great efforts are made, and a great strain is put on the intellectual powers, we do not find that these formidable results ensue. And it is the more necessary that we should understand how little reality there is in the charge, because this is a point on which parents and especially mothers are habitually deluded.

Education in Oxford, by James E. Thorold Rogers. Smith, Elder, 1861.

The Tutorial System

I DOUBT whether it is possible to give anything like an accurate impression of the Oxford tutorial system to those who have not seen it at work. There is the initial difficulty of framing any brief generalisation which shall be reasonably true for all the studies of the place and all the colleges. The practice varies from college to college, and in several colleges it has not seemed possible to extend tutorial supervision to the recently introduced studies in physical and biological science. It may be said with sufficient accuracy that all save a small minority of undergraduates during the greater part of their university career, work under the immediate oversight and direction of a college tutor, whether he actually bears that name or the more humble designation of 'lecturer.' The system is more highly developed with honour men than with pass men, and it can be best studied in the two 'honour schools' of 'Literae Humaniores' and of Modern History, which attract perhaps four out of five honour students. Colleges prefer to appoint their tutors from among their own fellows; and in spite of all the recent changes, the majority of the tutors still reside within the college walls.

Surveys, by W. J. Ashley. Longmans, 1900.

Tutor and Undergraduate

THE tutorial system, in which the personal element counts for so much must be peculiarly sensitive to changes in the intellectual, moral and social atmosphere. In a sluggish and self-pleasing age it is hardly likely to develop asceticism or altruism; in an age of revolution and of controversy it is certain, sooner or later, to lend itself to the propagation of serious change. A succession of dignified professors may have an air of detachment from the flux of things; but the tutor, who makes his applications of Plato or Hegel over a pipe at a cosy fireside or in the easy conversational atmosphere of a college lecture-room or of a reading-party in some pastoral solitude, has special opportunities of turning eternal truths into current coin bearing many devices some of them most individual and unexpected.

Oriel College, by D. W. Rannie. Hutchinson, 1900.

Undergraduate Excuses

BACK in my rooms: finish dressing. Fire out, no hot water. This is what they call the luxurious existence of a College Fellow. Post arrives: chiefly bills and circulars: Several notes from undergraduates. 'Dear Sir,—— May I go to London for the day in order to keep an important engagement!' Dentist, I suppose. 'Dear Mr. ——, —— I am sorry that I was absent from your valuable lecture yesterday, as I was not aware you would do so.' 'Dear Sir, —— I shall be much obliged if I may have leave off my

lecture this morning, as I wish to go out hunting.' Candid, at any rate. 'Mr. —— presents his compliments to Mr. —— and regrets that he is compelled to be absent from his Latin Prose lecture, because I cannot come.' Porter reports gentleman coming into college at 12.10 last night. All right: 'The Dean's compliments to Mr. —— ——, and will he please to call upon him at once.' 'Mr. ——'s compliments to the Dean, and he has given orders not to be awakened till ten, but will come when he is dressed.' Obliging!

Aspects of Modern Oxford, by a Mere Don. Seeley, 1894.

The Model Undergraduate

He is, as he always was, the best of all good fellows, and the pleasantest company in the world. He neither reads nor rows too hard. He 'smatters,' as Hudibras would say, Greek philosophy or Latin literature, German ballads or French plays. Perhaps he sings, perhaps he plays the piano; very likely he rides and will lend a horse to a friend. If he plays bridge, he neither craves to win nor picks a quarrel if he loses. He is gentle and clean-living, merry, sympathetic, and appreciative. He takes his full share of pleasure in 'this world of opportunity and wonder,' but never forgets that the truest joys are those of intellect and spirit. In three words, he is a 'Typical Oxford Man,' and that, as Mr. Gladstone said, is the highest praise which it is possible to bestow.

Social Silhouettes, by Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Smith, Elder, 1906.

The Undergrad Type

The average man seldom gets into a book, though he often writes one. Yet who would not like to paint him or have him painted, for once and for ever! And, *a fortiori*, who would not wish the same for the average undergraduate? I can but hint at his glories, as in an architect's elevation. For he is neither rich nor poor, neither tall nor short, neither of aristocratic birth nor ignobly bred. Briefly, Providence has shielded him from the pain and madness of extremes. He plays football, cricket, rackets, hockey, golf, tennis, croquet, whist, poker, bridge. In neither will he excel, yet in some one he will for an hour be conspicuous, if only at a garden-party or on a village green. He never rashly ventures in the matter of dress, and when his friends who are above the average are wearing very green tweeds, he will be just green enough to be passable, and yet so subdued as not to be questioned by those who stick to grey. He is never punctual, on the other hand, he is never very late. In conversation, he will avoid eloquence for fear of long-windedness, and silence for fear of appearing original or rude: at most, he will be frivolous to the extent of remarking, about a pretty face, 'Oh,

she is *alpha plus!*' Thus, he will have several meerschaums; will assemble at a wine party the most incompatible men, and conclude it by all but losing his self-respect; and will for a term use Oxford slang as if it were a chosen tongue, and learn a few witticisms at the expense of shopkeepers, if he is free by the accident of birth. But he will speedily forget these things and become a person with blunt and tender consideration for others, and may be popular because of his excellent cigarettes or his ready listening. He will in a few years learn to row honestly, if not brilliantly; to know what is fitting to be said and read in the matter of books; to discuss the theatre, the government, the cricket season, in an inoffensive way. Add to this pale vision the colouring implied by a college hatband and a decent, ruddy face, and you have the not too vigorous or listless, manly man, with modest bearing and fearless voice, who plays his part so well in life, and now and then—on a punt or at a wedding—reveals to the discerning observer his university. The late Grant Allen knew him by his broad, brown back, and his habit of bathing in winter in a rough sea.

Oxford, described by Edward Thomas. Black, 1903.

Otia Vana

'I HOPE you employ your whole time, which few people do; and that you put every moment to profit of some kind or another. I call company, walking, riding, etc., employing one's time, and upon proper occasions very usefully; but what I cannot forgive in anybody is sauntering, and doing nothing at all, with a thing so precious as time, and so irrecoverable when lost.'

Horæ Solitariæ first heard those sentences in Oxford. I remember well. Breakfast was almost at an end, and the first cigarette had just been lit; which is as much as to say it was one of the sweetest moments of life. For, pleasant though the perfume of tobacco may be at all times, it is incomparable, blown from a neighbour, when the window on a summer morning has been opened wide, and coffee has given way to oranges, and as yet your own lips are virgin from the herb. The smoke had flown out and returned with a burden from the roses in the window; and we had turned over the pages of *Chesterfield*. He read aloud that passage with a laugh (in the cushions of his chair one could not be ingulfed in less than half-an-hour), allowing to the first part of the second sentence a little humour, but of the most timid kind. We were very young, and a voice (it seemed the voice of Horæ Solitariæ) floated across the table like 'the pipe of half-awakened birds,' saying blissfully 'The art of life is not too wisely to waste time.' Years have spoiled the young laugh that made this so

adequate. Still, however, the old volume looks down from the shelf with a tired smile, blessing the listlessness which a midnight lamp cannot rouse, and calling up the summer moods, that gently mocked the quiet sorrows of a hundred centuries and the organ tones of woe that was passing.

> Temporis O suaves lapsus! O otia sana!
> O herbis dignae numerari, et floribus horae.

In those summers we had nothing to do, but I think it was often divinely done. We had nothing to say, and we said it wonderfully.

Horæ Solitariæ, by Edward Thomas.
Duckworth, 1902.

Undergrads

SINCE everybody aims at something, what is it that the undergraduate aims at, and what is the best way for him to spend his time? Professedly, every one allows that it is a degree, and reading the best occupation; but in practice there are many different opinions. These may be gathered from the different modes of life. And there are of these three particularly prominent—the do-nothing, the sportive, and the studious. Of the studious we will speak later. Of the sportive there are five kinds—the low, the fast, the cricketing, the boating, and the athletic. And each of these again contains many classes. The low is brutish, and is divided into the gambling, the drinking, and others equally unworthy. Obviously this cannot be the true life of the undergraduate. The fast is unfortunately sometimes mixed with the last kind, and is always in danger of being mistaken for it. It contains the hunter, the tandem driver and others. Those who play cards (except whist) are divided between this and the one above mentioned. To this class also belong the wearers of gay apparel, and, in short, all who aspire to the life of men about town. This is not the right life for two reasons; first, a degree is seldom obtained by it; and secondly, we may see from the practice of lawgivers, that they make statutes against the peculiarities of the fast class. Of the three remaining classes, the cricketing is richer and idler than the boating, and is more akin to the fast: and the boating is akin to the studious class, and is divided into rowers in skiffs, tubs, and eights; and these again into University, College, and Torpid eights; but of those we may learn more on the towing path.

The Oxford Spectator, 1874.

Oxford's tragi-comedies

HE still seems to see Oxford with the eyes of an undergraduate, as a place where men row or play 'footer,' talk slang and on occasion 'rag' or have bump suppers. This, the surface life of Oxford, is

described with a great spirit and an engaging boyishness. Work is an evil, sometimes a necessary evil, though 'firsts' are admitted to have a certain utilitarian value. Rendal rows, and being a hero, of course secures his 'blue.' Incidentally he works and takes a first, for the confounding of all 'smugs' who cherished the fallacy that Oxford is primarily a place of learning. To vindicate the superiority of the 'blue' Rendal is made to beat the 'smugs' at their own game, all of which is essentially British and in keeping with the characteristic British prejudice in favour of the amateur as against the serious student. Parenthetically it may be remarked that Rendal's conversation does not indicate that his intelligence is in any way above that of the ordinary 'blue.' His education, like the catastrophe in Greek tragedy, takes place off the stage.

It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Portman that the influence of Oxford on the undergraduate is not due to the rowing any more than to the occasional rag or the everlasting slang. These things are accidental. Oxford men might play diabolo (perhaps they do), and converse in English, and behave with the strictest decorum, and still Oxford would remain much what it is now. Mr. Portman has not merely failed to analyse the secret of Oxford's charm—greater men have failed in that—but he has failed to realise that the charm has a secret. Nor has he eyes for all the tragi-comedies of Oxford life; the nascent statesman tackling great problems with the confidence of youth and a seriousness which a minister might envy but not emulate; the brilliant star shooting meteor-like across the academic firmament only to be lost in the obscurity of a schoolmaster-ship or a Government office; the dawning ambition of a poor scholar introduced to a luxury hitherto unknown; the son educated by the self-sacrifice of his parents till he finds himself half-unconsciously criticising them with a kind of pitying tolerance.

Bookman, November 1907.

The Element of Stability

THERE is, happily, in Oxford one element of comparative stability —'The undergraduate is unchanging as Egypt, revolutions and commissions leave him as they find him, self-centred and serene, for he is beyond them and above them, though his teachers are chameleons and change with their surroundings.'

This description was written twelve years ago, and twelve years more of acquaintance with the undergraduate from new and varied points of view have confirmed the writer in his admiration and affection for that amazing creature—not that he is faultless; he is full of faults which make him lovable, 'custom cannot stale his

infinite variety.' Infinite though that variety is, he remains essentially the same—a young British human boy of many types, even of many nationalities, for he has a wonderful power of assimilating the youth of all English-speaking peoples, Orientals, and even young Frenchmen and Germans, to his standards and ideas without any conscious effort on his part. They sooner or later become dominated by the *esprit de corps* of their college, and the desire to be effective members of it, 'to do something for it' as the saying is, in athletics or in the schools or in its social life; and the young strangers meet with encouraging and kindly treatment in the vast majority of cases, and from the best men.

Any one who has read old-fashioned novels depicting life at Oxford, such as *Reginald Dalton*, or even *Verdant Green*, written many years later than Lockhart's story, knows that strict sobriety was not one of the virtues of undergraduates. Any one who has read Mr. Pyecroft's account of Oxford in the thirties knows more—that drunkenness was frequent, if not habitual, in the fast set: not the deadly habit of solitary drinking which was and is almost unknown, but the more venial error of silly and excitable boys whose fathers could remember the Regency, and were not very rigorous censors.

The Bishop of London's utterance, made not long ago in a sermon preached at St. Mary's, 'about a wave of drunkenness passing over the University,' excited much comment and indignant protest. It is difficult to believe that he meant more—if he meant more he was misinformed—than that the behaviour of many undergraduates at bump suppers, or on going out of training, leaves something to be desired.

Against these regrettable, but not frequent, incidents must be set the fact that the consumption of wine is now trifling, and far less than it was fifty years ago when college and private wines were frequent and the ordinary form of entertainment. Their place has been taken by breakfasts of a very substantial kind, no unworthy rivals of the great Scottish breakfasts of old and even present days.

One of the most remarkable and wholesome changes in undergraduate life is the reduction of expenditure. To 'go a mucker' was even fifty years ago not an uncommon exploit. The phrase survives, but now means a serious scrape, or worse, of any kind; it used to mean specially reckless and absurd extravagance, ending in a burden of debt of which the culprit did not rid himself till after many years of tribulation, inflicted often not on himself only, but on sisters and brothers and parents, who had pinched themselves that Tom or Dick or Harry might go to Oxford and live like

a 'gentleman.' It is only fair to say that these young gentlemen paid their debts in the end, most of them, as the writer knows from conversation with an eminent Oxford tradesman, now long departed, who was an authority on the subject. There were many Pendennises at both Universities more than half a century ago, like Thackeray's foolish Arthur. There are few now,—the parents of the ruined spendthrifts were mostly clergymen and country gentlemen of moderate means, a class now relatively and absolutely poorer than they used to be. Necessity, and the good feeling and common sense which are now prevailing, save in pestilent quarters, in this country, and in Oxford the reflection of it, as to the meanness of meanly admiring mean things, and of worshipping and imitating unworthy persons of rank and wealth, have led to the practice of economy and self-denial by many undergraduates in every college. In any well-managed college, and few if any colleges are not well managed in respect of internal economy, a youth if he is sensible and careful can live with reasonable comfort and a reasonable share in college life, social and athletic, for a sum varying from £110 to £120 a year, *i.e.*, the academical year of six months. This estimate of course includes only the expenses incurred at Oxford for College and University charges—what an undergraduate spends on clothes, journeys, small personal outlays, and in his vacations, depends on himself. Figures of this kind are necessarily indefinite, but it is more than probable that the average undergraduate, and he is not the foolish prodigal son depicted in sensational journalism, now spends £3 instead of the £4 which he used to spend forty or fifty years ago.

Blackwood's Magazine, June 1909.

Dons and Undergraduates

LANE'S attitude to 'dons' had changed. Time was when, fresh from school, he had reverently raised his cap to his embarrassed tutor, and surfeited him with interlarded 'sirs.' Then had come a period of reaction, during which he thought to seem magnificent by treating the Fellows of the College with a familiar contempt. This had come to pall, and now in his third term he looked upon them much as the citizen looks on the policeman, as a necessary portion of the civic life, belonging to another sphere, and to be avoided in so far as a kind destiny allows. Only—so strong is the six-years' moulding of the Public School—latent in him there was an antipathy to dons, as to those who were opposed to enterprise, and (sequel to the old hankering to 'rag' a master) a certain joy in treating them as equals.

The Comedy of Age, by Desmund Coke. Chapman and Hall, 1906.

Oxford Lecturing

4th MAY 1895. I am attending a new series of history lectures on the relations of Church and State. All these lectures have the same character. They are much more like a serious and solid 'rhetoric' class than the lectures at the French University—at the Sorbonne or the Collège de France. The professor expounds his subject tersely and intelligently, but there are always two things lacking, firstly that clear and methodical enunciation of ideas which is indispensable in a teacher; secondly that originality in thought, nicety in detail, and eloquence of speech,—characteristic with us, of the higher forms of instruction. This lecturer is clear, exact, unpartial, but he lacks originality—distinction.

Bardoux's *Souvenirs*.

A College Lecture

LECTURE to be delivered at ten o'clock to Honours men, on point of ancient custom: very interesting: Time of Roman Dinner, whether at 2.30 or 2.45. Have got copious notes on the subject somewhere: must read them up before lecture, as it never looks well to be in difficulties with your own MS.—looks as if you hadn't the subject at your fingers' ends. Notes can't be found. Know I saw them on my table three weeks ago, and table can't have been dusted since then. Oh, here they are: illegible. Wonder what I meant by all these abbreviations. Never mind: can leave that part out. Five minutes past ten.

Lecture-room pretty full: two or three scholars, with air of superior intelligence: remainder commoners, in attitudes more or less expressive of distracted attention. One man from another college, looking rather *de trop*. Had two out-college men last time: different men, too: disappointing. Begin my dissertation and try to make abstruse subject attractive: 'learning put lightly, like powder in jam.' Wish that scholar No. 1 wouldn't check my remarks by reference to the authority from whom my notes are copied. Why do they teach men German? Second scholar has last number of the *Classical Review* open before him. Why? Appears afterwards that the *Review* contains final and satisfying reductio ad absurdum of my theory. Man from another college asks if he may go away. Certainly, if he wishes. Explains that he thought this was Mr. ——'s Theology lecture. Seems to have taken twenty minutes to find out his mistake. Wish that two of the commoners could learn to take notes intelligently, and not take down nothing except the unimportant points. Hope they won't reproduce them next week in the schools.

Ten fifty-five. Interrupted by entrance of lecturer for next hour. Begs pardon: sorry to have interrupted: doesn't go, how-

ever. Peroration spoilt. Lecture over: general sense of relief. Go out with the audience, and overhear one of them tell his friend that, after all, it wasn't so bad as last time. Mem., not to go out with audience in future. Eleven o'clock: lecture for Passmen. Twelve or fifteen young gentlemen all irreproachably dressed in latest style of undergraduate fashion. Norfolk jacket and brown boots indispensable, and all inclined to be cheerfully tolerant of the lecturer's presence quand même, regarding him as a necessary nuisance and part of college system. After all there isn't so much to do between eleven and twelve. Some of us can construe, but consider it unbecoming to make any ostentation of knowledge. Conversation at times animated. 'Really, gentlemen, you might keep something to talk about at the next lecture.' Two men appear at 11.25, noisily. Very sorry: have been at another lecture: couldn't get away. General smile of incredulity, joined in by the new arrivals as they find a place in the most crowded part of lecture-room. Every one takes notes diligently, and is careful to burn them at the end of the hour. Translation proceeds rather slowly. Try it myself: difficult to translate Latin comedy with dignity. Give it up and let myself go—play to the gallery. Gallery evidently considers that frivolity on the lecturer's part is inappropriate to the situation. 11.55: 'Won't keep you longer, gentlemen.'

Aspects of Modern Oxford, by a Mere Don. Seeley, 1894.

Scholar Gypsy

COME, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of shining parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gypsy-lore,
And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood
And came, as most men deemed, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life inquired;
Whereat he answered, that the gypsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains,

And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,
When fully learned, will to the world impart
But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill.'

This said, he left them, and returned no more.
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of gray,
The same the gypsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
At some lone alehouse on the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frocked boors
Had found him seated at their entering;

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly,
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy trace;
And boys who in lone wheat-fields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast passed their quiet place;
Or in my boat I lie
Moored to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm, green muffled Cumnor hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet
As the punt's rope chops round;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Plucked in thy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam
Or cross a stile into the public way;
Oft thou hast given them store

Of flowers,—the frail-leafed, white anemone,
Dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves,—
But none hath words she can report of thee!

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time 's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass,
Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandoned lasher pass,
Have often passed thee near
Sitting upon the river-bank o'ergrown;
Marked thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air:
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And marked thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,—
Where most the gypsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagged and shreds of gray,
Above the forest ground called Thessaly,—
The blackbird picking food
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a withered spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not passed thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapped in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climbed the hill,

And gained the white brow of the Cumnor range;
Turned once to watch, while thick the snow flakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall:
Then sought thy straw in some sequestered grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wandered from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gypsy-tribe.
. . . And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid,—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

Matthew Arnold.

§ 2. SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS

Professors and Readers

Everie one of these colleges have in like manner their professors or readers of the toongs and severall sciences, as they call them, which dailie trade up the youth there abiding privatlie in their halles, to the end they may be able afterward (when their turne commeth about, which is after twelve termes) to shew themselves abroad, by going from thence into the common schooles and publike disputations (as it were 'In aream') there to trie their skilles, and declare how they have profited since their comming thither.

Moreover in the publike schooles of both the universities, there are found at the princes charge (and that verie largelie) five professors and readers, that is to saie, of divinitie, of the civill law, physicke, the Hebrue and the Greeke toongs. And for the other lectures, as of philosophie, logike, rhetorike and the quadrivials, although the latter (I meane arythmetike, musike, geometrie and astronomie, and with them all skill in the perspectives) are now smallie regarded in either of them, the universities themselves doo allow competent stipends to such as reade the same, whereby they are sufficientlie provided for, touching the maintenance of their estates and no lesse incoraged to be diligent in their functions.

These professors in like sort have all the rule of disputations and other schoole exercises, which are dailie used in common schooles severallie assigned to ech of them, and such of their hearers, as by their skill shewed in the said disputations, are thought to have

atteined to anie convenient ripenesse of knowledge, according to the custome of othir universities, although not in like order, are permitted solemnlie to take their deserved degrees of schoole in the same science and facultie wherein they have spent their travell. From that time forward also, they use such difference in apparell as becommeth their callings, tendeth unto gravitie and maketh them knowne to be called to some countenance.

Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577.

Degrees in the Reign of Elizabeth

The first degree is that of the generall sophisters, from whence when they have learned more sufficientlie the rules of logike, rhetorike, and obteined thereto competent skill in philosophie and in the mathematicals, they ascend higher unto the estate of batchelers of art, after foure yeares of their entrance into their sophistrie. From thence also giving their minds to more perfect knowledge in some or all the other liberall sciences and the toongs, they rise at the last (to wit, after other three or foure yeares) to be called masters of art, ech of them being at that time reputed for a doctor in his facultie, if he professe but one of the said sciences (beside philosophie) or for his generall skill, if he be exercised in them all. After this they are permitted to choose what other of the higher studies them liketh to follow, whether it be divinitie, law or physike, so that being once masters of art, the next degree if they follow physike, is the doctorship belonging to that profession; and likewise in the studie of the law, if they bend their minds to the knowledge of the same. But if they meane to go forward with divinitie, this is the order used in that profession. First, after they have necessarilie proceeded masters of art, they preach one sermon to the people in English, and another to the universitie in Latine. They answer all commers also in their owne persons unto two severall questions of divinitie in the open schooles, at one time, for the space of two hours; and afterwards replie twise against some other man upon a like number, and on two severall daies in the same place: which being doone with commendation, he receiveth the fourth degree, that is batcheler of divinitie, but not before he hath beene master of art by the space of seaven yeeres, according to their statutes.

The next and last degree of all is the doctorship after other three yeares, for the which he must once againe performe all such exercises and acts as are afore remembered, and then is he reputed able to governe and teach others and likewise taken for a doctor.

Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577.

A MAN may, if he will begin his studie with the lawe or physike (of which this giveth wealth, the other honor), so soone as he commeth to the universitie, if his knowledge in the toongs and ripenesse of judgement serve therefore: which if he doo, then his first degree is bacheler of law or physicke, and for the same he must performe such acts in his owne science, as the bachellers or doctors of divinitie, doo for their parts, the onelie sermons except, which belong not to his calling. Finallie, this will I saie, that the professors of either of those faculties come to such perfection in both universities, as the best students beyond the sea doo in their owne or else where. One thing onelie I mislike in them and that is their usuall going into Italie, from whence verie few without speciall grace doo returne good men, whatsoever they pretend of conference or practise, chiefelie the physicians who under pretence of seeking of forrensic simples doo often times learne the framing of such compositions as were better unknown than practised, as I heard oft alledged and therefore it is most true that doctor Turner said; Italie is not to be seene without a guide, that is, without speciall grace given from God, bicause of the licentious and corrupt behaviour of the people.

Law and Physic

Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577.

IN the universities they have ordained that no man shall look at the Scripture until he be noselled in heathen learning eight or nine years and armed with false principles, with which he is clean shut out of the understanding of the Scripture. And at his first coming into the University he is sworn that he shall not defame the University, whatsoever he seeth. And when he taketh first degree he is sworn that he shall hold none opinions condemned by the Church; but what such opinions be, that he shall not know. And then, when they be admitted to study divinity, because the Scripture is locked up with such false expositions, and with false principles of natural philosophy, that they cannot enter in, as they go about the outside, and dispute all their lives about words and vain opinions, pertaining as much unto the healing of a man's heel as health of his soul; provided yet alway, lest God give his singular grace unto any person, that none may preach except he be admitted of the bishops.[1]

Tyndale on Oxford Divinity

Tyndale's *Practice of Prelates*. Parker Society, 1849.

THE University had admitted Simon Ludford, originally a Fran-

Medical Degrees

[1] Cf. *In Praise of Oxford*, i. 87.

ciscan friar, and afterwards an apothecary in London, and David Laughton, a coppersmith—two ignorant, unlettered and incompetent persons—to the honours of the baccalaureate in medicine. The College of Physicians in London reproved the University by letter, and laid a complaint before Cardinal Pole who was visiting the University in 1556, and gave the following specimen of Laughton's knowledge, 'cujus infantia cum suggessit ut quomodo corpus declinaretur exigeremus, respondit hic haec et hoc corpus, accusativo corporem.' The coppersmith seems to have abandoned the further honours of the profession, but Ludford betook himself to Cambridge where, however, the College of Physicians again remonstrated with success on the ground that there was nothing in him but blind audacity. Notwithstanding all this, Ludford was afterwards admitted Doctor of Medicine at Oxford in 1560, and a fellow of the College of Physicians in 1563, and was Censor of that College in 1564, 1569, 1572, so that we may suppose he had remedied his deficiencies.

Register of the University, edited by C. W. Boase, 1885. Oxford Hist. Soc.

. . . . . .

Mathematics a Black Art

In those darke times astrologer, mathematician, and conjurer, were accounted the same things; and the vulgar did verily beleeve Thomas Allen [Trinity College and Gloucester Hall, 1542-1632] to be a conjurer. He had a great many mathematicall instruments and glasses in his chamber, which did also confirme the ignorant in their opinion, and his servitor (to impose on freshmen and simple people) would tell them that sometimes he should meet the spirits comeing up his stairs like bees.

Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Clarendon Press, 1898.

'Lectures' in 1721

YESTERDAY morning at nine o'clock the bell went as usually for lecture; whether for a rhetorical or logical one I cannot tell; but I went to the schools, big with hopes of being instructed in one or the other, and having saunter'd a pretty while along the quadrangle, impatient of the lecturer's delay, I ask'd the major (who is an officer belonging to the schools) whether it was usual now and then to slip a lecture or so; his answer was, that he had not seen the face of any lecturer in any faculty, except in poetry and music for three years past; that all lectures besides were entirely neglected! Every Thursday morning in term time there might be a divinity

lecture in the divinity school: two gentlemen of our house went one day to hear what the learned professor had to say upon that subject; these two were join'd by another master of arts, who without arrogance might think they understood divinity enough to be his auditors; and that consequently his lecture would not have been lost upon them; but the doctor thought otherwise, who came at last, and was very much surprised to find that there was an audience. He took two or three turns about the school, and then said, 'Magistri, vos non estis idonei auditores; praeterea, juxta legis doctorem Boucher, tres non faciunt collegium—valete'; and so went away.

Terrae Filius, by Nicholas Amhurst, 1721.

'Determinations'

BUT though a candidate obtains his grace, and is presented to his bachelor's degree and wears the habit suitable to it: yet he is not properly a complete graduate until the Lent following when he is obliged to perform certain other exercises, called his determinations, under the penalty that if he neglects this, the grace before granted shall be revoked. . . . The manner of this determination is as follows:

All persons that have taken their bachelor of arts degree since the Lent preceding are obliged to dispute twice in one of the public schools and go to prayers at St. Mary's Church every Saturday morning; these disputations are so ordered that they last all Lent-time.

The collectors (who are two in number) are chosen out of the determining bachelors by the two proctors, each proctor chusing one; and their business is to divide the determiners into certain classes and to appoint to everyone what school he shall dispute in; which he is to dispose in such a manner, that some of them may come up in all the schools every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (excepting holidays), from the beginning of Lent to the end of the term.

For this purpose they draw a scheme (which is printed and sent to every college) in which the names of all determiners are placed in several columns; and over against them, in other columns, the days when, and the schools where they are to respond. Some of these days are called gracious days, because upon them the respondent is not obliged to stay in the schools above half the time, which respondents upon other days are; and some of the schools are esteem'd better than other, because more private; but the first column and the last column in the scheme (which contain

the names of those who are to come up the first day and the last day, and which is call'd posting and dogging) are esteem'd very scandalous.

The collectors therefore, having it in their power to dispose of all the schools and days in what manner they please, are very considerable persons and great application is made to them for gracious days and good schools; but especially to avoid being posted or dogg'd, which commonly happens to be their lot, who have no money in their pockets.

The statute indeed forbids the collectors to receive any presents or to give any treats; but the common practice is known to be directly against the statute.

Every determiner (that can afford it), values himself upon presenting one of the collectors with a broad piece or half a broad; and Mr. Collector, in return entertains his benefactors with a good supper and as much wine as they can drink, besides gracious days and commodious schools.

I have heard that some collectors have made four score or an hundred guineas of this place.

This to me seems the great business of determination; to pay money and get drunk.

In other degrees the corruptions are the same and the exercises requisite to taking them equally neglected or equally insignificant.

I hope nobody will be, for the future, surprised, when they read many empty and stupid volumes, dignified in the titles pages with these illustrious letters, A.B., A.M., L.L.B., L.L.D., B.D., S.T.P., etc.

Amhurst's *Terrae Filius*, 1721.

Advice to a Young Student

A LETTER in the Bodleian Library, entitled 'Advice to a Young Student by a Tutor,' shows that not all tutors were like the tutors of Magdalen. This letter was published in 1755, but it had been written thirty years earlier. 'Studies,' he says, should be of three kinds, philosophy, classical learning and divinity. The mornings and evenings are to be set apart for philosophy; the afternoons for classics; while the Sundays and Church holidays are to be given to divinity. He arranges a course of study for four years and divides each year into periods of two months. He takes no notice of vacations, as if it were a matter of course that the student should remain at Oxford from the day he matriculated till the day he takes his degree. The following is the scheme of his studies in philosophy and the classics:

BOOKS TO BE READ

FIRST YEAR

	PHILOSOPHICAL.	CLASSICAL.
Jan. and Feb.	Wingate's *Arithmetic.*	Terence.
March and April	*Euclid.*	*Xenophontis Cyri Institutio.*
May and June	Wallis's *Logic.*	Tully's *Epistles.* Phædrus' *Fables.*
July and Aug.	*Euclid.*	Lucian's *Select Dialogues.* Theophrastus.
Sept. and Oct.	Salmon's *Geography.*	Justin. Nepos.
Nov. and Dec.	Keil's *Trigonometria.*	Dionysius' *Geography.*

SECOND YEAR

	PHILOSOPHICAL.	CLASSICAL.
Jan. and Feb.	Harris' *Astronomical Dialogues.* Keil's *Astronomy.*	Cambray *On Eloquence.* Vossius' *Rhetoric.*
March and April	Locke's *Human Understanding.* Simpson's *Conic Sections.*	Tully's *Orations.*
May and June	Milnes' *Sectiones Conicae.*	Isocrates. Demosthenes
July and Aug.	Keil's *Introduction.*	Cæsar. Sallust.
Sept. and Oct.	Cheyne's *Philosophical Principles.*	Hesiod. Theocritus.
Nov. and Dec.	Bartholin's *Physics.* Rohaulti's *Physics.*	Ovid's *Fasti.* Virgil's *Eclogues.*

THIRD YEAR

	PHILOSOPHICAL.	CLASSICAL.
Jan. and Feb.	Burnet's *Theory.*	Homeri *Ilias.*
March and April	Whiston's *Theory.*	Virgil's *Georgics.* „ *Aeneid.*

	PHILOSOPHICAL.	CLASSICAL.
May and June	Well's *Chronology.* Beveridge's *Chronology.*	Sophocles.
July and Aug.	*Ethices Compendium.* Puffendorf's *Law of Nature.*	Horace.
Sept. and Oct.	Puffendorf. Grotius *de Jure Belli.*	Euripides.
Nov. and Dec.	Puffendorf. Grotius.	Juvenal. Persius.

FOURTH YEAR

	PHILOSOPHICAL.	CLASSICAL.
Jan. and Feb.	Hucheson's *Metaphysics.*	Thucydides.
March and April	Newton's *Optics.*	Thucydides.
May and June	Newton's *Optics.*	Livy.
July and Aug.	Gregory's *Astronomy.*	Livy.
Sept. and Oct.	Gregory's *Astronomy.*	Diogenes Laertius.
Nov. and Dec.	Gregory's *Astronomy.*	Cicero's *Philosophical Works.*

The student is not to neglect English writers altogether. He is recommended 'to read the best authors, such as Temple, Collier, *The Spectator* and the other writings of Addison.' Plato and Aristotle are to be read in the fifth year after the student has taken his Bachelor's degree.

Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics,
by G. Birkbeck Hill. Smith, Elder, 1878.

'Doing Generals.'

THE youth, whose heart pants for the honour of a Bachelor of Arts' degree, must wait patiently till near four years have revolved. But this time is not to be spent idly. No, he is obliged, during this period, once to oppose, and once to respond, in disputation held in the public schools—a formidable sound, and a dreadful idea;

but on closer attention, the fear will vanish and contempt supply its place.

This opposing and responding is termed in the cant of the place *doing generals*. Two boys, or men, as they call themselves agree to *do generals* together. The first step in this mighty work is to procure arguments. These are always handed down, from generation to generation, on long slips of paper, and consist of foolish syllogisms on foolish subjects, of the formation or the signification of which the respondent and opponent seldom know more than an infant in swaddling cloaths. The next step is to go for a *liceat* to one of the petty officers, called the Regent-Master of the Schools, who subscribes his name to the questions, and receives sixpence as his fee. When the important day arrives, the two doubty disputants go into a large dusty room, full of dirt and cobwebs, with walls and wainscoat decorated with the names of former disputants, who, to divert the tedious hours, cut out their names with their penknives, or wrote verses with a pencil. Here they sit in mean desks, opposite to each other, from one o'clock till three. Not once in a hundred times does any officer enter; and if he does, he hears one syllogism or two, and then makes a bow and departs, as he came and remained, in solemn silence. The disputants then return to the amusement of cutting the desks, carving their names or reading Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, or some other edifying novel. When this exercise is duly performed by both parties, they have a right to the title and insignia of *Sophs*; but not before they have been formally *created* by one of the regent-masters, before whom they kneel, while he lays a volume of Aristotle's works on their heads, and puts on a hood, a piece of black crape, hanging from their necks, and down to their heels.

And this work done, a great progress is made towards the wished-for honour of a bachelor's degree. There remain only one or two trifling forms, and another disputation almost exactly similar to *doing generals*, but called *answering under bachelor*, previous to the awful examination.

Essays, Moral and Literary, by Vicesimus Knox, 1782.

Examination for B.A. Degree

EVERY candidate for a B.A. degree is obliged to be examined in the whole circle of the sciences by three Masters of Arts, *of his own choice*. The examination is to be held in one of the public schools, and to continue from nine o'clock till eleven. The masters take a most solemn oath, that they will examine properly and impartially. Dreadful as all this appears, there is always found to be more of appearance in it than reality; for the greatest dunce usually gets

his *testimonium* signed with as much ease and credit as the finest genius. The manner of proceeding is as follows: The poor young man to be examined in the sciences often knows no more of them than his bedmaker, and the masters who examine are sometimes equally unacquainted with such mysteries. But schemes, so they are called, or little books, containing forty or fifty questions on each science, are handed down, from age to age, from one to another. The candidate to be examined employs three or four days in learning these by heart, and the examiners, having done the same before him when they were examined, know what questions to ask, and so all goes on smoothly. When the candidate has displayed his universal knowledge of the sciences, he is to display his skill in philology. One of the masters therefore desires him to construe a passage in some Greek or Latin classic, which he does with no interruption, just as he pleases, and as well as he can. The statutes next require, that he should translate familiar English phrases into Latin. And now is the time when the masters shew their wit and jocularity. Droll questions are put on any subject, and the puzzled candidate furnishes diversion by his awkward embarrassment. I have known the questions on this occasion to consist of an enquiry into the pedigree of a racehorse. This familiarity, however, only takes place when the examiners are pot-companions of the candidate, which is usually the case; for it is reckoned good management to get acquainted with two or three jolly young masters of arts and supply them well with port, previously to the examination. If the vice-chancellor and proctors happen to enter the school, a very uncommon event, then a little solemnity is put on, very much to the confusion of the masters, as well as of the boy, who is sitting in the little box opposite to them. As neither the officer, nor any one else, usually enters the room (for it is reckoned very ungenteel), the examiners and the candidates often converse on the last drinking-bout, or on horses, or read the newspaper, or a novel, or divert themselves as well as they can in any manner, till the clock strikes eleven, when all parties descend, and the *testimonium* is signed by the masters.

Essays, Moral and Literary, by Vicesimus Knox, 1782.

M.A. Degree

And now, if he aspires at higher honours, new labours and new difficulties are to be encountered during the space of three years. He must *determine* in Lent, he must *do quod libets*, he must *do austins*, he must declaim twice, he must read six solemn lectures, and he must be again examined in the sciences, before he can be promoted to the degree of Master of Arts.

None but the initiated can know what *determining*, doing *quod libets* and *austins* means. I have not room to enter into a minute description of such contemptible *minutiæ*. Let it be sufficient to say, that these exercises consist of disputations, and the disputations of syllogisms, procured and uttered nearly in the same places, time, and manner, as we have already seen them in *doing generals*. There is, however, a great deal of trouble in little formalities, such as procuring sixpenny liceats, sticking up the names on the walls, sitting in large empty rooms by yourself, or with some poor wight as ill-employed as yourself, without anything to say or do, wearing hoods, and a little piece of lambskin with the wool on it, and a variety of other particulars too tedious and too trifling to enumerate.

The declamations would be an useful exercise, if it were not always performed in a careless and evasive manner. The lectures are always called *Wall* Lectures,[1] because the lecturer has no other audience but the walls. Indeed, he usually steals a sheet or two of Latin out of some old book, no matter on what subject, though it ought to be on natural philosophy. These he keeps in his pocket, in order to take them out and read away, if a proctor should come in; but, otherwise, he sits by himself, and solaces himself with a book, not from the Bodleian, but the circulating library.

The examination is performed exactly in the same manner as before described; and though represented as very formidable, is such an one as a boy from a good school just entered might go through as well as after a seven years' residence. Few, however, reside; for the majority are what are called term-trotters, that is, persons who only keep the terms for form-sake, or spend six or eight weeks in a year in the university, to qualify them for degrees, according to the letter of the statutes.

After all these important exercises and trials, and after again taking oaths by wholesale, and paying the fees, the academic is honoured with a Master's degree, and issues out into the world with this undeniable passport to carry him through it with credit.

Exercises of a nature equally silly and obsolete are performed in a similar manner for the other degrees; but I have neither time nor patience to enter into the detail.

Essays, Moral and Literary, by Vicesimus Knox, 1782.

Eldon's Degree

In mid-eighteenth century Oxford saw at least as much of hard drinking as of hard study. Eldon tells a tale of a Doctor of Divinity trying under the influence of some inspiration much stronger than that of the Pierian stream to make his way to Brase-

[1] Cf. page 738.

nose, through Radcliffe Square. He had reached the library, a rotunda then without railings, and, unable to support himself except by keeping one hand on the building, he continued walking round and round, until a friend, coming out of the college, espied the distress of the case, and rescued him from the *orbit* in which he was so unsteadily revolving. . . .

Mr. John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) took his Bachelor's degree in Hilary Term on the 20th February 1770. An examination for a degree at Oxford, he used to say, 'was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. "What is the Hebrew for a place of a skull?" I replied, Golgotha. "Who founded University College?" I stated (though by the way the point is sometimes doubted) that King Alfred founded it. "Very well, sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."'

Horace Twiss, *Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon.* Murray, 1844.

Religious Instruction

It might at least be expected that an ecclesiastical school should inculcate the orthodox principles of religion. But our venerable mother had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference; an heretic, or unbeliever, was a monster in her eyes; but she was always, or often, or sometimes remiss in the spiritual education of her own children. According to the statutes of the university, every student, before he is matriculated, must subscribe his assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, which are signed by more than read, and read by more than believe them. My insufficient age excused me, however, from the immediate performance of this legal ceremony, and the Vice-Chancellor directed me to return, as soon as I should have accomplished my fifteenth year, recommending me, in the meanwhile, to the instruction of my college. My college forgot to instruct; I forgot to return, and was myself forgotten by the first magistrate of the university. Without a single lecture, either public or private, either Christian or Protestant, without any academical subscription, without any episcopal confirmation, I was left by the dim light of my Catechism to grope my way to chapel and communion-table, where I was admitted, without a question, how far, or by what means, I might be qualified to receive the Sacrament.

Gibbon's *Memoirs.*

Heber's Newdegate

From thence they [Scott and his wife] proceeded to Oxford, accompanied by Heber, and it was on this occasion, as I believe, that Scott first saw his friend's brother, Reginald, in after days the apostolic Bishop of Calcutta. He had just been declared the

successful competitor for that year's poetical prize, and read to Scott at breakfast, in Brazen Nose College, the MS. of his *Palestine*. Scott observed that in the verses on Solomon's Temple one striking circumstance had escaped him, namely, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room and returned with the beautiful lines:—

> 'No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung;
> Majestic silence,' etc.
>
> Lockhart's *Scott*.

The Schools

THERE is no more characteristic spot in Oxford than the quadrangle of the Schools. Doubtless in the times when the University held and exercised the privileges of infangthief and outfangthief, and other such old-world rights, there must have been a place somewhere within the liberties devoted to examinations even more exciting than the Great-go. But since *alma mater* has ceased to take cognisance of treasons, insurrections, felonies, and mayhem, it is here, in that fateful and inexorable quadrangle, and the buildings which surround it, that she exercises her most potent spells over the spirit of her children. I suppose that a man being tried for his life must be more uncomfortable than an undergraduate being examined for his degree, and that to be hanged—perhaps even to be pilloried—must be worse than to be plucked. But, after all, the feelings in both cases must be essentially the same, only more intense in the former; and an institution which can examine a man (*in literis humanioribus*, in *humanities*, so called) once a year for two or three days at a time, has nothing to complain of, though it has no longer the power of hanging him at once out of hand.

The Schools quadrangle is for the most part a lonely place. Men pass through the melancholy iron gates by which that quadrangle is entered on three sides—from Broad Street, from the Radcliffe, and New College Lane, when necessity leads them that way, with alert step and silently. No nursemaids or children play about in it. Nobody lives in it. Only when the examinations are going on you may see a few hooded figures who walk as though conscious of the powers of academic life and death which they wield, and a good deal of shuddering undergraduate life flitting about the place—luckless youths, in white ties and bands, who are undergoing the *peine forte et dure* with different degrees of composure; and their friends, who are there to look after them. You may go in and watch the torture yourself if you are so minded,

for the *viva voce* schools are open to the public. But one such experiment will be enough for you unless you are very hard-hearted. The sight of the long table, behind which sit Minos, Rhadamanthus and Co., full robed, stern of face, soft of speech, seizing their victim in turn, now letting him run a little way as a cat does a mouse, then drawing him back with claw of wily question, probing him on this side and that, turning him inside out—the row of victims opposite, pale or flushed, of anxious or careless mien, according to temperament, but one and all on the rack as they bend over the allotted paper, or read from the well-thumbed book—the scarcely less to be pitied row behind of future victims, 'sitting for the schools' as it is called, ruthlessly brought hither by statutes to watch the sufferings they must hereafter undergo—should fill the friend of suffering humanity with thoughts too deep for tears. Through the long day till four o'clock or later, the torture lasts. Then the last victim is dismissed; the men who are 'sitting for the schools' fly all ways to their colleges, silently, in search of relief to their overwrought feelings—probably also of beer, the undergraduate's universal specific. The beadles close these ruthless doors for a mysterious half-hour on the Examiners. Outside, in the quadrangle, collect by twos and threes the friends of the victim, waiting for the reopening of the door, and the distribution of the '*testamurs*.'

Tom Brown at Oxford, 1861.

Rigor Examinationis

You may remember the account I gave you last vacation of the new Act concerning examination for degrees, and of the trick I had played to escape undergoing such a formidable scrutiny, by being examined with Stapleton when he took his Master's degree? Well, I discovered about three weeks ago that this fetch would not do—at least without perjury, as the Bachelors must take an oath that they have performed everything according to the Statute—and that I must submit to a new catechising. There is a room in the school fitted up for the purpose, with seats for the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors at one end of it, and all round benches for the other members of the University, so that you make a public exhibition. Six sour Masters of Art sit at a large table in the middle of the chambers, and ask questions concerning religion, mathematicks, logic, algebra, languages, and heaven knows what, to which the trembling undergraduate answers from the other side of the table. You may imagine my agony. I put down my name for the second examination, and was completely wretched. In vain did Carey, the Dean, and Will Jackson assure me that it was

foolish to fear. I knew that I should get through with it; but still the Doctors, the Proctors, with their horrid wigs and bands, tormented my imagination, and for the whole time previous to the dreadful day I could neither eat nor sleep, nor speak, nor scarcely move. The day at last came, 'big with the fate of Cato and of Rome,' and off set I for the schools in despair. What a foolish creature a nervous person is! I have not, as you very well know, a jot less self-conceit than my neighbours—nay, much more than many. I knew that I would get off; and yet you have no notion into what a pickle this villainous nervousness threw me. I may well say *pickle*; for I was in a cold sweat the whole morning, and I shook to that degree that I could scarcely feed myself at breakfast. The room was quite full of people when I went in scrambling like the beasts into Noah's ark. I wished them all in Pandemonium, and felt an inclination to roar at them: 'What came ye here for to see? A reed shaken by the wind?' And most foul wind it was; for the Master's breath, who sat near me, stunk so prodigiously when he opened his ugly mouth to ask a question, that his smell confounded me much more than his learning. There was a hideous fellow of the name of Fillpot (I should like to empty one on his noddle) there, who was at great pains in his inquiries; but I came off with flying colours in spite of my fears, and feel at present in Paradise.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's *Correspondence*. Blackwood, 1888.

From the Life of 1826

Scene—The Schools—by which name is meant an apartment about the size of a large dining-room. In the middle a table covered with Greek and Latin authors, and various other books. On one side are seated six examiners, in academical robes, with their caps on, and with general easy bearing and demeanour. On the other six candidates for degrees in gowns, scarfs, white neck-lettes, weepers, etc., etc. Any omission in dress is sure to be visited with immediate condemnation.

The first on the list is a man of sallow and sickly countenance, rather underbred in his manners, and evidently with much nervous timidity in going through the ordeal. His divinity is gone through successfully. He is then called upon to construe a passage in Herodotus. Suddenly interrupted—'δέ γε, sir; give the full force to each of those words.' This is done. The book is closed, and the history examination commences. 'What comes in the seventy-ninth chapter of the second book of Herodotus?' A pause. 'Don't you know that? It's about the crocodile. Which jaw does he move?' A pause. 'Don't you know that, sir? Then

tell me the three wrong reasons Herodotus gives for the Nile overflowing in summer.' 'I forget them, sir, but I can tell you the right one.' 'I don't want the right one; I want the wrong ones.' Serious looks are passing among the examiners. One more chance is given. 'How many miles is it from the village Agnosté to the village Aneureté?' 'Seven miles.' 'No, sir.' 'Eight miles and a half.' 'Worse again, sir, it is seven miles and a half'; and the examiner sits down with an air of triumph at being able to correct the important difference from a piece of paper in which he has previously copied it out, and which he attempts to hide under his gown. . . .

All this may seem strange, indeed, but the eccentricity of the examination (to use the mildest term) is not exaggerated in the smallest degree.

A Few Notes from Past Life, Francis Trench. [1818-32]. Oxford, 1862.

Eighteenth-Century Examinations

SEVENTY or eighty years have witnessed great changes and improvements in our universities. All testimony goes to show that towards the end of the last century religion had little life there, and learning little encouragement. The Classes and the Tripos which now gauge a man's ability and assign him his proper place, were then unknown. At *Oxford* . . . the examination was a mere form. *A man chose not only his own books, but his own examiners.* It was consequently the very general custom to choose the easiest books and the most indulgent examiners. There was no audience. The three Masters of Arts who were the examiners, and the undergraduates to be examined, were alone present; and it was not unusual to proceed to the schools from a pleasant breakfast, or to adjourn after a successful termination of the day's labours to a good dinner.[1]

Bateman's *Life of Daniel Wilson*, 1860.

The Shadow of the Schools

THE schools were now very near ahead of my brother, and, though not much behindhand with his work, considering the intensity of his exertions in other directions, he was anxious to make the most of the months that were left. He read very hard in vacation, but, when term began again, had to encounter unusual difficulties. His

[1] By 1803 the new Examination Statute was already on the anvil and was being worked into shape by Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, in conjunction with the Provost of Oriel (Eveleigh) and Dr. Parsons of Balliol. The new Public Examination Statute came into operation in 1802. Candidates were scanty, not exceeding four in any one year down to 1806. Copleston helped most in completing the transformation. (See *Gent. Mag.*, Huber's *English Universities*, and Wordsworth's *Scholæ Academicæ*.)

father's half-hinted warnings against a large acquaintance proved prophetic. In fact, I used to wonder how he ever got his reading done at all, and was often not a little annoyed with many of my own contemporaries, and other younger men still, even to the last batch of freshmen, whose fondness for his society was untempered by any thought of examinations or honours. Not one of them could give a wine or a breakfast party without him, and his good nature kept him from refusing when he found that his presence gave real pleasure. Then he never had the heart to turn them out of his rooms, or keep his oak habitually sported; and when that most necessary ceremony for a reading man had been performed, it was not respected as it should have been. My rooms were on the same staircase, half a flight below his (which looked into the quadrangle, while mine looked out over the back of the college), so that I could hear all that happened. Our College lectures were all over at one. It was well for him if he had secured quiet up to that hour; but, in any case, regularly within a few minutes after the clock had struck, I used to hear steps on the stairs, and a pause before his oak. If it was sported, kicking or knocking would follow, with imploring appeals, 'Now, old 'un, do open—I know you're in—only for two minutes.' A short persistence seldom failed; and soon other men followed on the same errand, 'for a few minutes only,' till it was time for lunch, to which he would then be dragged off in one of their rooms, and his oak never got sported again till late at night. Up to his last term in College this went on, though not to quite the same extent.

Memoir of a Brother, by Thomas Hughes. Macmillan, 1873.

The Schools

When my brother's turn came for *viva voce* examination, I was foolish enough to choose the same day for sitting in the Schools, a ceremony one had to perform in the year preceding one's own examination. It involved attendance during the whole day, listening to the attack of the four experts in row at the long table, on the intellectual works of the single unfortunate, who sat facing them on the other side. For some time I was quite happy, as George construed his Greek plays capitally, and had his Aristotle at his finger ends. He was then handed on to the third examiner, who opened Livy and put him on somewhere in the bewildering Samnite wars, and, when he had construed, closed the book as if satisfied, just putting him a casual question as to the end of the campaign, and its effect on home politics at Rome. No answer, for George was far too downright to attempt a shot; and as he told me afterwards, had not looked at this part of his Livy for

more than a year. Of course other questions followed, and then a searching examination in this part of the history. I never passed a more unpleasant hour, for I happened to be up in this part of Livy. . . . I was on the rack all the time, and left the Schools in a doleful state of mind. I felt sure that he must lose his first class, and told the group of our men so, who gathered in the Schools quadrangle to see the Honours list posted. The Mouse, on the other hand, swore roundly that he was certain of his first, offering to back his opinion to any amount. I did not bet, but proved to be right. His name came out in the second class, there being only five in the first; and we walked back to Oriel a disconsolate band.

Memoir of a Brother, by Thomas Hughes.

Ap. 16, 1854.

Sensations of a new Fellow

THE examination is to commence to-morrow. Well, I shall do my best; and should the result prove (as in all probability it will) unfavourable, I shall not be much put out of the way; for the distinction (which is very great) and a year or two of the emoluments (which are considerable) is all I look to; and perhaps, after all, it would be better for me to strike out in the world boldly, at once, without this interval of College preferment.

. . . . . .

April 23.

I AM delighted to announce the fact of my success at Oriel. On Friday I was elected Fellow along with a man of the name of Pearson. There were two vacancies and eleven competitors: the examination lasted four days. The glory of the thing is that to gain a Fellowship at Oriel is considered the summit of an Oxford man's ambition. The Fellows of Oriel are the picked men of the University; and this year there happened to be an unusually large number of very distinguished men in. This is none of your empty honours. It gives me an income of about £300 per ann. as long as I choose to reside at Oxford, and about £220 in cash if I reside elsewhere. In addition to this it puts me in a highly commanding position for pupils, so that on the whole I have every reason to expect that (except perhaps the first year) I shall make between £500 and £600 altogether per ann. So you see, my dear Mother, that your prayers have not been unanswered, and that God will bless the generation of those who humbly strive to serve Him. You are now (it is unnecessary to say), if my life is spared, put out of the reach of all want, and, I hope, henceforth need never again give yourself a single anxious thought or care about money matters.

And what a comfort this is, I 'm sure I know from my own experience. I have now gained the very summit of my hopes at Oxford; and hope that I may be able to make good use of my position with a view to my future life. But my first thought was and is of you, and the pride (though I say it) you may reasonably take in my success.

T. E. Brown's *Letters*. Constable, 1900.

'Smalls'

At last I am at home again, after passing through a very wearisome and anxious week at Oxford; for I was in for my first university examination, and though it is only the Little Go, or Smalls, yet being the first I was at times rather nervous. The examination began last Thursday week, and at ten o'clock of the morning of that day I went, with a white choker on, to the Divinity School (as they call the rooms where we are examined) in company with nearly a hundred other men, while eighty others turned to another School. The doors were not opened for some time, and there we were all speculating on what subject the first paper would be set, as that is never known beforehand. At last we were let in, and there before us we saw nearly a hundred little tables with paper, two pens and ink, and a paper on Arithmetic, containing I suppose about thirty sums, chiefly in decimal and vulgar fractions. As the time allowed was only two hours and a half, I had barely time to finish them all, nor any to look them over.

While the examinations go on, the two examiners either patrol the room or perch themselves in high pulpits to inspect the doings of the men, for there is so much cheating that they have to keep a sharp look-out.

After coming out from the Latin prose examination, some of us Pembroke men compared papers together, and though I was at first quite confident that I had written one sentence quite grammatically, yet at last all my kind friends assuring me it was completely wrong, and would tell very badly, I was brought into a state of complete misery, for to be plucked at Smalls is very disgraceful indeed. I wandered about, wondering how I should ever come home or return to Oxford, and revolving plans in my brain of either bolting to Australia or throwing myself into the Isis; but luckily another man assured me that he thought it was not so bad an error, and advised me to consult the tutor next morning after Chapel. A most restless night I had, and with most uncomfortable feelings I followed Mr. Henney to his rooms. After asking him if he would look over my paper, and telling him I thought I had done very ill, he was very kind, and told me to sit down and he would

examine it. So he took it and began to read it aloud. Much to my joy, he passed over the sentence without any comment, and on my questioning him more particularly about it, said it was perfectly correct, and when he had finished assured me that I had done very fairly.

Letters of George Birkbeck Hill. Arnold, 1906.

First Day in the Schools

Hugh was going into the schools, for the first day's class-work in *Literæ Humaniores*, and, like most men under the circumstances, felt very strange and unhappy. He had a quiet breakfast at Dayrell's, with her other Ch. Ch. men who were going in for what they could get, and looked up to him as a possible First, if any such thing could come out of Tom Gate or Canterbury. It struck him as rather odd and unnatural, in walking up Homonovus Lane, that every thing should be going on just as usual. Breakfast-tins, dogs, and walking-sticks for sale; new trousers, cads, hansoms—nothing in the shop-windows which seemed to bear on his anxious condition. Ford, the horse-breaker, met him, looked at him with his hard fearless face, and took off his hat, instead of touching it as usual, in return to Hugh's nod and 'good morning.' The white tie impressed him, it seemed; at all events he said nothing. There was a group of pale men, also white-tied by St. Mary's and a crowd in Schools' quadrangle. Some pressed close to the door of the Writing School, some seemed 'loath to depart' from the conversation of their friends, and chatted eagerly in the open. There were five minutes to spare, and Hugh revolved Dayrell's last advice: 'Don't lose time; look through the paper, and the first thing you see you can do, do it at once. One idea always leads to another. Nothing like a good re-echoing memory.' So he opened his Logic paper, ran his eye down it, and found he knew Question 7, and wrote it out. As he went on, he lit on a good beginning for No. 6; then he saw his way to No. 2 and 1. . . .

Hugh Heron, Christ Church,
by Richard St. John Tyrwhitt. Strahan, 1880.

Class-getting

I was benefiting greatly by Professors' lectures during this period. Nearly all Honour Candidates did the same, and, of course, it was especially necessary for me, who had next to no help from tutors in my Hall. I suspect I had in this misfortune an advantage in reality over other candidates. Very few colleges had really had first-rate tutors who could be matched against the Professors, on whom I diligently attended. These were first of all Mansel for

Logic and Philosophy, then Rawlinson for Ancient History, Wall for Logic, and, latterly, Wilson, President of Corpus, for Modern Philosophy. Then I had a first-rate private tutor, for all these subjects and others, in Palin of St. John's and a more fashionable, but less useful, one in Chandler of Pembroke, who not long after this time became Professor of Philosophy. I attended one course of Professor Jowett's lectures on Plato, but did not gain anything from them, or, at any rate, not much: he had not yet attained his memorable reputation.

My method was the simple one of writing as hard as I could during the Lecture so as to lose no thought of the Lecturer; and I often gave his words, when at all remarkable. If he was dealing with one of the great books of the School, of which I had already made an abstract, then my notes from Lectures occupied the leaf left blank opposite, and I always noted my own ideas as to his agreement or disagreement with the author. My method certainly suited examinations. I not only knew all my books thoroughly, but nearly all that had been, or could be, said about them. Taken in this way the course was a splendid one, and though many changes have been made in it, its reputation is as great as ever. It is still admitted very generally that there is nothing in the world like it for forming the mental character of the statesman, the clergyman, and the literary man.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows. Macmillan, 1908.

Montagu Burrows

Burrows was a most cheery figure in the social life of the College. He was as regular an attendant at the Gaudés as at the College meetings or the Chapel services. He was distinctly the most sprightly of our seniors; despite of his deafness, he always contrived to keep abreast with what was going on. The great centenary Mallard Procession in 1901 interested him greatly, and he was with difficulty prevented from taking part in that section of it which consisted in a perilous promenade with torches among the pinnacles and gables of the roof. The sky-walking had a great attraction for an old sailor. This would have been quite in keeping with the agility of one who began to play golf at the age of seventy-two, learnt the art of bicycling at the age of seventy-three, and was with difficulty induced to abandon the latter pursuit somewhat later, by the entreaties of alarmed friends and relatives.

Autobiography of Montagu Burrows. Macmillan, 1908.

Literæ Humaniores

The worst result of the Oxford teaching was not so much even its flagrant inadequacy as that it had a superficial completeness, from

the skill with which clever men, constantly grinding at it, had reduced it into form. To have left Oxford hungering for real knowledge would have been beneficial; to leave it—as most of us did—thoroughly self-complacent, and believing that the University had taught us very nearly the last word in philosophy, was unmixedly mischievous.

Memorials of C. H. Pearson, by himself. Longmans, 1900.

After the University Commission

THE competitive system had got well to work and had certainly brought an amount of youthful cupidity to bear on Oxford which was rather difficult to manage. All sorts of clever fellows came up, fully expecting to be provided with classes, fellowships, marriage portions and endowments for research; and it couldn't be done. The impression had spread among parents and guardians and certainly among upper boys at school that a first-class entitles a young gentleman to maintenance from an admiring country for his natural life.

Hugh Heron of Christ Church.

'Greats' and Journalism

SEVERE strictures have been recently passed on the School of Moral Philosophy, as too showy, ambitious, and vaguely comprehensive. . . . I can only say of the Philosophy School that it has produced many men able in the estimation not only of philosophers but of statesmen; and if a portion of the talent which it has trained has been taken up by the public journals, this is deplorable and discreditable to the University only on the theory that we are a community of intellectual monks, to whom it is degrading and contaminating to do anything for the world without.

The Reorganization of the University of Oxford, by Goldwin Smith. James Parker, 1868.

Literæ Humaniores

THERE can scarcely be any question that at Oxford it is the humanistic side of education which gives the tone to the whole University. In *Literae Humaniores* the most characteristic and most influential of Oxford teachers have their scope; in *Literæ Humaniores* the ablest of the students take their degrees.

Oxford at the Cross Roads, by Percy Gardner. Black, 1903.

'The Indian Civil'

THE Final Schools of *Literæ Humaniores* are one fluke of the anchor which prevents Oxford from moving with the stream, and the other fluke is the Civil Service Examination. A large and increasing number of undergraduates make the attainment of a

good place in this examination the object of their academic career. . . .

It will be well within the memory of many Oxford teachers how the present system of Civil Service Examination came into being fifteen years ago. The age of competition was then raised and the curriculum modified in order that it might better fit in with the Final Examination of Oxford and Cambridge. Disastrous indeed have been the consequences to us. Whether they have been equally unfortunate to the Indian Service I know not.

Oxford at the Cross Roads, by Percy Gardner.

Literæ Humaniores

He who, with health impaired, is placed at Oxford in the First Class in the School of *Literæ Humaniores*, or at Cambridge high among the Wranglers, is not very likely in after life to be daunted or baffled by any kind of work, however hard or dry it may be. It does to perfection that which it was meant to do. It fits men for the great world—for success at the Bar and in public life. It turns out great lawyers and great statesmen. It keeps up a constant supply of leading-article writers—men who can rapidly make themselves masters of facts and as rapidly set them forth in a clear and able form. It confers infinite dexterity and readiness. On the other hand, it breaks down a certain number—perhaps not many—by the excessive strain it puts upon them, and it unfits still more for the scholar's life. It is for success, not for knowledge, that the struggle has been, and it is success and not knowledge that far too often is its great reward. 'Do not spoil your careers,' the late Master of Balliol used to say to his undergraduates. He was the last man to have agreed with Mr. Lowell's notion of a University, that it is 'a place where nothing useful is taught.' The Oxford and Cambridge scholars are far less likely than the scholars of a German University to spoil their careers by giving themselves up to the noble, but ill-requited life of a man of learning. It is not in the schools of either of our great Universities that is awakened that ardent spirit of research, that love of knowledge for its own sake, which is the glory of Germany. *Finis coronat opus.* The First Class, or the Wranglership, is achieved, and the goal is won. In a way as strange as it is absurd, these high distinctions sometimes chill aspirations. I have heard a great Greek scholar at Oxford pleasantly describe how a First Class man often becomes afraid of his own reputation—the reputation which he gained before his moustache was fully grown. Throughout life he will not give to the world any piece of learned

work, lest it should not be found up to the high-water mark of his two and twentieth year.

Harvard College, by G. Birkbeck Hill. Macmillan, 1894.

The Greats List

THE list came out yesterday, and I am sorry to say that Jim has not found his way into the first class. . . . Why it is, I hardly know, but it is a fact that the Greats List attracts much less general attention now than it used to; perhaps because it is so long and comes out just when every one is off for his holiday, or because there are now so many other lists. Or it may be that we really don't believe any longer that a man who has taken a first is something quite out of the common.

An Oxford Correspondence of 1903, edited by W. Warde Fowler. Blackwell, Oxford, 1904.

A 'Liberal Education'

ALL the talk about the nobility of a disinterested pursuit of learning is almost wholly cant. In point of fact 'liberal education' in England at the present day rests not on the legendary 'love of knowledge for its own sake,' but on the twin pillars of Commercialism and Competition, buttressed perhaps in some few cases by the additional support of snobbishness. These two major motives have been combined in the crafty service of 'scholarships,' awarded on the results of competitive examinations, and their operation on the minds alike of parents and of children is practically irresistible. This coarsely and artificially utilitarian system extends from the preparatory school right through the public schools and universities, gathering momentum as it rises, until finally in the great Civil Service examination, the reward of successful competition is an honourable career for life! Surely such inducements would be sufficient to sustain any amount of nonsense; they would render useful, and therefore interesting (at all events *pro. tem.*), the silliest subtleties, the most abstruse absurdities which an examination may have succeeded in excogitating! If the advocates of 'useless knowledge' had not sternly repressed their ('useless'?) sense of humour, they would surely wear a perpetual Roman augur's smile at the exquisite figure which our 'liberal' studies cut, so long as, *e.g.*, in the Oxford 'school' of 'Human Letters' three-fourths, and in that of 'Pure' Mathematics practically all, of the students are paid anything between thirty and two hundred pounds *per annum* to tolerate and to abate their vaunted 'uselessness.'

Studies in Humanism, by Dr. F. C. S. Schiller. Macmillan, 1907.

Unemployed or Unemployable

For a large proportion of men who have taken their B.A., there is always the odious necessity of not only pretending to work, but of actually working, and working in a way which will procure, if not actually their daily bread, certainly the butter and the jam which Oxford or Cambridge have taught them to appreciate. In this dire strait what is our B.A. to do? It is too late for the Army. There is no visible opening in commerce. The Bar is overstocked. He is too honest a fellow to seek Holy Orders without vocation. His modest pass degree will not qualify him even to succeed Mr. Feeder, B.A., as classical assistant to Dr. Blimber. If he goes to a 'Mud School,' lured by the distant prospect of a land agency, he will have to pay, and it is necessary for him to be paid. Even electrical engineering must be taught, and farming in Manitoba requires capital. Literature, indeed, is, as we are told, a Republic, and Journalism presents an Open Door. But the citizens of the Republic are not always hospitable to strangers, and the open door has an awkward knack of banging back in one's face. Alas, poor B.A. Have twenty years of the most expensive education in the world brought you to this pass?

Social Silhouettes, by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Smith, Elder, 1906.

The Race for Prizes and Fellowships

We doubt whether the university ever exercised a more powerful influence over the weightier intellects of the country than she did in the earlier years of the Victorian epoch. With the 'Fifties a new movement of reform began. The endowments were made more available to intellectual effort, new studies were introduced, and a more active spirit breathed its influence through the university. For the most part, the results were entirely good. The intellectual atmosphere became clearer, a fresh breeze stirred in dust-covered corners, and the best of those who were fated to shape the nation's destiny were taught to feel that their career must be based upon intellectual effort. For a time all went well. But the changes had their accompanying dangers. The evil influence of competition penetrated far too largely into the spirit of the university. More and more the race for prizes and fellowships tended to absorb her interests and her life. . . . The keenness of the race, the eagerness of emulation, the narrowness of the groups amongst whom the contest lay, made men's minds 'all cabined, cribb'd, confined,' and threatened to lower the university from being the training-school for all the varying services that the nation required, into the professional nursery of pedagogues. As the pedagogues grew stronger, they worked their will more ruthlessly upon the very life

of the university. Absorbed in the race for prizes and for honours, they madly deemed that these were the touchstones of all merit and of all intellectual eminence. The elaborate machinery by which these honours and prizes were to be adjudged must be rigorously adjusted to suit their varying whims and fancies, and must be recast and reformed with every term. A wide and general training was no longer to be the object of the university but a minute and operose specialising which might acquaint her *alumni* with the tools of the professional workshop and might make them into recruits for the vastly over-stocked business of pedagogues and professors. By-and-by, with amazing impudence, this tutorial arrogance imposed itself upon the nation and demanded that all their pupils should join in the mad race for honours, and should either forego the advantages of the university or submit to become tools by which this or that college might advertise itself as the winner of so many places on the Honours list. . . . Already, we are glad to recognise, the value of their honours is depreciated. Men reck little of their estimate, and the healthy independence of the best of our young men is beginning to assert itself, valuing the university chiefly for the aggregate influence to which they themselves in no small measure contribute, and recking little of the place assigned to them in the feverish contests of a professional clique. It is to the growth of such a spirit that we chiefly look for the recovery by the university of her function of training citizens and statesmen, and for the development of a larger character, a more liberal spirit and a learning at once more comprehensive and more profound, amongst those who devote themselves to her special services as teachers and professors. But the university must first repent of many of her present ways and purge herself of the evil humours bred by the fads of latter-day reformers. Then, and then only, may she once more become a great nursery of good citizens, a great centre of solid and broad-based national influence, a dignified citadel of sound and comprehensive learning—proud of her traditions, expanding upon her own proper lines, and not seeking a pinch-beck popularity by competing with agencies from which her work is essentially distinct.

'Oxford in the Victorian Age,' *Blackwood*, March 1901.

A Song of the Schools

WHENE'ER I see those sculptured Three, above the New Schools' gate,
Whose stony forms a heart of stone too aptly indicate,
It minds me, as I gaze upon those cold, unfeeling men,
How often I 've been ploughed before, and oft shall be again;
And O! that Undergraduate, receiving his degree—

They give that Undergraduate what ne'er they 'll give to me!
Before my locks were streaked with grey, and seamed with care my brow,
I got through Mods. in seven tries—I often wonder how—
But Greats, alas! I cannot pass; for were my mind a sieve, I
Could just about as well retain the narrative of Livy.
They tell me where Saguntum was: I hear, but I forget—
I can't distinguish Hamilcar from Hasdrubal as yet!
They say my Aristotle's 'weak,' and always mark 'N.S.' on
My papers when I try to prove that a virtue is a μέσον:
And when I bring the Clerk a bob, he simply says in answer,
'What! give you a testamur, Sir! I much regret I can't, sir.'

Full proudly struts the Honour man, with look serene and high;
Yet O! although his task is hard, he's better off than I!
He's specialised on all that's known, and also much that's not;
He knows far more than Liddell, and quite as much as Scott;
He uses philosophic terms so long 'tis hard to spell 'em,
Has all M-c-n's most recent tips and theories from P-lh-m;
But can the boastful Honour man—can P-lh-m or M-c-n know
The various individuals who bore the name of Hanno?
No—much more difficult his task, superior far his art,
Who buys a crib at second-hand, and learns that crib by heart!

Still, ere I quite give up the game and migrate hence to Durham,
(For if examiners have hearts, some pity sure must stir 'em)
I 'll try another bout with Fate—one last and desperate venture—
This time, perhaps, will victory crown my limp, dejected trencher.
Then, proud as any ancient Greek who won the Isthmian parsley
I 'll sign myself

R. Snooks, B.A., ex Aul. Magistri Charsley.

Verses to Order. Methuen.

§ 3. MERE DONS

Dons at Play

Richard Corbet [afterwards Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford] was a student of Christ-church in Oxford. He was very facetious, and a good fellowe. One time he and some of his acquaintance being merry at Fryar Bacon's study (where was good liquor sold) they were drinking on the leads of the house, and one of the scholars was asleepe and had a paire of good silke stockings on. Dr. Corbet (then M.A., if not B.D.) gott a paire of cizers and cutt them full of little holes, but when the other awaked and per-

ceived how and by whom he was abused, he did chastise him, and made him pay for them.

After he was Doctor of Divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon on a market-day. He and some of his camerades were at the taverne by the crosse. The ballad singer complaynd, he had no custome, he could not putt-off his ballades. The jolly Doctor putts-off his gowne and putts-on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man and had a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many and had a great audience.

Aubrey's *Brief Lives.*

The Doctors of Oxford

Dr. Wallis has less in him of the gallant man than Mr. Hobbs, and if you should see him with his university cap on his head, as if he had a *portefeuille* on, covered with black cloth and sewed to his calot, you would be as much inclined to laugh at this diverting sight as you would be ready to entertain the excellency and civility of my friend with esteem and affection. What I have said is not intended to derogate from the praises due to one of the greatest mathematicians in the world; and who, being yet no more than forty years of age, may advance his studies much farther and become polite, if purified by the air of the Court at London. For I must tell you, Sir, that that of the University stands in need of it; and that those who are not purified otherways have naturally strong breaths, that are noxious in conversation. This I plainly discerned by having an opportunity to compare this subtle and learned professor with Mr. Lockey the Oxford Librarian, who had learnt at Court and in France to put on an obliging air and courteous behaviour. He had the goodness not only to conduct me to the Library but all the Colleges, and to introduce me to all the Professors I visited.

Sorbière's *Voyage.*

The College Tutor, 1688

The next morning I carried my neighbour's letter to the tutour who express'd a just deference to the hand, but did not seem fond of the employment. I thought to have found him mightily pleased with the opinion we had of his conduct, and the credit of having a gentleman's son under his charge, and the father with his cap in hand. Instead of all this he talked at a rate as if the gentry were obliged to tutours more than tutours to them. And when I asked him whether he thought me a man who did not know how to be gratefull? No, said he (with somewhat of sharpness) I never met with a gentleman backward in that in my life; and to tell you a great truth, if I were of a craving temper, I would not take half

the care I do. For many mothers (I would say fathers too, were it not for shame) are so wise as to think that man much more accomplished for a tutour, who can cringe solemnly, tattle in their way, lead them handsomely over a gutter, and kiss their hands with a good grace, than a man of less fashion and ceremony who, instead of flattering parents and humouring the son, sets carefully to work, and lets the youth know what he comes up for.

Though in the meantime I do not think clownishness a vertue, but plain dealing was always thought so, and some parents have not wit enough to distinguish these two, especially when they are a little proudish. As for ingratitude in gentlemen I never had any reason to complain, nay, I have often refused presents when I thought my pains over-valued; though, I believe (generally), an honest tutour sells his hours cheaper than the fencer or dancing-master will. That which I value is the great success and satisfaction I have had in the towardliness and proficiency of a great many young gentlemen who at this day doe the University credit, and the places where they live good, by their excellent example. But to be in earnest, the care is infinite, and the fear they should miscarry is very afflicting.

The Guardian's Instruction, 1688.

Drone-bees

THUS we see that from our entrance into the universitie unto the last degree received is commonlie eighteene, or peradventure twentie yeeres, in which time, if a student hath not obteined sufficient learning, thereby to serve his own turne and benefit his common wealth, let him not looke by tarieng longer to come by anie more. For after this time and 40 yeeres of age, the most part of students doo commonlie give over their woonted diligence and live like drone bees on the fat of colleges, withholding better wits from the possession of their places and yet dooing litle good in their own vocation and calling. I could rehearse a number (if I listed) of this sort, as well in the one universitie as the other. But this shall suffice in sted of a larger report that long continuance in those places is either a signe of lacke of friends or of learning or of good and upright life, as bishop Fox sometimes noted, who thought it sacrilege for a man to tarrie anie longer at Oxford than he had a desire to profit.

Harrison's *Description of England*.

The Tutor's Entertainment

THE Tutor invited us the next day to a Commons; and according to his humour before, I expected to have been starved in his chamber and the girles drank chocolette at no rate in the morning for fear of the worst.

It was very pleasant to see when we came, the constrain'd artifice of an unaccustomed complement; silver tankards heaped upon one another; napkins, some twenty years younger than the rest; glasses fit for a Dutchman at an East-India Return.

And at last came an entertainment big enough for ten members of the house. I was asham'd but would not disoblige, considering with myself that I should put this man to such a charge of forty shillings at least, to entertain me, when for all his honest care and pains he is to have but forty or fifty shillings a quarter; so that for one whole quarter he must doe the drudgery to my son for nothing.

The Guardian's Instruction.

An imperious 'Fellow'

NOTHING is so imperious as a Fellow of a college upon his own dunghill, nothing so contemptible abroad.

Pembroke Buttery-book of Dr. Johnson's Time.

Dr. Johnson's Tutor

DR. ADAMS, the worthy and respectable Master of Pembroke, paid Johnson this high compliment. He said to me at Oxford, in 1776, 'I was his nominal tutor; but he was above my mark.' When I repeated it to Johnson, his eyes flashed with grateful satisfaction, and he exclaimed, 'That was liberal and noble.'

Boswell's *Johnson.*

The Nadir of Oxford Learning

ADAM SMITH'S residence at Oxford fell in a time when learning lay there under a long and almost total eclipse. This dark time seems to have lasted most of the eighteenth century. Crousaz visited Oxford about 1708 and found the dons as ignorant of the new philosophy as the savages of the South Sea. Bishop Butler came there as a student twenty years afterwards and could get nothing to satisfy his young thirst for knowledge except frivolous lectures and unintelligible disputations. A generation later he could not even have got that; for Smith tells us in his *Wealth of Nations* that the lecturers had then given up all pretence of lecturing, and a foreign traveller, who describes a public disputation he attended at Oxford in 1788, says that the Praeses Respondent and three Opponents all sat consuming the statutory time in profound silence absorbed in the novel of the hour. . . . Bentham, a few years after Gibbon, has the same tale to tell: it was absolutely impossible to learn anything at Oxford.

Life of Adam Smith, by J. Rae. Macmillan, 1895.

A Fellow's Journal

Monday, nine o'clock.—Turned off my bed-maker for waking me at eight. Weather rainy. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner.

Ditto, ten.—After breakfast, transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. *N.B.*—Never to transcribe any more from Calamy; Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, having one volume of that author lying in her parlour window.

Ditto, eleven.—Went down into my cellar. Mem.—My Mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. *N.B.*—To remove the five year old port into the new bin on the left hand.

Ditto, twelve.—Mended a pen. Looked at my weather-glass again. Quicksilver very low. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes.

Ditto, one.—Dined alone in my room on a sole. *N.B.*—The shrimp sauce not so good as Mr. H. of Peterhouse and I used to eat in London last winter at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sat down to a pint of Maderia. Mr. H. surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. Mem.—To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouse next Wednesday. One of the dishes a leg of pork and pease, by my desire.

Ditto, six.—Newspaper in the common room.

Ditto, seven.—Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch and to bed before nine; did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noisy over my head.

Tuesday, nine.—Rose squeamish. A fine morning. Weather-glass very high.

Ditto, ten.—Ordered my horse, and rode to the five-mile stone on the Newmarket road. Appetite gets better. A pack of hounds, in full cry, crossed the road, and startled my horse.

Ditto, twelve.—Drest. Found a letter on my table to be in London, the 19th inst. Bespoke a new whig.

Ditto, one.—At dinner in the hall. Too much water in the soup. Dr. Dry always orders the beef to be salted too much for me.

Ditto, two.—In the common room. Dr. Dry gave us an instance of a gentleman who kept the gout out of his stomach by drinking old Maderia. Conversation chiefly on the expeditions. Company broke up at four. Dr. Dry and myself played at backgammon for a brace of snipes. Won.

Ditto, five.—At the coffee house. Met Mr. H. there. Could not get a sight of the Monitor.

Ditto, seven.—Returned home and stirred up my fire. Went to the common room, and supped on the snipes with Dr. Dry.

Ditto, eight.—Began the evening in the common room. Dr. Dry told several stories. Were very merry. Our new fellow, that

studies physick, very talkative toward twelve. Pretends he will bring the youngest Miss —— to drink tea with me soon. Impertinent blockhead!

Wednesday, nine.—Alarmed with a pain in my ankle. Q.—The gout? Fear I can't dine at Peterhouse: but I hope a ride will set all to rights. Weather-glass below Fair.

Ditto, ten.—Mounted my horse, though the weather suspicious. Pain in my ankle entirely gone. Caught in a shower coming back. Convinced that my weather-glass is the best in Cambridge.

Ditto, twelve.—Drest. Sauntered up to the Fishmonger's hill. Met Mr. H. and went with him to Peterhouse. Cook made us wait thirty-six minutes beyond the time. The company, some of my Emmanuel friends. For dinner a pair of soles, a leg of pork and pease, among other things. Mem.—Pease pudding not boiled enough. Cook reprimanded and sconced in my presence.

Ditto, after dinner.—Pain in my ankle returns. Dull all the afternoon. Rallied for being no company. Mr. H.'s account of the accommodations on the road in his Bath journey.

Ditto, six.—Got into spirits. Never was more chatty. We sat late at whist. Mr. H. and self agreed at parting to take a gentle ride and dine at the old house in the London road to-morrow.

Thursday, nine.—My sempstress, she has lost the measure of my wrist. Forced to be measured again. The baggage has got a trick of smiling.

Ditto, ten to eleven.—Made some rapper snuff. Read the magazines. Received a present of pickles from Miss Pilcocks. Mem.—To send in return some collared eel, which I know both the old lady and miss are fond of.

Ditto, eleven.—Glass very high. Mounted at the gate with Mr. H. Horse skittish, and wants exercise. Arrive at the old house. All the provisions bespoke by some rakish fellow-commoner in the next room, who had been on a scheme to Newmarket. Could get nothing but mutton chops off the worse end. Port very new. Agree to try some other house to-morrow.[1]

Idler, December 2, 1758.

Tutors and Professors

BOSWELL introduced the topick which is often ignorantly urged that the Universities of England are too rich; so that learning does not flourish in them as it would do, if those who teach had smaller salaries, and depended on their assiduity for a great part of their income. JOHNSON. 'Sir, the very reverse of this is the truth; the

[1] This professes to be the Journal of a Cambridge Fellow, but Thomas Warton, the author, was Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

English Universities are not rich enough. Our fellowships are only sufficient to support a man during his studies to fit him for the world, and accordingly in general they are held no longer than till an opportunity offers of getting away. Now and then, perhaps, there is a fellow who grows old in his college; but this is against his will, unless he be a man very indolent indeed. A hundred a year is reckoned a good fellowship, and that is no more than is necessary to keep a man decently as a scholar. We do not allow our fellows to marry, because we consider academical institutions as preparatory to a settlement in the world. It is only by being employed as a tutor, that a fellow can obtain anything more than a livelihood. To be sure a man, who has enough without teaching, will probably not teach; for we would all be idle if we could. In the same manner, a man who is to get nothing by teaching, will not exert himself. Gresham College was intended as a place of instruction for London; able professors were to read lectures gratis, they contrived to have no scholars; whereas, if they had been allowed to receive but sixpence a lecture from each scholar, they would have been emulous to have had many scholars. Every body will agree that it should be the interest of those who teach to have scholars; and this is the case in our Universities. That they are too rich is certainly not true; for they have nothing good enough to keep a man of eminent learning with them for his life. In the foreign Universities a professorship is a high thing. It is as much almost as a man can make by his learning, and therefore we find the most learned men abroad are in the Universities. It is not so with us. Our Universities are impoverished of learning, by the penury of their provisions. I wish there were many places of a thousand a year at Oxford, to keep first-rate men of learning from quitting the University. Undoubtedly, if this were the case, Literature would have a still greater dignity and splendour at Oxford, and there would be grander living sources of instruction.'

Boswell's *Johnson*.

Gibbon's Tutors

THE silence of the Oxford professors, which deprives the youth of public instruction, is imperfectly supplied by the tutors of the several colleges. Instead of confining themselves to a single science, they teach, or promise to teach, either history or mathematics, or ancient literature, or moral philosophy, and as it is possible that they may be defective in all, it is highly probable that of some they will be ignorant. They are paid, indeed, by voluntary contributions; but their appointment depends on the head of the house: their diligence is voluntary, and will consequently be

languid, while the pupils themselves, or their parents, are not indulged in the liberty of choice or change. The first tutor into whose hands I was resigned appears to have been one of the best of the tribe: Dr. Waldegrave was a learned and pious man, of a mild disposition, strict morals and abstemious life, who seldom mingled in the politics or the jollity of the college. But his knowledge of the world was confined to the university; his learning was of the last rather than the present age; his temper was indolent; his faculties, which were not of the first rate, had been relaxed by the climate, and he was satisfied, like his fellows, with the slight and superficial discharge of an important trust. As soon as my tutor had sounded the insufficiency of his pupil to school-learning, he proposed that we should read every morning from ten to eleven the comedies of Terence. The sum of my improvement in the university of Oxford is confined to three or four Latin plays; and even the study of an elegant classic, which might have been illustrated by a comparison of ancient and modern theatres, was reduced to a dry and literal interpretation of the author's text. During the first weeks I constantly attended these lessons in my tutor's room; but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile. I repeated the offence with less ceremony; the excuse was admitted with the same indulgence; the slightest motive of laziness or indisposition, the most trifling avocation at home or abroad was allowed as a worthy impediment; nor did my tutor appear conscious of my absence or neglect. Had the hour of lecture been constantly filled, a single hour was a small portion of my academic leisure. No plan of study was recommended for my use; no exercises were prescribed for his inspection; and at the most precious season of youth, whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labour or amusement, without advice or account. I should have listened to the voice of reason and of my tutor; his mild behaviour had gained my confidence. I preferred his society to that of the younger students; and in our evening walks to the top of Heddington Hill, we freely conversed on a variety of subjects. Since the days of Pocock and Hyde, Oriental learning has always been the pride of Oxford, and I once expressed an inclination to study Arabic. His prudence discouraged this childish fancy; but he neglected the fair occasion of directing the ardour of a curious mind. After the departure of Dr. Waldegrave, I was transferred, with his other pupils, to his academical heir, whose literary character did not command the respect of the college. Dr. [Thomas Winchester] well remembered

that he had a salary to receive, and only forgot that he had a duty to perform. Instead of guiding the studies, and watching over the behaviour of his disciple, I was never summoned to attend even the ceremony of a lecture; and excepting one voluntary visit to his rooms, during the eight months of his titular office, the tutor and pupil lived in the same college as strangers to each other.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

Sighs from a College Living

WHY did I sell my College life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading or in leisure;
When calm around the Common Room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume;
Rode for a stomach and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected;
And dined untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder?

The Progress of Discontent, by Thomas Warton, 1746.

Some Tutors, 'diligent and useful'

I AM not unwilling to believe that some tutors might have been found more active than Dr. Waldegrave, and less contemptible than Dr. W[inchester.] About the same time, and in the same walk, a Bentham was still treading in the footsteps of a Burton, whose maxims he had adopted, and whose life he had published. The biographer, indeed, preferred the school-logic to the new philosophy, Burgersdicius to Locke; and the hero appears, in his own writings, a stiff and conceited pedant. Yet even these men, according to the measure of their capacity, might be diligent and useful: and it is recorded of Burton that he taught his pupils what he knew; some Latin, some Greek, some ethics and metaphysics; referring them to proper masters for the languages and sciences of which he was ignorant.

At a more recent period, many students have been attracted by the merit and reputation of Sir William Scott, then a tutor in University College, and now conspicuous in the profession of the civil law: my personal acquaintance with that gentleman has inspired me with a just esteem for his abilities and knowledge; and I am assured that his lectures on history would compose, were they given to the public, a most valuable treatise. Under the auspices of the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Markham, himself an eminent scholar, a more regular discipline has been introduced, as I am told, at Christ Church; a course of classical

and philosophical studies is proposed, and even pursued, in that numerous seminary: learning has been made a duty, a pleasure, and even a fashion; and several young gentlemen do honour to the college in which they have been educated. According to the will of the donor, the profit of the second part of Lord Clarendon's History has been applied to the establishment of a riding school, that the polite exercises might be taught, I know not with what success, in the University. The Vinerian professorship is of far more serious importance; the laws of his country are the first science of an Englishman of rank and fortune, who is called to be a magistrate, and may hope to be a legislator. This judicious institution was coldly entertained by the graver doctors, who complained (I have heard the complaint) that it would take the young people from their books: but Mr. Viner's benefaction is not unprofitable, since it has at least produced the excellent commentaries of Sir William Blackstone.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

Married Fellows

A BILL has been brought into Parliament to enable the heads of certain halls and colleges in Oxford to marry. A noble Lord in the House of Commons expressed his wish that the fellows of colleges had had the same privileges extended to them. This might be done under some restrictions. The fellows who reside in college should not be allowed to marry, because their having wives and children in their chambers would be subject to great inconvenience. But there are always a great number of non-resident fellows, at least half the number in each Society. These might be permitted to marry without any injury to the Society, and with benefit to the public. The clergy from the decorum attached to their character are not to be debauched as others, and are remarkable for having healthy children. Why then prevent a great number of healthy young men from adding to the population of the kingdom? I heartily pray the noble Lord would take up the matter and introduce another bill into Parliament to enable non-resident fellows of colleges to marry without losing their fellowships or succession to college livings. . . . The objection to the marriage of resident fellows also would be done away with by obliging them to have lodgings in the town for their wives out of the walls of the college. Therefore it would be worthy of that noble Lord or any other Senator to introduce such a bill, who would thereby merit the thanks of the public, and of a number of healthy young men willing and able (if not restrained) to promote matrimony and population by setting a good example.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1783.

They shuddered at the prospect of dying a Fellow

THIS aristocracy, of course, repairs its own losses; fills places, as they fall vacant, from the body of students. The number of fellowships at Oxford is 540, averaging £200 a year, with lodging and diet at the college. If a young American, loving learning and hindered by poverty, were offered a home, a table, the walks, and the library, in one of these academical palaces, and a thousand dollars a year as long as he chose to remain a bachelor, he would dance for joy. Yet these young men thus happily placed, and paid to read, are impatient of their few checks, and many of them preparing to resign their fellowships. They shuddered at the prospect of dying a Fellow, and they pointed out to me a paralytic old man, who was assisted into the hall.

Emerson's *English Traits.*

Presence of Mind

A CERTAIN Oxford don, who was also a dignitary of the Church, was nicknamed 'Presence of Mind,' in consequence of a story told by himself. 'A friend,' he used to relate, 'invited me to go out with him on the water. The sky was threatening and I declined. At length he succeeded in persuading me and we embarked. A squall came on, the boat lurched and my friend fell overboard. Twice he sank and twice he rose to the surface. He placed his hands on the prow and endeavoured to climb in. There was great apprehension lest he should upset the boat. Providentially I had brought my umbrella with me. I had the presence of mind to strike him two or three hard blows over the knuckles. He let go his hold and sank. The boat righted itself and we were saved.'

Safe Studies, by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel A. Tollemache. For Private Circulation, 1884.

A Professorial Lecture

OXFORD is very quiet just now. We have been only to one social gathering. That was at Balliol, in honour of Mr. Hallam, author of the *History of the Middle Ages.* He is here examining in modern history. He is a dear, gentle-looking old man. He has lost all but one of eight children. George and I went into the Schools to-day, and heard Mr. Lankester being examined by Hallam on 'Hallam.' They were busy with some crisis in the mediæval history of Genoa. At the Balliol party, Goldwin Smith, George, and Professor Halford Vaughan (who is the centre of attraction here just now), had a lively discussion on the subject of Vaughan's lecture of the morning. The lecture was a powerful, poetical, and sometimes sublime oration. Six hundred people were looking fixedly at him, holding their breath, while he described the death and burial of William the Conqueror. He confessed that

William was a selfish being, but a great instrument in God's hands —an instrument fearfully and wonderfully made. Vaughan is almost too brilliant, both in conversation and in lecturing. He dazzles one. One could quite imagine one saw the dead king, looking fierce even in death, when he (Vaughan) pointed to him, as it were, and spoke of 'this corrupting hulk of majesty for which a bit of ground had to be bought in which to bury him, and which was after all thrust by hired hands, in haste and with loathing and disgust into a hole too small to hold it, obliging them to crush up in unseemly guise the immense frame of him who had been so great.'

Recollections of George Butler, by Josephine E. Butler. Arrowsmith, 1892.

Types of To-day

Two old types of Don, those who ensured luxury and Olympian ease and these who ensured culture and Bohemian glass, are alike dead. 'The Don of the present day is ever painfully strenuous, alert, rigorous, and active. If he has been an athlete in his undergraduate days, he excites himself over his College boat or cricket team, makes patriotic speeches at bump-suppers, and tries to buy a precarious popularity by asking Blues to dinner. If he is more a man of mind than of muscles, he lives in and for his pupils. If you go to see him in his rooms, an awkward-looking youth in slippers and spectacles is established in the best armchair; and if you ask him to dine with you at 7 he rushes off at 8.30 because he has got "men coming."' . . .

The Social Don

THE Social Don is a clearly-marked and curious type, more modest perhaps, but in his quiet way not less strenuous than his athletic or tuitional colleague. 'Commemoration' draws him out into the garish day. You may see him dancing quadrilles in a Masonic apron, or even (if he has ceased to be a Don and is now a Bishop) whirling in a waltz, with his pectoral cross bobbing up and down on his purple bosom. All through the academical year he delights in the respectable dissipations of Norham Gardens and the Banbury Road, and in his vacations is often to be found diffusing culture at the tea-tables of Tyburnia and South Kensington.

Social Silhouettes, by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

Eccentricities of Oriel

I AM afraid that the genius of youth is more sensitive to eccentricities than to benevolence; for the anecdotes which reach me from old Orielites of long ago illustrate chiefly the comic side of Hawkins's rule. They tell me for instance that it was his

custom to give one finger to a commoner, the whole hand to a 'Tuft,' and that he was somewhat embarrassed when a certain man went down as Mr. —— came back as Lord —— of ——. An Oriel undergraduate took to preaching in St. Ebb's slums: Hawkins angrily inhibited him. 'But, Sir, if the Lord who commanded me to preach, came suddenly to judgment, what should I do?' 'I,' said Hawkins, 'will take the whole responsibility of that upon myself.' He would grant an exeat during term time only in very special cases. A man begged leave to absent himself in order to bury his uncle. 'You may go,' was the reluctant permission: 'but I wish it had been a nearer relation.' His high and dry churchmanship made him impartially intolerant. Of the Newmania he always spoke as 'the late unhappy movement,' nor was he less severe upon *Essays and Reviews*, not perceiving that their teaching sprang lineally from that of his own Noetic brethren. When Edward Irving's son obtained a First Class at Balliol and wished to stand for an Oriel Fellowship, Hawkins declined to receive him unless he would formally recant his father's opinions. In this to be sure he was no worse than old Gaisford, who when 'Sam' Gardiner the historian thought it his duty to communicate to the Dean his adoption of Irvingite opinions, gave him no answer but sent for the College books and erased his name. To J. A. Froude, the reputed (and actual) author of *Shadows of the Clouds*, he refused a certificate when standing for a Fellowship at Exeter. Froude was elected there through the influence of Sewell, who looked on him as a promising High Churchman, and was correspondingly savage when undeceived by the publication of the *Nemesis of Faith*. When Jowett was bitten by a Balliol dog, and the culprit was expelled from the College, the joke went round that Hawkins had received the animal and tenderly entertained it.

Pre-Tractarian Oxford, by Rev. W. Tuckwell. Smith, Elder, 1909.

A Master Tutor

Of Jowett as a tutor it is impossible to speak too highly, and his teaching ranged over three distinct subjects—pure scholarship, philosophy, and New Testament Criticism. I am not prepared to say that his Greek scholarship fully satisfied the Cambridge standard of accuracy, but he was an admirable interpreter of ancient authors, and in revising Greek or Latin Composition he had the great merit of throwing himself into his pupils' conception of the piece, instead of merely substituting a version of his own. His 'composition lectures,' too, were in their way unique. He was perhaps the first to make the *History of Philosophy* a serious study,

while his dissection of Plato's Republic in examination lectures was so thorough as to border on cramming. His indefatigable work and sympathy with all earnest workers, attracted to him the pupils of other Tutors: his door was open to all who sought his help at all hours of the day, and up to a late hour at night; he was equally successful in rebuking conceit and in encouraging self-reliance. After he became Master, he gradually ceased to be the prophet or the martyr, and passed into the benignant host, but he never quite acquired the ease of manner suited to such a part, and he certainly never lost the essential characteristics of a teacher. Not having been one of his chosen disciples, I might find it difficult to endorse some of the unqualified tributes paid to his memory, but I entirely share the opinion that he was the greatest Oxford Tutor of the last half century.

Memories and Impressions, by Hon. G. C. Brodrick.
J. Nisbet and Co., 1900.

A Balliol Tutor

THE functions of an Oxford tutor at this time, as they would appear upon paper, were to deliver a certain number of lectures once or twice a week, looking over their exercises and otherwise helping them in their work for the examinations of the University. But behind these definite and narrow duties extended a general responsibility for their welfare, which would be differently interpreted according to the character of the individual and the prevailing tone of his college, so that as a matter of fact the relation of a tutor to his pupils might vary from that of a teacher of grammar and composition to that of an elder friend and general guide in the work of preparation for life. When Green entered on his tutorship at Balliol, the traditions of the office were tolerably fixed, and fixed at a comparatively high level. As a student he had worked under men of exceptional abilities and attainments, who, while holding strong and discordant theological opinions, had been united by common loyalty to the higher interests of their college; and in his own tutor in particular[1] he had experienced what 'goodness and genius' combined can do for pupils of the most various character and social position.

T. H. Green: A Memoir, by R. L. Nettleship.
Longmans, 1906.

'T. H.'

I CAN best describe T. H. Green as he was in his undergraduate days, for it was then that I saw most of him. His appearance was striking and made him a familiar figure even to those who did not

[1] B. Jowett.

know him personally. Thick black hair, a sallow complexion, dark eyebrows, deep-set eyes of rich brown with a peculiarly steadfast look, were the features which first struck one; and with these there was a remarkable seriousness of expression, an air of stolidity and quiet strength. He knew comparatively few people, and of these only a very few intimately, having no taste or turn for those sports in which University acquaintances are most frequently made, and seldom appearing at breakfast or wine parties. This caused him to pass for harsh or unsocial; and I remember having felt a slight sense of alarm the first time I found myself seated beside him. Though we belonged to different Colleges I had heard a great deal about him, for Oxford undergraduates are warmly interested in one another, and at the time I am recalling they had an inordinate fondness for measuring the intellectual gifts and conjecturing the future of those among their contemporaries who seem likely to attain eminence.

Studies in Contemporary Biography, by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. Macmillan, 1903.

The 'Parks System'

St. Jude's College had been devastated, more than almost any other, by the scourge of matrimony. Fellow after Fellow had been swept away into the 'Parks system' by this deadly scourge, and lived their blameless lives in little red houses with a cat-walk behind, and a perambulator and a bicycle on either side of the front door.

Within Sound of Great Tom. Simpkin, 1879.

The genus Don

A clever young friend of mine, who has lately passed his Moderations with tolerable credit, comes to me with rather a difficult question, and insists on my answering it for him. He says he has made up his mind, Minerva so willing, to be a Don, and he asks me what sort of a Don he had better take for a model of life, and who it is that he ought to imitate. I can only, of course, answer by sketching in a hasty way the principal types of Don and letting him take his choice thereof.

First, I tell him, comes the Don *par excellence*, the Don whose title ought always to be written in small capitals, the Don so conscious of himself and his donship that he never mentions his own name without a thrill of reverent self-complacency, never signs it without lovingly lingering over the sacred words 'Fellow and Tutor' till the ink has dried into the paper. To him the Undergraduate is a stranger, an intruder, almost an animal of a physically different

class; a being to be treated with a distant severity generally, with a splendid condescension sometimes, with a friendly interest never. Who so firm in petty details of discipline as he? Who so magnificently merciful when he chooses to forgive? From his trim hearth-rug—(for his room, like himself, is a model of order; the gilt-backed books arranged according to their size, the panelled wall, the chairs as angular and comfortless as their owner)—he dispenses justice and mercy, like an Eastern king. And, amidst it all, his pupils avoid him, his equals shrug their shoulders when he appears, and his junior fellows 'wonder when that old fool will take a living and go down.'

Then there is the fat Don, whose one merit is his good-nature, which however wanes quickly as his digestion becomes more and more restive. He may be about forty years of age, fond of a day in the saddle, fond of a day among the Bagley pheasants; fond, too, of mourning the degeneracy of the times and the lack of good company. He also has his shelves filled with handsome books, to keep up appearances; but between the bookcases there gleams a hunting-scene or two, and the portrait of Orlando or the Flying Dutchman. Altogether he is an excellent person, conspicuously so after dinner; a person in every way worthy to enjoy the revenues of a place of religious and useful learning.

Next I commend my young inquirer to quite an opposite variety —to the æsthetic Don. How shall I find words to describe him and his abode? Like my friend D. F. Niente, whom I was at some pains to praise in a former paper, he aims at making his rooms a bower of bliss—drawing-room, boudoir, picture-gallery all in one. Being a Don, he may be supposed to be learned; and he ransacks the stores of his erudition to enrich his floor and roof and walls. A ceiling tricked with dainty colours; a carpet that to sight and touch is like a bed of moss; a table all aglow with flowers, enchant you as you enter. The revenues of Religious and Useful Learning have furnished him with Religious, Useful, and Learned pictures; Francias and Titians (artists' proofs) are on the right hand and the left; 'learned Poussin' may have supplied a landscape or two; and over the mantelpiece may rest a rare Correggio, deftly engraved. Happy Don, to be able so tastefully and pleasantly to yourself to apply the Religious and Useful revenues! Happy pupils, who instead of weary lectures get breakfast invitations, and over your cutlets a discourse on High Art!

Perhaps on the very same staircase may live (if he can be said to live) the Don that most resembles the Bookworm of our ancestors, the *Vermis librarius* of Linnæus. Buried up to his neck in folios,

he writhes and struggles till he gets deeper still. Whether History be his hobby, and he care to trace back through all the generations the pedigree of Anchises' nurse; or Philosophy, and his aim be to drive the Absolute into a corner and to come to terms with the Unconditioned; he knows—or thinks at least—that the chase allows of no loitering. That is to say, instead of himself living, he gives up his years to discover how men lived three thousand years ago, or how they will live three thousand years from now.

The Oxford Spectator, June 1868.
Macmillan, 1869.

Undergraduate and Master

'And you really mean to cut the College?' he asked.

'Yes; I'm going to see the Head in ten minutes,' said Stephen.

. . . . . .

Yet half an hour had not passed and gone before Stephen Calinari had been worsted by the Head, as many another had been worsted before him. Stephen, full of matter and eager for speech, had been ushered into the cool, bare, spacious study where the Head sat writing. Perhaps it was a sign of a certain disturbance, an unusual nervousness in this self-possessed undergraduate, that he began to talk with excessive volubility. Had he been as wholly at his ease as he was wont to be, he would have trimmed his egoism more neatly; there was something crude, of which he was disagreeably conscious, in the flow of sentences all about himself, his past and his future. He was discontented with his performance; he seemed to himself to be explaining with little fineness to the Head that his famous Educational Establishment was not adequate to the needs of so remarkable a youth as himself. It is likely that the Head was not pleased. In the midst of the young man's speech he rose from his chair and went and stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece and his little square-toed shoe on the fender. Stephen, regarding his soft profile, wished that he could guess in what way he was impressing him. Indeed, this eminent man was hard to read at that, perhaps at any, angle. His pink, soft face, which was like clay unfinished by the sculptor, made an effective contrast with the silvery white hair, which adorned the square solid head; it seemed to promise ease and benevolence. The plump figure also and the little round waistcoat, which the dress-coat, which he always wore, showed to the best advantage, were surely signs of unruffled amiability. He might have been a little benevolent, intelligent gentleman, such as Dickens drew, meditating kindly acts and Christmas pudding. But tradition and experience both whispered in the ear of the audacious Calinari, even as his

tongue ran glibly, that there were other sides to this prosperous little gentleman; and that his embarrassing silence was itself ominous of ill. The youth faltered in his easy speech; he paused for comment and none came; he began again, and was the more pert perhaps for the effort to stifle his growing uneasiness. At last conscious that his language was less and less effective, he stopped short. Still the little gentleman by the fireplace seemed to be rapt in contemplation of his own little square-toed shoe and the little piece of bluish knitted sock which was visible between the shoe and the black trouser. Still he stood sideways and gave small chance of reading his soft, enigmatic countenance. Stephen perceiving with impatience that his chief might be considering his case, or a difficult passage in the *Phaedrus*, or the price of vegetables as supplied to the College kitchen, found this characteristic silence intolerable. He was obliged to speak, and he spoke with unconcealed irritation, 'Any way,' he said sharply, 'I 'm doing no good here.' The little gentleman did not even shift his shoe from the fender. In a clear, passionless, high tone he said, 'You will do no good anywhere.'

It was like the chant of a little rosy choir-boy; but it stung the youth to fury. He made for the door with his teeth clenched. But unluckily for him a quick temptation to further speech seized him. With his hand on the handle he turned; the clenched teeth parted, and with concentrated bitterness he spoke. 'If,' said he, 'I were going to be a duke or the Ireland scholar, you would take some interest in my—my career.' Clear and high came the answer, brief and clear, 'Yes!' Then the great little man returned to his desk and his note-book, and Stephen vanished from the room and rushed down the stairs stung, furious, yet laughing. 'He has scored again,' he said; 'he always scores.'

Stephen Calinari, by Julian Sturgis.
Constable, 1901.

Dons and Undergraduates

In Harvard down to the present time there has been little of that pleasant friendly intercourse between tutor and undergraduate which so commonly exists at Oxford. Much as our own two great universities suffer as places of learning, and even of instruction, from the college system, for most of the purposes of social life they are admirably adapted. The unmarried Fellows living in College, commonly on the same staircases as the undergraduates, are not the strangers to them that the Professors are in Harvard. Even the married Fellows and tutors often retain a set of rooms where

they can receive their guests. They have the use also of the Common Room for all purposes of hospitality. The College kitchen is at their service as well as the College cook and the ancient College plate. The Oxford breakfast-parties used to be proverbial for their pleasantness, though in these busier days they are giving way to luncheons. At such gatherings in a Fellow's rooms, I have in late years often met, with great pleasure, half-a-dozen undergraduates, and in their bright looks recalled 'the happy morning of Life and of May,' when all the world lay at our feet. The friendliness of the relations between tutor and undergraduate has greatly increased of late years. In my time we scarcely came across our tutors save in the Lecture Room. On Degree Days, however, the Dean gave a formal breakfast to all who were taking their degree, and to a few undergraduates besides. The meal was abundant and good. For that brief hour our host dropped the Don as far as possible, and assumed somewhat of the air of a man of the world. He addressed us with friendly familiarity. 'Jones, may I send you some of this chicken?' 'Smith, will you help yourself to some brawn? Oxford, you know, is famous for its brawn.' If there were any present who were taking the master's degree, the party broke up in time for them to read aloud the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church in the presence of the Dean, and to signify their assent and consent to them. Unless this were done the degree could not be conferred. I remember how a friend of mine, now a learned Canon, arrived so late at the breakfast that there was scarcely time for him to read the Articles, and none to swallow a single mouthful. The good-natured Dean bade him begin to read as hard as he could and go on till his breath failed him, when he himself would take up the wondrous tale, to be relieved in his turn. In this way, riding and tying, as it were, they scampered through the whole Thirty-nine Articles just in time. When two hours after breakfast we returned to the same room and to the same table, though alas! very differently spread, for it was covered with books, the change was chilling. 'Mr. Smith, you were not at my lecture yesterday.' 'Mr. Jones, I hardly think your rendering of that passage would satisfy the examiners.' The Master of the College now and then invited a few favoured youths to breakfast or dinner. I remember how the great man, as some sparkling perry was poured out, impressively told us that her Majesty's judges, whom, as Vice-Chancellor, he had lately entertained, preferred it to champagne. He was a Canon of Gloucester as well as Master of Pembroke, and in the great orchard country had learnt the excellence of perry. The very best, such

as we were drinking, cost him but two shillings a bottle, whereas for his champagne he paid ten.

Harvard College, by G. Birkbeck Hill.
Macmillan, 1894.

Not too old to learn

In the year 1862 a Microscopical Society, of which I happened to be Secretary, came into existence at Oxford. A note from the Provost of Oriel requested me to call upon him, and I went. After some pleasant reference to my father, his old friend, he told me that he had heard of our Society; that he viewed with great interest all new departures of an intellectual kind within the University, and was glad to be associated with them: that he knew nothing of Science or of Microscopes, but that he was not too old to learn, and desired to enrol himself among our members. So he came to all our Meetings, the one avowed Inscientist amongst us: looked through our instruments, listened attentively, but silently, to our discussions. Cordially welcomed by our seniors, Acland, Phillips, Rolleston, and the rest, he gave I think to all of us an object lesson in the unwearied intelligence which at seventy-four years old still sought out fresh woods and pastures new.

Pre-Tractarian Oxford, by Rev. W. Tuckwell.
Smith, Elder, 1909.

University Politics

In Oxford, besides thus teaching and inspiring, Powell did more than his duty-shift at the machine of academic affairs. An organizer, a debater, a wire-puller he could not be. He never sat on the Hebdomadal Council, which is the source of University legislation, nor did he speak, I believe, on the public bodies that debate the proposals of the Councils, least of all in the strange, mediæval Convocation, where on field-days and at fitful intervals the voters from their country livings arrive to swamp reform. He never became a scholar-politician of the type that cherishes a programme and requires place and leverage for its realisation. He despised the smaller kind of University intrigue, monastic in its triviality, that absorbs a good many persons and makes them, as he put it, 'run round like headless ants.'

York Powell, by O. Elton.
Clarendon Press, 1906.

OXFORD CLUBS AND LIBRARIES

An Ancient Dining Club

In the eighteenth century political clubs were common in both Universities, and Mr. Christopher Wordsworth has given many details concerning them in his *Social Life in the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century*.[1] The last of these were political; the smaller 'Poetical' or 'Nonsense Clubs' were quite ephemeral, nor did they belong to any college, usually meeting in some public coffee-house. The oldest social college club (in Oxford at any rate) is the Phœnix Common Room at Brasenose, founded in 1786. There is a tradition of no great weight that the ancestor of this club was fashioned after the model of the iniquitous society at Medmenham, portrayed in *Chrysal or the Adventures of a Guinea*, and that it originally bore the name of the Hell-Fire Club. The records of the Club are singularly full and they abound in quaint personalia. In 1811, for instance, a Member is sconced for being shaved in the Common Room; in 1822 the entrance of the Principal in white Turkish trousers and flowered black velvet waistcoat was noted with disapproval, accentuated when later in the year he appeared in striped worsted stockings. In 1800 the port is 36s., sherry 42s., claret 60s., and madeira 72s. a dozen. The present uniform of the club was ordered in 1823.

Adapted from Falconer Madan's *Phœnix Common Room*. 1888.

The Legend of Brasenose Lane

The club which rose to the greatest notoriety in Brasenose in the early century was undoubtedly the Hell-Fire Club, which ran a brief but glorious course from 1828 to 1834. . . . It met twice a week, and apparently some four or five men from other Colleges were admitted as members. It met in rooms on the left hand at the foot of staircase VI, a dark and melancholy place even in the daytime, for the great chestnut in Exeter Gardens quite overshadows it. The windows look out on Brasenose Lane, which is still a dismal, lonely place, with its high dead-wall on one side and the iron-barred windows of the College on the other. Here the

[1] Cambridge, 1874.

club held its unholy revels till the death of the President from delirium tremens in 1834 brought the thing to an abrupt end. This, and the fact that a woman died in the Lane, after having been given brandy out of a Brasenose window, laid the foundation of what has been perhaps the most remarkable and enduring of College myths. It has been presented in many forms (F. G. Lee's *Glimpses of the Supernatural*, 1872, vol. ii. p. 207; *Blackwood's Magazine*, Feb. 1891), and the tale is told at length in a curious book called *Odds and Ends*, published in 1872 by W. Maskell, Vicar of Marychurch in Devon.

'Between eleven and twelve o'clock one night in December,' says Mr. Maskell, 'nearly at the end of term, Mr. —— (afterwards Archdeacon ——), then Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, was returning home along the Lane. As he walked towards the College, he saw a tall man, seemingly wrapt up in a long cloak, standing before the window of one of the ground-floor rooms. When he got nearer, the tutor observed they were the rooms of an undergraduate of bad reputation and known to be one of the most active members of the Hell-Fire Club. He saw also that the person outside was helping some one to get out of College through the window. With the natural impulse of a don, Mr. —— hurried forward, hoping to secure both in the act. But —as he himself afterwards said—he was seized with a sudden terror, why or wherefore at the moment he could scarcely tell,— and he declared that before he could get quite close he knew with a positive conviction that it was no man, no human being, who stood upon the pavement. As he rushed by, the occupant of the rooms, the notorious member of the infamous club, was being slowly and strugglingly drawn through the wire netting and through the iron bars. Mr. —— recognised the young man, notwithstanding the agony and amazement by which his countenance was disturbed. It was but a few steps to the College gate round the corner of the Lane; but Mr. ——, half fainting with horror, could scarcely reach it and knock at the door for entrance before he fell senseless on the ground. At the moment that the porter opened the gate there came also a cry and a rush of men from one of the rooms on the right hand of the quadrangle. There had been a meeting of the Hell-Fire Club and in the very middle of one of his own blasphemous speeches, the owner of the rooms, who was the president for the night, had broken a blood-vessel, and fallen dead upon the floor.'

History of Brasenose, by J. Buchan. Hutchinson, 1898.

A Musical Evening in 1792

Warren and self in gloomy weather
Oft-times a number get together
Immediately we dine,
Who sit and chat till half-past five
With jest and song are all alive
With quite sufficient wine.

Then Crotch[1] and two musicians more
And amateurs near half a score
To play in concert meet.
Our chairs to Warren's rooms we move
And those who strains melodious love
Enjoy a real treat.

. . . . . .

Whilst pause the flute's and viol's sound
The tea and toast are handed round
Till each has had enough,
And then brisk punch and lemonade
May suit, when a full piece is play'd,
Better than weaker stuff.

At half-past nine, the supper things
In order Master Thomas brings
And puts them on with care,
For now the cunning rascal sees
He has a diff'rent set to please
Than those who tipsy are.

The cloth removed, some negus sip,
And some regale on hot egg flip,
And some sing catch and glee;
For each in turn must something do,
Attempt old songs, or bawl out new
By way of harmony.

I wish, friend Will, that thou wert here
To give thy favourite hunting cheer
Or famous Tally-ho;
Although perhaps the President
Might start, and asking what it meant
In haste send up to know.

Eleven strikes: and strangers strait
Pass to their homes through College gate,

[1] Professor Dr. William Crotch. See Mee's *Oxford Music Room*, 1911.

The Porter lets them out:
Meanwhile the rest to bed retire,
Thus ends the day—and your desire
To know what we 're about.

From 'Description of a day spent in College during the winter of 1792,' perhaps by John Skinner of Trinity College, *Reminiscences of Oxford*. Oxford His. Soc., 1892.

Foundation of an Essay Society

STILL there was something wanting as I mellowed down towards the third year of my standing [1796] to render a college life thoroughly congenial and satisfactory. College exercises were trite, dull, and uninstructive. The University partook of this distressing somnolency. There seemed to be no spur to emulation and to excellence. . . . There was plenty of private or individual energy, which only wanted sympathy or encouragement to break forth into public distinction; but the arms of *Alma Mater* dared not then embrace or cherish the hopes of her offspring. She might have commended the zeal, but she had neither the wisdom nor the spirit to 'move one finger' in giving it a right direction.

At length an experiment was made to break through all this miserable thraldom and melancholy state of things. Several members of several colleges (in the number of whom I was as proud as happy to be enlisted) met frequently at each other's rooms, to talk over and to concoct a code of laws or of regulations, or the establishment of a society to be called a 'Society for Scientific and Literary Disquisition.' It comprehended a debate and an essay to be prepared by each member in succession, studiously avoiding, in both, all topics of religious and political controversy. There was not the slightest attempt to beat down any one barrier of university law or regulation throughout our whole code. We were to meet in a hired room, at a private house, and were to indulge in our favourite themes in the most unrestrained manner, without giving ingress to a single stranger. Over and over again was each law revised, corrected and endeavoured to be rendered as little objectionable as possible. At length after the final touches, we demanded an interview with the vice-chancellor and proctors. . . . The Vice-Chancellor [Dr. Wills] received the deputation in the most courteous manner and requested that our laws might be left with him, as much for his own particular and careful examination as for that of other heads of houses or officers whom he might choose to consult. His request was readily and as courteously complied with; and a day was appointed when the answer of the oracle might be obtained.

In about a week, according to agreement, the same deputation was received within the library of the vice-chancellor who, after solemnly returning the volume (containing the laws) into the hands of our worthy founder, addressed them pretty nearly in the following words. 'Gentlemen, there does not appear to be anything in these laws subversive of academic discipline or contrary to the statutes of the university, but as it is impossible to predict how they may operate, and as innovations of this sort, and in these times, may have a tendency which may be as little anticipated as it may be distressing to the framers of such laws, I am compelled, in the exercise of my magisterial authority, as vice-chancellor, to interdict your meeting in the manner proposed.' The deputation was not altogether unprepared for such a reply; as there had been previously frequent conferences between the Dean of Christ Church [Cyril Jackson] and Dr. Wills, and the former was somewhat prone to consider innovation and revolution as synonymous.

There was, therefore, but one result to adopt—one choice left; and that was, to carry the object, so dear to our hearts, into effect within our private apartments in rotation. There we might discuss, debate and hear essays read *ad infinitum*; and, accordingly, our first meeting took place in Queen's College. . . . Our meetings were frequent and full. The essays, after having been read, were entered in a book. The subjects of debate usually were, as of old they ever have been, whether the merits or demerits of such a character (Cæsar or Queen Elizabeth, for instance) were the greater? or whether the good or evil of such a measure in legislation or in politics, be the more predominant? . . . The fame of our club or society began to be noised abroad; and those who felt no inclination to write essays or to impose upon themselves the toil of reading and research for the purpose of making a speech were pretty free in using sneering epithets and in stigmatising by nicknames. There was, however, one nickname, which we instantly and courageously took to ourselves and adopted—and that was 'the Lunatics.' Mad, indeed, we were and desired so to be called—if an occasional deviation from dull and hard drinking, frivolous gossip and Boeotian uproar could justify that appellation. But a seed was sown . . . which has since grown up and expanded into a goodly tree, bearing perennial fruit.

Reminiscences of a Literary Life, by Thomas Frognal Dibdin, 1836.

A Union Debate, 1831

The discussion [wrote Mr. Gladstone] on the question that the ministers were incompetent to carry on the government of the country was of a miscellaneous character, and I moved what they

called a 'rider' to the effect that the Reform bill threatened to change the form of the British government and ultimately to break up the whole frame of society. The debate altogether lasted three nights and it closed then, partly because the voters had got tired of dancing attendance, partly because the speakers of the revolutionary side were exhausted. There were eight or nine more on ours ready and anxious. As it was, there were I think fifteen speeches on our side and thirteen on theirs, or something of that kind. Every man spoke above his average and many very far beyond it. They were generally short enough. Moncrieff, a long-winded Scotsman, spouted nearly an hour and I was guilty of three-quarters. . . . The division was favourable beyond anything we had hoped—ninety-four to thirty-eight. We should have had larger numbers still had we divided on the first night Great diligence was used by both parties in bringing men down, but the tactics on the whole were better on our side, and we had fewer truants in proportion to our numbers. England expects every man to do his duty, and ours, humble as it is, has been done in reference to this question. The way in which the present generation of undergraduates is divided on the question is quite remarkable.

Life of Gladstone, by John Morley. Macmillan, 1903.

Oxford Union Debates

THE beau-ideal of a Union speech is one bristling with brilliant antithesis and epigram. The Union audience is one of the most impatient and critical to be found, and no nervous or affected speaker has a chance before it.[1] Sentiment is never tolerated, and rhetoric very rarely, unless it exactly fits in with the views of the hearers. Some members are markedly unpopular and can never get a hearing. Thus the Union once denied itself, for a whole year, the luxury of square envelopes, because an unpopular member always asked for them at question-time. More recently, a member was jeered at while proposing a tribute to Victor Hugo. It was thought at the time that an insult had been offered to a great man's memory; but those knowing the temper of the Union will understand that the said member's unpopularity was the sole cause of the manifestation. With these exceptions, the audience is fair and unprejudiced. It will listen contentedly to Radical orators, if amusing, though the speaker must look for a tumult every time he mentions the leader of his party; but it will howl down even a Tory who proses.

Oxford: its Life and Schools, edited by A. M. M. Stedman. Bell, 1887.

[1] The best picture of a Union Debate is in *J. Viriamu Jones and other Oxford Memories*, by E. B. Poulton, 1911.

A College 'Discusser'

BEFORE Lambert spoke we had to go through a lot of private business, which consisted chiefly of attempts by the college wags to be funny. Some men cultivate the special form of humour which shines at private business. . . . When Lambert got up to pulverize the modern novel a great many men who had only come in for a rag left the room. . . . There was not a trace of nervousness about Lambert; he shot his cuffs, stroked his upper lip with one finger, and was really rather a comical figure, though I should think that every one was not so much amused at the things he said as at his magnificent manner while saying them, for he had nothing new to say about the influence of popular fiction. He referred to authors who drew their inspiration from the Bible in terms of lordly condescension, and then changing his manner suddenly he spoke of the rise and fall of Stratford-upon-Avon in such mourning tones that anyone who did not know him must have imagined that he was on the verge of tears.

'You who buy books,' was his peroration, 'without a thought of what you are buying, who are guided in your taste for fiction by the advertisements and buy a novel with as little care as you would buy a pair of scissors; who think, if you ever think, and I have already said that you do not, that because there are fifty thousand tasteless people in the world there is no reason why you should not swell that crowd, you are responsible for the decay of the novel. Traditions are dying, helped to their death by prize competitions and personal paragraphs, and Oxford is the home of tradition, for Oxford was invented before Eton. We care no longer for what is best, but for what is most talked about; in our fiction we look for scandals and not for literature, and unless there is a reaction the man who can blush will become a curiosity, fit only for exhibition on the Music Hall stage or in the Zoological Gardens. It is a serious matter. The Philistines must be met and routed; we know that of old this was their usual fate; it seems to have been the chief reason for their existence. For my part I think a day ill spent in which I have not read a few pages of Fielding or Thackeray. I have the most kindly feelings towards Dickens, Jane Austen, and George Eliot, and when I am tired I write little things myself.'

Charles Turley, *Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate.* Heinemann, 1904.

The Stranger within our Gates

'I 'VE bin a bit pixilated by the stoodents. When I first fetched up in our Junior Common Room for a mug of tea and found a lot of them there, I thought, "You *are* a pack of superfine quality cards with extra stiff backs." And so they were: pink, but proud.

They sot there, not sayin' a word among themselves, but just "Sugah, please, sah," and the like. They all call one another "sah." But the rools of the game don't seem to apply to strangers; for when I started talkin' a bit on my own, out at the chandelier, they gathered slowly around and listened in the most loquacious way. "Have you any rabbits in Ameraca?" says one. "Do you preserve much?" says another. "We did when we was in the grocery line," says I. "Air you attached to the nigger ullament?" says another; and so on, and so on. We had a tolerable lively spell of conversation. And since that I 'm favourites with half the boys. But all the time I go on seein' them cuttin' one another as dead as sheepmeat in the College yard.'

G. L. Calderon, *Downy V. Green.* Smith, Elder, 1902.

The future Tribune

Of all the 'Myrmidons,' there is only one who has achieved great fame. . . . There he sits, the future leader of the Fourth Party and of the House itself, among his fellow-Myrmidons—a moody boy, dressed, after the fashion of the day, in a suit of very large checks. His hands are resting on a white hat, and, though the photograph is somewhat faded, one can discern on his upper lip the faint presage of that moustache which was to give the cue to innumerable caricaturists. Except his eyes, there is no feature to distinguish him from any of the young bloods around him. But we, who know now all that Fate was holding for him, cannot but pause, with some stirring of our hearts, under this portrait of him as he was at Merton. How quickly the laurel-branch was to grow for him, how greatly to flourish; to be cut off how untimely, yet not before all the leaves on it were withered! Would one rather be, as, I take it, they who were here portrayed with him still are, sane, healthy, happy, stupid, obscure, or have led, like that young Tribune, a short, swift life of triumph and tragedy? Which of these two lots would one rather draw? Which is the luckier? I do not know.

Max Beerbohm, *More.* Lane, 1899.

The Kaloikagathoi Club

In spite of his many mistakes and a certain faculty of trampling on people's toes, Downy V. Green was popular both in the College and out of it. Of his social success outside the College there could be no greater proof than his election to the Kaloikagathoi Club, well known at the time as the selectest club in Oxford. He was apprised of it in a letter from Bumpus, who told him that the whole thing was settled and only needed the formality of his consent to clinch matters. Bumpus enlarged also on the social

advantage of belonging to it, and the uniqueness of the honour for an American.

Downy went and asked Bill for his advice.

'The Kallihags? my eye! Allow me, old chap,' said Bill. 'You are going it. You won't know us. You'll be the only Ives man there; they're mostly Pontiusites.'

'And what do they do anyway?'

'Do? Well, they wear a peculiar tie, and lunch together once a year, and their fathers aren't allowed to have less than ten thousand a year.'

'What else?'

'Nothing else, except that they cut everybody dead.'

'Then are they great friends among themselves?'

'Lor' no! not they. They never look at one another except at the annual lunch.'

G. L. Calderon, *Downy V. Green*, 1902.

Hills and Saunders' Groups

THE 'groups' of my old club are things snatched from the very heart of Oxford. There is symbolism in the fact that nearly all of them have the same background—the windows of a certain room on the ground floor of the New Buildings.[1] The men vanish and their places are filled by others. Whiskers and velveteens give way gradually to flannels and smooth faces. But 'wines' are conducted with the same ceremonial as when 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' and 'Have you seen the Shah?' were the liefest ditties. Bonfires are eternally renewed in the same grey quadrangles, and are danced round in the same old fashion. Windows are smashed with relentless regularity, though their frames last for ever. The dawn creeps through them and still finds young Bacchanals cursing one another, with the same old freedom over unlimited loo. . . . The youngest freshman will be gathered hereafter to his fathers, and on that night Great Tom will still be droning the hundred and one strokes he droned on the night when the hoariest of the dons was born into the world. No! Oxford never changes. It is well that the undergraduates, the bits of coloured glass in the kaleidoscope, do not realise their transience. Every wall frowns on them, but they pay no heed. They are full of youth and buoyancy and self-importance — masters of the whole place. Certainly these old photographs are pregnant with irony and with pathos.

. . . The lapse of less than a lustre means a new generation in Oxford, and after the departure of all his comrades' comrades

[1] The 'execrable' New Buildings of Merton are evidently intended.

Oxford is but a husk of barren and bitter-sweet memories to its revisitor. Now and again, however, some wistful bearded stranger would appear in our midst, revealing himself as one of our own order, and would dine at the house-dinner on Sunday. We respected him as a man of the world; he envied us for what we were. But our jokes were as incomprehensible to him, I fancy, as were his anecdotes tedious to us. We were very polite to him indeed. But 'young barbarians' are far too happy to be sentimental, and their hearts do not go out readily to their forerunners.

. . . I came to know a little about some of these old heroes; how they had bearded the bursar, or bonneted the proctor, or slipped the porter; how one had since been killed in Afghanistan, and another had been twice married, and another was sheep farming in Australia and 'doing very well'; and another had 'gone under,' as Joseph had always foreseen. For the most part they seemed to have cast behind them for ever their days and nights of gambling and hard drinking, and to have become decent, prosperous gentlemen, who lived in various counties and met each other seldom. I seem to see every one of them as a portly, begaitered man sitting in his study, with the 'groups' of his period hanging upon the wall behind him.

Max Beerbohm, *More*. Lane, 1899.

College Libraries and their Benefactors

THE marvel is how, with books at these prices, the ordinary student ever got books at all. In point of fact they got very few. Hence the importance of lectures and the insistence on frequent lectures; the master having a book and reading from it, the students standing or sitting round and taking notes. Hence, too, the power possessed by a few books which got into vogue, and the enormous influence of the Bible, and later, of Aristotle. Hence, too, the superior advantages possessed by the friars in their convents, with a corporate library, over the 'unattached' secular students who formed the bulk of the University. The collegiate movement was an absolute necessity if the secular University was not to be wiped out in the higher faculties by the influence of the Friars. Some writers have talked as if the Colleges were parasites whose growth had stifled the growth of the University, their Alma Mater. But in truth if it had not been for the Colleges the University would have been destroyed by Henry VIII. as simply a breeding-place of pestilent friars, if indeed there had been any University left to destroy.

No wonder that the donors of books asked for, and the

donees gave, prayers for their souls, and that gifts of books were entered in the College Chartularies as carefully as gifts of land Bishop Reed's [donor of books to Merton and to New College] anxiety on this head is really quite pathetic, and he seeks for prayers not only for himself, but for the persons from whom he bought the books. . . . Thus in the First Part of *St. Thomas' Summary* is written, both at the top and bottom of the flyleaf, 'Liber Magistri Willelmi Reed Episcopi Cicestrensis quem emit a venerabili patre Domino Thoma Trillek Episcopo Roffensi. Oretis igitur pro utroque.' On giving it to New College he had the following inscription added: 'Liber Collegii Beatae Mariae Wyntoniensis in Oxonia in communi libraria ejusdem, et ad usum communem scolarium ejusdem, maxime de diocoesi Cicestrenci de benignitate Episcopi Wyntoniensis in posterum assumendorum, cathenandus, ex dono Venerabilis patris domini Willelmi tertii, episcopi Cicestrensis. Oretis igitur pro eodem et benefactoribus ejusdem ac fidelium animabus a purgatorio liberandis.'

'Wykeham's Books at New College,' by Arthur F. Leach, *Oxford Hist. Soc. Collectanea*, 1896.

The Library of Richard de Bury

Now we have long cherished in our heart of hearts the fixed resolve, when Providence should grant a favourable opportunity, to found in perpetual charity a Hall in the reverend university of Oxford, the chief nursing mother of all liberal arts, and to endow it with the necessary revenues for the maintenance of a number of scholars; and, moreover, to enrich the Hall with the treasures of our books, that all and every of them should be in common as regards their use and study, not only to the scholars of the said Hall, but by their means to all the students of the before-named university for ever, in the form and manner which the following chapter shall declare. Wherefore the sincere love of study and zeal for the strengthening of the orthodox faith to the edifying of the Church, have begotten in us that solicitude so marvellous to the lovers of pelf, of collecting books wherever they were to be purchased, regardless of expence, and of having those that could not be bought fairly transcribed.

. . . . . .

It has ever been difficult so to restrain men by the laws of rectitude, that the astuteness of successors might not strive to transgress the bounds of their predecessors and to infringe established rules in insolence of licence. Accordingly, with the advice of prudent men, we have prescribed the manner in which

we desire that the communication and use of our books should be permitted for the benefit of students.

Imprimis, we give and grant all and singular the books, of which we have made a special catalogue, in consideration of affection, to the community of scholars living in —— Hall at Oxford, as a perpetual gift, for our soul and the souls of our parents, and also for the soul of the most illustrious King Edward the Third from the Conquest, and of the most pious Queen Philippa, his consort: to the intent that the same books may be lent from time to time to all and singular the scholars and masters of the said place, as well regular as secular, for the advancement and use of study, in the manner immediately following, that is to say:

Five of the scholars sojourning in the Hall aforesaid shall be appointed by the Master thereof, who shall have the charge of all the books, of which five persons three, and not fewer, may lend any book or books for inspection and study; but for copying or transcribing we direct that no book shall be allowed outside the walls of the house. Therefore, when any scholar, secular or religious, whom for this purpose we regard with equal favour, shall seek to borrow any book, let the keepers diligently consider if they have a duplicate of the said book, and if so, let them lend him the book, taking such pledge as in their judgment exceeds the value of the book delivered, and let a record be made forthwith of the pledge and of the book lent, containing the names of the persons delivering the book and of the person who receives it, together with the day and year when the loan is made. But if the keepers find that the book asked for is not in duplicate, they shall not lend such book to anyone whomsoever, unless he shall belong to the community of scholars of the said Hall, unless perhaps for inspection within the walls of the aforesaid house or Hall, but not to be carried beyond it.

But to any of the scholars of the said Hall, any book may be lent by three of the aforesaid keepers, after first recording, however, his name, with the day on which he receives the book. Nevertheless the borrower may not lend the book entrusted to him to another, except with the permission of three of the aforesaid keepers, and then the name of the first borrower being erased, the name of the second with the time of delivery is to be recorded.

Each keeper shall take an oath to observe all these regulations when they enter upon the charge of the books. And the recipients of any book or books shall thereupon swear that they will not use the book or books for any other purpose but that of inspection or

study, and that they will not take or permit to be taken it or them beyond the town and suburbs of Oxford.

Moreover, every year the aforesaid keepers shall render an account to the Master of the House and two of his scholars whom he shall associate with himself, or if he shall not be at leisure, he shall appoint three inspectors, other than the keepers, who shall peruse the catalogue of books and see that they have them all, either in the volumes themselves or at least as represented by deposits. And the more fitting season for rendering this account we believe to be from the First of July until the festival of the Translation of the Glorious Martyr S. Thomas next following.

We add this further provision, that anyone to whom a book has been lent, shall once a year exhibit it to the keepers, and shall, if he wishes it, see his pledge. Moreover, if it chances that a book is lost by death, theft, fraud, or carelessness, he who has lost it, or his representative or executor, shall pay the value of the book and receive back his deposit. But if in any wise any profit shall accrue to the keepers, it shall not be applied to any purpose but the repair and maintenance of the books.

The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, translated by E. C. Thomas. Moring, 1902.

A historic Binding in the Bodleian

A HISTORIC binding protects *A Hymn to Queen Elizabeth*, written in French by Georges de la Motthe and presented by him to the queen in 1586. Every page of the book has an ornamental border, and a curious miniature portrait of the queen precedes the *Hymn*. The binding of brown leather is inlaid in a Grolieresque pattern with various coloured morocco; the leading lines are all edged with gold; the arms of England, the initials E. R. and S., and the Tudor badges complete the design in the centre; under a polished crystal is a device in translucent enamel, once thought to be made of humming birds' feathers. Georges de la Motthe was a French refugee living in England, and on that account the binding would be English: it is certainly unique and a very early example of leather inlaying.

Historic Bindings in the Bodleian, by W. Salt Brassington, F.S.A. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., 1891.

Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University Library of Oxford.

The 'living University of the Dead'

HAIL, Learning Pantheon! Hail, the sacred ark
Where all the world of science does embark!
Which ever shall withstand and hast so long withstood
Insatiate Time's devouring flood.

Hail, tree of knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which well
Dost in the midst of paradise arise,
  Oxford! the Muse's paradise,
From which may never sword the bless'd expel!
Hail, bank of all past ages! where they lie
T' enrich with interest posterity!
  Hail, Wit's illustrious Galaxy!
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;
Hail, living University of the dead!

2

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues! which e'er
The mighty linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty Traveller,
  That could speak or this could hear.
Majestic monument and pyramid!
Where still the shades of parted souls abide
Embalm'd in verse; exalted souls which now
Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below;
  Which now all wonders plainly see,
  That have been, are, or are to be,
  In the mysterious library,
The beatific Bodley of the Deity;
Will you into your sacred throng admit
  The meanest British Wit?
You, general-council of the priests of Fame,
  Will you not murmur and disdain,
  That I a place among you claim,
  The humblest deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
  The chain of ornament, which here
  Your noble prisoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleasant seem to me
Than all my own Pindaric liberty!
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,
  Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain's a passport to go everywhere.

3

  As when a seat in heaven
Is to an unmalicious sinner given,
  Who, casting round his wondering eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy,

Martyrs who did their lives bestow,
And saints, who martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties past and sins;
He doubts almost his station there;
His soul says to itself, 'How came I here?'
It fares no otherwise with me,
When I myself with conscious wonder see
Amidst this purify'd elected company.
With hardship they, and pain,
Did to this happiness attain;
No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think predestination only was my friend.

4

Ah, that my author had been ty'd like me
To such a place and such a company!
Instead of several countries, several men,
And business, which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small estate
Which Nature sparingly did to him give;
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live.
'T had happier been for him, as well as me;
For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, you books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation:
For though some errors will get in,
Like tinctures of original sin;
Yet sure we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of man's employ'd in generation.

Abraham Cowley.

Bodley's Statue

At the same time the Divinity School was built in so elegant a manner that one may justly inscribe on it that saying of Zeuxis, 'A man will sooner admire than imitate it'; and a library fitted up over it furnished with 129 choice books procured at great expense from Italy by Humphrey the Good Duke of Gloucester, an eminent admirer of literature. But the public was soon deprived of these by private avarice. At present Sir Thomas Bodley, who received his education in this university, has at great expense and with a zeal

never enough to be commended, furnished a new library in the same place with the best books collected from all parts, that the university might at last have a public magazine of wisdom and the founder enjoy immortal glory. And as by the wise institution of the antients statues of gold, silver or brass were erected in libraries to those by whose care they had been founded and whose immortal spirits speak in them to rescue men from the power of time and relieve the regret and curiosity of mankind; the Chancellor of the university, with a view also to his own glory, dedicated there a statue of Sir Thomas Bodley, who had so highly deserved of the republic of letters.

Camden's *Britannia*.

Vossius's Library

THREE thousand pounds offered by the University of Oxford for Vossius's noble library, but 'twas refused and the books carryed over seas, to our no small disgrace. We should have purchased them and not stood in such a case upon punctilio and niceties, when we are so lavish of our monies upon trifles that bring dishonour upon the university.

Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, September 21, 1710.

Portraits at the Bodleian

. . . . . .

HERE still presides each sage's reverend shade,
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid;
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,
Preserv'd within the living gallery.
What greater gift could bounteous heaven bestow,
Than to be seen above, and read below?

. . . . . .

When round the pictur'd Founders I descry,
With goodness soft, and great with majesty,
So much of life the artful colours give,
Scarce more within their Colleges they live.

. . . . . .

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold
What lively features grac'd each bard of old;
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming tongue,
In such an air as this the Poet sung;
Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.

. . . . . .

See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,
Each shade is critic and each feature sneers;
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,
I more than see a fancied comedy;
The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow.
But distant awe invades my beating breast,
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest;
With fear I view the figure from afar,
Which burns with noble ardour for the war;
But near approaches free my doubting mind,
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.
Here studious heads the grav'n tablet shews,
And there with martial warmth the picture glows;
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,
And painted virgins far outshine the true.

Tickell's *Oxford.*

Evelyn at the Bodleian

At St. Mary's—the Latin sermon, which I could not be at, though invited, being taken up at All Souls, where we had music, voices, and theorbos, performed by some ingenious scholars. After dinner I visited that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely. Then Mr. Barlow (since Bishop of Lincoln), bibliothecarius of the Bodleian Library, my most learned friend. He showed us the rarities of that most famous place, manuscripts, medals, and other curiosities. Among the MSS. an old English Bible, wherin the Eunuch mentioned to be baptized by Philip, is called the Gelding: 'and Philip and the Gelding went down into the water,' etc. The original Acts of the Council of Basil 900 years since, with the bulla, or leaden affix, which has a silken cord passing through every parchment; a MS. of Venerable Bede of 800 years' antiquity; the old Ritual *secundum usum Sarum*, exceeding voluminous; then, among the nicer curiosities, the Proverbs of Solomon, written in French by a lady, every chapter of a several character, or hand, the most exquisite imaginable; an hieroglyphical table, or carta, folded up like a map; I suppose it painted on asses' hide, extremely rare; but, what is most illustrious, there were no less than 1000 MSS., in nineteen languages, especially oriental, furnishing that new part of the library built by Archbishop Laud, from a design of Sir Kenelm Digby and the Earl of Pembroke. In the closet of the tower they show some Indian weapons, urns, lamps, etc., but the rarest is the whole Alcoran written on one large sheet of calico, made up in a priest's

vesture, or cope, after the Turkish and Arabic character, so exquisitely written, as no printed letter comes near it; also, a roll of magical charms, divers talismans, and some medals.

Then I led my wife into the Convocation-House, finely wainscoted; the Divinity School and Gothic carved roof; the Physic, or Anatomy School, adorned with some rarities of natural things; but nothing extraordinary save the skin of a jackal, a rarely-coloured jacatoo, or prodigious large parrot, two humming birds, not much bigger than our humble-bee, which indeed I had not seen before, that I remember.

Evelyn's *Diary*, July 11, 1654.

The Bodleian

THE last yeare after he was entred into the publick library (which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never entred without great veneration) he could do but little in it, because he was entred but a little while before his ague took him. But this yeare [1653] being a constant student therein, he became acquainted with the places in the arts library (for no farther could bachelaurs of arts then go) where the books of English historie and antiquities stand. . . . He took great delight in reading *The Display of Heraldry*, written by John Guillim, . . . and endeavour'd to draw out and trick armes with his pen. And afterwards when he came to full yeares, he perceived it was his natural genie, and could not avoid them. Heraldry, musick and painting did so much crowd upon him that he could not avoid them; and could never give a reason why he should delight in those studies, more than in others, so prevalent was nature, mix'd with a generosity of mind and a hatred to all that was servile, sneaking, or advantagious for lucre sake.

Wood's *Life*.

A Fellow Commoner's literary tastes

SEPT. 24, 1720.—I was made free of the Bodleian Library and took the usual Oath not to Embezzle the Books, etc., before the Rev^{d} Mr. Evan Lloyd, Fellow of Jesus College and one of the Pro-Proctors, paying on this occasion ten shillings, Fees. N.B. I subscribed my name in a book kept for this purpose.

25.—Made a present to the Bodleian Library of a Grammatica Damulica (a Malabar Grammar), a very great curiosity, and received the Thanks of Mr. Joseph Bowles, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, who is keeper of this Library: and Mr. Wise on this occasion, entered me among the Benefactors.

Ditto.—Presented Pembroke College Library with Mr. Prior's Works in Folio, neatly bound, which cost me £1, 3s. 0d. Rev.

Mr. Thomas Tristram, M.A., and Fellow and Librarian of the College, entered me on this occasion a Benefactor to its Library.

Sept. . . . Din'd with Dr. Hugh Boulter, the Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Bristol, at his lodgings in College; where were his Lady, Lord George Douglas (Bro. to Charles Douglas, D. of Queensberry), Sir Piercey Freke, Bart., and the Rev[d] Mr. Fenton, all of Christ Church. Mr. Fenton has a Poetical genius and has published some things in that way, which have been well received. He is also a fine Preacher. . . .

July 13, 1721 —Went to the Tuns with Tho. Beale, Esq. (Gent. Commoner), Mr. Hume and Mr. Sylvester, Pembrokians, where Motto'd, Epigrammatiz'd, etc.

19.—Sent Mr. Wm. Wightwick, Demy of Magdalene College, a Copy of Verses on his leaving Pembroke.

I laid 20 guineas to one with Mr. Clerk that I was not married in 3 years: laid the same Bett again with Mr. Beale.

July . . 1721.—Mr. Solomon Negri (a native of Damascus) a great Critic in the Arabick Language and perfect Master of the French and Italian Tongues, came to Oxford to consult and transcribe some Arabick Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library; fell acquainted with this Gent. and with Mr. Hill, an ingenious Friend of his that came down with him, and enjoy'd abundance of satisfaction in their conversation.

Aug. 7.—I was enter'd a Student of Lincoln's Inn.

Went with Mr. Blandy to Abingdon to an Election of a Scholar from the Free School there to Pembroke College; on this occasion there were a good many Oxonians who were entertained with Several Copies of Verses and Declamations. . . . Dined with the Mayor of the Town.

17.—Began to learn on the Violin of Mr. Wheeler to whom paid 10s. Entrance.

Dit.—Went with Mr. Tristram to the Poetical Club (whereof he is a Member) at the Tuns (kept by Mr. Broadgate) where met Dr. Evans, Fellow of St. John's and Mr. Jno. Jones, Fellow of Baliol, Members of the Club. Subscribed 5s. to Dr. Evans's *Hymen and Juno* (which one call'd Evans's Bubble, it being now South Sea Time). Drank Gallicia Wine, and was entertained with two Fables of the Doctor's Composition, which were indeed masterly in their kind. But the Dr. is allowed to have a peculiar knack and to excell all mankind at a Fable.

Aug. 31, 1721.—At Mr. Tristram's Chambers with Mr. Wanley, the famous Antiquarian, Keeper of the Harleian Library, Mr.

Bowles, Keeper of the Bodleian Library, and Mr. Hunt of Hart Hall, who is skill'd in the Arabick.

'Diary of Erasmus Philipps,' *Notes and Queries*, 1860.

Christ Church and All Souls Libraries

On my observing to Johnson that some of the modern libraries of the University were more commodious and pleasant for study, as being more spacious and airy, he replied, 'Sir, if a man has a mind to prance, he must study at Christ Church and All Souls.'

Boswell's *Johnson*.

The Bodleian fallen upon evil days

In 1787, the Reader in Chemistry, Thomas Beddoes, M.D., of Pembroke College, issued a printed Memorial to the Curators 'concerning the state of the Bodleian Library, and the conduct of the Principal Librarian.' . . . The Librarian was always absent on Saturdays and Mondays, as on those days he was occupied on journeys to and from a curacy eleven miles distant, which he held together with a living more remote; and the Library which should then in summer have been opened at eight was found unopened between nine and ten, and unopened also after University sermons. The Librarian is charged besides with having discouraged readers by neglect and incivility. . . . An anecdote is related of his lending *Cook's Voyages*, which had been presented by King George III., to the Rector of Lincoln College, and telling him that the longer he kept it the better, 'for if it was known to be in the Library he (Mr. Price) should be perpetually plagued with enquiries after it.' And it is said that until recently the only book of Dean Swift's to be found in the Library had been his *Polite Conversation*.

Annals of the Bodleian Library, by W. D. Macray. Clarendon Press, 1890.

Bees of the Bodleian

'*Bowers of Paradise!*' Thus it was that an enthusiastic Hebrew student, writing of the Bodleian but a few years ago, apostrophized the little cells and curtained cages wherein readers sit, while hedged in and canopied with all the wisdom and learning of bygone generations, which here bloom their blossoms and yield up their fruits. And as if answering in actual living type to the parable which the Eastern metaphor suggests, these cells from year to year have been and (though of late more infrequently) still are, the resort of grand and grave old bees, majestic in size and deportment, of sonorous sound, and covered with the dust, as it were, of ages. Just as a solemn rookery befits an ancestral mansion, so these Bees of the Bodleian form a fitting accompaniment to the place of their choice. And while the metaphor well describes the character of that place

whither men resort for refreshment amidst the work of the world and for the recruiting of mental strength for the doing of such work, so the Type well describes those who from the bowers gather sweetness and wealth, first for their own enriching and next for the enriching of others. Long then in these bowers may there be found busy hives of men; above all, those that gather thence, abundantly, such Wisdom as is *prae melle ori.*

Annals of the Bodleian. Preface.

The Union Library

If he is an Oxford man it may easily happen to him to wander into the library of the Union to work at some subject or other on a studious holiday; for Oxford draws its children back to it as few other places can. That library is not old; it is by no means overwhelmingly large; but it has associations peculiar to itself which more than make up for these defects. For one thing, it contains so impressive a *memento mori.* As he sits there, he will sometimes find his eyes wandering up towards the gallery, where vague outlines of pale figures are still dimly to be seen. He will remember how one summer vacation many years since this hall, bookless then, was all astir with that company of enthusiasts whom Rossetti had gathered round him, Burne-Jones and William Morris and the rest, to decorate it with frescoes on what was to have been a unique scheme of decoration. How they talked and joked and laughed as they posed as models for each other, or exhibited some 'property' devised for the occasion, such as the famous suit of chain armour which Morris persuaded a local smith to make for him.

Our scribbler can only regard with a feeling of oppression the faded fragments of that work which they entered on with such merriment and eagerness and unpreparation; the work which ended in heart-burning and disappointment. The phantoms on the walls, the ghosts of the dead men who made them and lavished on them their strength and skill and thought, seem to ask him in a more insistent tone than even the dusty theologians used, if his own work is worth doing, if he may not as well give it up at once. 'Have you,' these importunate phantoms cry to him, 'have you a tithe, a thousandth part of our creators' genius? Will you ever write anything like the Blessed Damosel, or have *you* the wit to guide wandering men to the Earthly Paradise? You may well look and moralise at us; but we, poor and decayed as we are, are better than your best work will ever appear to any one. Whoever troubles to think about your work at all will say just what you are thinking about us, that it shows an incomplete purpose which was too infirm to realise itself.'

And even if these spirit-voices are silenced, there are the voices of memory to take up the burden. This Union Library in which we have set our discontented scribbler for the time being, is by no means the resort of old and grizzled scholars, but of minds young, keen, and freshly entering on life. There probably he himself came, if, as we have supposed, he be an Oxford man, on his first impetuous search after universal knowledge, exchanging 'Youth's sweet-scented manuscript' for musty rolls whose characters are not nearly so cursive. So he remembers now his own early dallying with the written wisdom, his high enthusiasm (as it seems to him now at all events), and his eager wish to seize for his own all the knowledge that lingers on these seductive shelves. How light and easy he fancied it would be to conquer all the kingdoms of science, to capture all the treasures of literature, to leave no province of history uninvaded, no fortress of philosophy unscaled.

'The Scribbler's Defence,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, Jan. 1907.

Radcliffe's Library

THE dignified Dr. Bathurst, President of Trinity though he was at the time, used to visit a young student of Lincoln, merely, we are told by Tom Warton, 'for the smartness of his conversation.' This poor student was the future Dr. Radcliffe. Bathurst, observing the paucity of books in his young friend's chambers, asked him once, 'Where is your study?' 'This, sir,' rejoined the other, pointing to a lean shelf of books, a skeleton and a herbal—'This is Radcliffe's library'! This same Bathurst, who died in 1704, attended prayers in college at 5 A.M. up to the age of eighty-two, and liking to 'surprise scholars walking in the grove at unreasonable hours, frequently carrried a whip'!

From Warton's *Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst*, 1761.

Postume, Postume!

A SENSE of sadness always comes over me when I attend a Union Debate. How intensely eager are the young actors! How they struggle for the posts of honour, and how cast down are they when failure comes! And so it was with me. There was a time when these aims were the most absorbing interest in my surroundings. The darkest shadow that had crossed my life was failure in a closely contested election. My greatest joy was felt when the coveted position was at last gained. And now, how far off it all seems. The incidents are as fresh in my memory as if they took place yesterday, but I am not the same. . . .

E. B. Poulton, *Oxford Memories*, Longmans, 1911.

MIMES AND PASTIMES

DRAMA AND SPECTACLE AT OXFORD

A Puritan Decree, 1584

UPON consideration of sickness wherewith this University of late hath oftentimes been grievously visited by reason of the extraordinary concourse of people at unseasonable times of the year to see stage plays and games, it hath been thought a matter most convenient as well for the maintaining of health among us, as also for the detaining of the younger sort from extraordinary spending more than their small exhibitions will bear, and most of all that they may not be spectators of so many lewd and evil sports as in them are practiced, that no common stage players be permitted to use or do any such thing within the precincts of the University. And if it happen by extraordinary means that stage players shall get or obtain leave, by the Mayor or other ways, yet it shall not be lawful for any Master, Bachelor, or scholar above the age of eighteen to repair or go to see any such thing under pain of imprisonment. And if any under the age of eighteen shall presume to do any thing contrary to this statute, the party so offending shall suffer open punishment in S. Marie's Church according to the discretion of the Vice-Chancellor or Proctors.

Wood's *History and Antiquities.*

Fall of a Stage at Christ Church

WHEN Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford in 1566 the play of *Palamon and Arcyte* by Richard Edwards, a Gentleman of the Queen's Chapel, was acted before her in Christ Church Hall. 'At the beginning there were, by part of the stage which fell, three persons slain, a Scholar of St. Mary Hall, a Brewer and the Cook of Corpus Ch. Coll., besides five that were hurt. Which disaster coming to the Queen's knowledge she sent forthwith the Vicechancellor and her Chirurgeons to help them and to have a care that they want nothing for their recovery. Afterwards the Actors performed their parts so well that the Queen laughed heartily thereat and gave the Author of the Play great thanks for his pains.'

Cry of Hounds at Christ Church

Two nights later the Queen was present at the other part of *Palamon and Arcyte*, 'which should have been acted before, but

deferred because it was late when the Queen came from Disputations at St. Mary's. When the Play was ended she called for Mr. Edwards the Author and gave him very great thanks, with praises of reward for his pains: then making a pause said to him and her retinew standing about her, this relating to part of the Play, "By Palamon I warrant he dallieth not in love when he was in love indeed. By Arcyte, he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face. By Trecatio—God's pitty what a knave it is! By Perithous throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander-by would have stayed by the arm, with an oath, Go Fool—he knoweth his part I warrant." In the said Play was acted a Cry of Hounds in the Quadrant, upon the train of a Fox in the hunting of Theseus, with which the young Scholars, who stood in the windows were so much taken (supposing it was real) that they cried out, "Now, now—there, there—he's caught, he's caught." All which the Queen merrily beholding said, "O excellent! those boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds."'

Wood's *History and Antiquities.*

Player Scholars

This part [of *Palamon and Arcyte*] it seems being repeated before certain Courtiers in the Lodgings of Mr. Rog. Marbeck, one of the Canons of Ch. Ch. by the Players in their Gowns (for they were all scholars that acted) before the Queen came to Oxford, was by them so well liked, that they said it far surpassed *Damon and Pythias*, than which, they thought, nothing could be better. Likewise some said that if the Author did any more before his death, he would run mad. But this Comedy was the last he made, for he died within few months after. In the acting of the said Play there was a good part performed by the Lady Æmilia, who, for gathering her flowers prettily in a garden then represented, and singing sweetly in the time of March, received 8 Angels for a gracious Reward by her Majesty's command.

History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford,
by Anthony à Wood.

Moveable scenes are often said to have been first introduced on an English stage by the scholars of Christ Church when they acted *Dido* in the Hall in 1583. They were certainly used at St. John's when Gwinne's *Vertumnus* was given there before King James, who was surprised at the way in which he was 'hummed' by the students. In 1621 His Majesty witnessed Holyday's Τεχνογαμία at Woodstock. As a marriage gift said the wits:—

'The king himself did offer —— what, I pray?
He offered, twice or thrice —— to go away.'

'The Christmas Prince' at St. John's

CHRISTMAS at the beginning of the seventeenth century was in Oxford a time of high revelry. It was, of course, vacation; but the difficulty and expense of travelling in midwinter, as well as the obligations which many colleges laid on their scholars, kept most of the students at the University during the few weeks between the Michaelmas and Lent terms. . . .

In 1607 a beginning was made as early as All Saints' Eve when it was decided to choose a Christmas lord, prince of the revels, who shall have authority 'to appoint and moderate all such games and pastimes as should ensue.' The College authorities cordially joined in the sports . . . and subscribed as a corporation, and Mr. President (Dr. Buckeridge) and Mr. Laud were among the donors of 'subsidies.' . . . The merriment began with a Latin play, *Ara Fortunae*. . . . There were also English plays of *Time's Complaint*, *The Seven Days of the Week*, and a wassail in the President's lodging, 'where privately they made themselves merry,' called 'The Five Bells of Magdalen Church.' . . . 'The Prince was solemnly invited by the Canons of Christ Church to a comedy called *Yule-tide*.'

'At dinner the Prince being set down in the hall at the high table in the Vice-President's place (for the President himself was then also present), he was served with twenty dishes to a mess, all which were brought in by Gentlemen of the House attired in his Guard's coats, ushered in by the Lord Comptroller and other officers of the hall. The first mess was a boar's head, which was carried by the tallest and lustiest of all the Guard, before whom (an attendant) went first, one attired in a horseman's coat, with a boar's spear in his hand, next to him two pages in taffety sarsenet, each of them with a mess of mustard, next to whom came he that carried the boar's head crossed with a green silk scarf by which hung the empty scabbard of the falchion which was carried before him. As they entered the hall he sang this Christmas Carol, the last three verses of every stave being repeated after him by the whole company:

I

'The boar is dead,
Lo, here's his head,
What man could have done more
Than his head off to strike,
Meleager like,
And bring it as I do before?

2

He living spoiled,
Where good men toiled,
Which made kind Ceres sorry:
But now dead and drawn
Is very good brawn,
And we have brought it for ye.

3

Then set down the swine-yard,
The foe to the vineyard,
Let Bacchus crown his fall.
Let this boar's head and mustard
Stand for pig, goose, and custard,
And so are welcome all.'

St. John the Baptist College, by W. H. Hutton. Hutchinson, 1898.

Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1673

WHAT Greece, when learning flourished, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes lost or won.
Methinks I see you crowned with olives sit,
And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree
Where even the best are but by mercy free;
A day which none but Jonson durst have wished to see.
Here they who long have known the useful stage
Come to be taught themselves to teach the age.
As your commissioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
In your Lyceum first themselves refined,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambassadors, when long from home,
For new instructions to their princes come,
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
The illiterate writer, empiric like, applies
To minds diseased unsafe chance remedies:
The learned in schools, where knowledge first began,
Studies with care the anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and passions in their cause,
And fame from science, not from fortune draws.
So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.

There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen
Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by some chance,
They call that nature which is ignorance.
To such a fame let mere town wits aspire,
And their gay nonsense their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveness here,
Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from those Pretorian bands,
But knows that right is in this Senate's hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit.

Dryden.

Prologue and Epilogue to the University of Oxford, 1674

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assigned,
To unbend and to divert their sovereign's mind;
When, tired with following nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool shades of wit,
And from the sweet retreat with joy survey
What rests and what is conquered of the way.
Here, free yourselves from envy, care and strife,
You view the various turns of human life;
Safe in our scene, through dangerous courts you go,
And undebauched the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you set,
As once the sphere of crystal showed the great.
Blest sure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can suit your mind;
Content to see, and shun, those ills we show,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's and great Jonson's claim
May be renewed from those who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worshipped here

That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
And, as profane, from sacred places fly,
Rather than see the offended God and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers shown;
And you have been so kind that we may boast,
The greatest judges still can pardon most.
Poets must stoop, when they would please our pit,
Debased even to the level of their wit;
Disdaining that which yet they know will take,
Hating themselves what their applause must make.
But when to praise from you they would aspire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power transcends,
As what should be beyond what is extends.

EPILOGUE

Oft has our poet wished, this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat;
I wondered at his wish, but now I find
He sought for quiet and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest
And age, returning thence, concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness,
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess;
Teaching even you, while the vexed world we show,
Your peace to value more and better know.
'Tis all we can return, for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst,[1] a name the learned with reverence know,
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserved,
To rule those Muses whom before he served.
His learning and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are derived to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests

[1] Vice-Chancellor 1673-1675.

In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Whose kindness was religion to their guests:
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converse so chaste and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

Dryden.

Obadiah Walker burlesqued on the Stage

After the Restoration of King Charles, before the Cavalier and Roundhead parties, under their new denomination of Whig and Tory, began again to be politically troublesome, publick Acts at Oxford (as I find by the date of several prologues written by Dryden for Hart on those occasions) had been more frequently held than in later reigns. . . . But these Academical Jubilees have usually been look'd upon as a kind of congratulatory compliment to the accession of every new Prince to the throne, and generally as such have attended them. King James, notwithstanding his religion, had the honour of it, at which the players as usual assisted. This I have only mention'd to give the reader a theatrical anecdote of a liberty which Tony Leigh the comedian took with the character of the well-known Obadiah Walker, then Head of University College, who in that Prince's reign had turn'd Roman Catholick. The circumstance is this: In the latter end of the comedy call'd *The Committee*, Leigh who acted the part of Teague, hauling in Obadiah with an halter about his neck, whom, according to his written part, he was to threaten to hang, for no better reason than his refusing to drink the King's health, but here Leigh to justify his purpose, with a stronger provocation, put himself into a more than ordinary heat with his captive Obadiah, which having heightened his master's curiosity to know what Obadiah had done to deserve such usage, Leigh folding his arms, with a ridiculous stare of astonishment, reply'd:—'Upon my shoule, he has shange his religion.' As the merit of this jest lay chiefly in the auditors' sudden application of it to the Obadiah of Oxford, it was receiv'd with all the triumph of applause which the zeal of a different religion could inspire. But Leigh was given to understand that the King was highly displeas'd at it, inasmuch, as it had shewn him that the University was in a temper to make a jest of his proselyte.

Colley Cibber's *Apology*, 1740.

Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1681

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most:
We love the praises of a learned pit,
As we remotely are allied to wit,
We speak our poet's wit and trade in ore,
Like those who touch upon the golden shore;
Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
Discern how much and why our poems take;
Mark if the fools or men of sense rejoice;
Whether the applause be only sound or voice.
When our fop gallants or our city folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy.
We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
And for their ignorance contemn their praise.
Judge then, if we who act and they who write
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what should justly please, and what should not.
Nature herself lies open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where outlines false and colours seem to faint,
Where bunglers daub and where true poets paint.
But by the sacred genius of this place,
By every Muse, by each domestic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations sued to be made free of Rome;
Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother—university.
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

Dryden.

An Oxford Audience

BUT my chief reason for bringing the reader to Oxford was to shew the different taste of plays there from that which prevail'd at London. A great deal of that false, flashy wit and forc'd humour

which had been the delight of our metropolitan multitude, was only rated there at its bare, intrinsick value; applause was not to be purchas'd there but by the true sterling, the *sal Atticum* of a genius; unless where the skill of the actor pass'd it upon them with some extraordinary strokes of nature. Shakespeare and Jonson had, there, a sort of classical authority; for whose masterly scenes they seem'd to have as implicit a reverence as formerly for the Ethicks of Aristotle; and were as incapable of allowing Moderns to be their competitors, as of changing their academical habits for gaudy colours or embroidery. Whatever merit, therefore, some few of our more politely written comedies might pretend to, they had not the same effect upon the imagination there, nor were received with that extraordinary applause they had met with from the people of mode and pleasure in London; whose vain accomplishments did not dislike themselves in the glass that was held to them. The elegant follies of higher life were not at Oxford among their acquaintance, and consequently might not be so good company to a learned audience, as Nature, in her plain dress and unornamented in her pursuits and inclinations, seemed to be.

Cibber's *Apology*.

Oxford Arbiters of Taste

THE resident graduates [towards the end of the seventeenth century], as a body, were perhaps not superior positively to the resident graduates of our time: but they occupied a far higher position as compared with the rest of the community. For Cambridge and Oxford were then the only two provincial towns in the kingdom in which could be found a large number of men whose understandings had been highly cultivated. Even the capital felt great respect for the authority of the Universities, not only on questions of divinity, of natural philosophy and of classical antiquity, but also on points on which capitals generally claim the right of deciding in the last resort. From Will's coffee house, and from the pit of the theatre royal in Drury Lane, an appeal lay to the two great national seats of taste and learning. Plays which had been enthusiastically applauded in London were not thought out of danger till they had undergone the more severe judgment of audiences familiar with Sophocles and Terence.

Macaulay's *History of England*.

Addison's *Cato*

THE only distinguish'd merit allowed to any modern writer was to the author of *Cato*, which play being the flower of a plant rais'd in that learned garden (for there Mr. Addison had his education)

what favour may we not suppose was due to him from an audience of brethren who, from that local relation to him, might naturally have a warmer pleasure in their benevolence to his fame? But not to give more weight to this imaginary circumstance than it may bear, the fact was that on our first day of acting it, our house was, in a manner, invested; and entrance demanded by twelve o'clock at noon, and before one, it was not wide enough for many who came too late for places. The same crowds continued for three days together (an uncommon curiosity in that place), and the death of *Cato* triumph'd over the injuries of Cæsar everywhere. To conclude our reception at Oxford exceeded our expectations. At our taking leave we had the thanks of the Vice-chancellor, for the decency and order observ'd by our whole society; an honour which had not always been paid upon the same occasions; for at the Act, in King William's time, I remember some pranks of a different nature had been complain'd of. Our receipts had not only enabled us to double the pay of every actor, but to afford out of them towards the repair of St. Mary's Church, the contribution of fifty pounds.

Cibber's *Apology*.

Comedians at Oxford

It had been a custom for the comedians, while at Oxford, to act twice a day; the first play ending every morning before the college hours of dining and the other never to break into the time of shutting their gates in the evening. This extraordinary labour gave all the hired actors a title to double pay, which at the Act in King William's time, I had myself accordingly receiv'd there. But the present Managers [1712] considering that by acting only once a day, their spirits might be fresher for every single performance, and that by this means they might be able to fill up the term of their residence without the repetition of their best and strongest plays; and as their theatre was contriv'd to hold a full third more than the usual form of it had done, one house well fill'd might answer the profits of two but moderately taken up: being enabled too, by their late success at London, to make the journey pleasant and profitable to the rest of their society, they resolv'd to continue to them their double pay, notwithstanding this new abatement of half their labour.

Cibber's *Apology*.

Dean Smalridge at the Play

June 15, 1723. The late bishop Smalridge, when he was dean of Christ Church (for 'twas before he was bishop) being one night at the play, to hear Cato acted, there was great notice taken, that a

man of his order and dignity should be there; and sitting near some ladies that laughed upon this occasion, the dean thereupon spoke to one or two of his acquaintance that were by him, and told them, that the ladies laughed at him, adding, 'Sure the ladies, by laughing so, think themselves to be at church'; which being heard by them, they continued silent all the time after.

Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, 1857.

Handel in Holywell

JULY 5, 1733. One Handel, a foreigner (who, they say, was born at Hanover) being desired to come to Oxford to perform in musick this Act, in which he hath great skill, is come down, the Vice-Chancellor having requested him so to do and as an encouragement, to allow him the benefit of the Theatres both before the Act begins and after it. Accordingly he hath published papers for a performance to-day, at 5/ a ticket. This performance begins a little after 5 o'clock in the evening. This is an innovation. The players might be as well permitted to come and act.

July 6. The players being denied coming to Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor, and that very rightly, tho' they might as well have been here as Handel and (his lowsy crew) a great number of foreign fidlers, they went to Abingdon and yesterday began to act there, at which were present many gownsmen from Oxford.[1]

Reliquiæ Hearnianæ.

Oxford on the Stage

Dramatis Personae

Col. *Tramore*, a gentleman of Fortune and Sobriety, in love with, and following *Clarinda*.	Mr. MILLS.
Gainlove, a young fellow of ruined Fortune and dissolute Life, follows Lady *Science* to *Oxford*, with a view of marrying her for her Money,—but afterwards in Love with *Victoria*.	Mr. WILKS.
Shamwell, an *Irish* Fortune-Hunter, pretending to be a Lord; and following *Clarinda*.	Mr. BRIDGWATER.
Haughty, a Fellow of a College in *Oxford*, an imperious, Pedantick, unmannerly Pedagogue; of a vile Life, and vicious Principles—pretends Love to Lady *Science*.	Mr. HARPER.

[1] See details in J. H. Mee's *Oldest Music Room in Europe*, 1911.

Conundrum, another Fellow of a College, a great Pretender to Learning, which he places in Punning, Quibbling, and playing on Words.	Mr. Griffin.
Ape-all, an *Oxford* Scholar, a trifling ridiculous Fop, affecting Dress and Lewdness, and a Contemner of Learning.	Mr. Cibber.
Vice-Chancellor of the University.	Mr. Wm. Mills.
Dash, Drawer at a Tavern *in Oxford*.	Mr. Oates.
Lady Science, an old Lady, a great Pretender to Learning and Philosophy, which she places in using uncouth Words, and Terms of Art.	Mrs. Porter.
Victoria, her Daughter, bred up in the Country.	Mrs. Booth.
Clarinda, her Niece, a Lady of Fortune.	Mrs. Oldfield.
Kitty, an *Oxford* Jilt.	Miss Rastor.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

Scene, Oxford.

The Humours of Oxford: A Comedy, As it is acted at the Theatre Royal, by a Gentleman of Wadham College [James Miller]. 1730.

The 'Vic.'

Whether the modern dramatic movement is or is not beneficial is much debated in the common rooms of Oxford. The establishment of a new theatre is looked on with suspicion by those who believe that one more expedient has been invented for distracting and dissipating the undergraduate's time. But of all opposition to the theatre, the most unreasonable is that of those senior members of the University who, without any compunction of conscience, quietly permitted the vulgarities and indecencies of the Victoria Theatre. Every term the 'Vic.' used to be the chosen home of Vance, Jolly Nash, *et hoc genus omne*; nothing more refining than a music-hall entertainment was ever allowed to be exhibited on boards which would presumably have been defiled by a stage play. Only during the vacation, when the University veto was removed, was the Victoria Theatre ever respectable. The New Theatre is an enormous improvement on all this. . . .

But if doubts are felt on the subject of a respectable theatre,

still greater apprehensions are entertained as to the existence of an Undergraduate Dramatic Club. Possibly there was much the same division of feeling when the Undergraduates of the seventeenth century acted before King James, and Drs. Gwynne and Barten Holyday and Jasper Fisher were very likely suspected, like Socrates, of 'corrupting the minds of the young.'

W. L. Courtney, Preface to J. G. Adderley's *Fight for the Drama at Oxford*, 1888.

The New Theatre

FEBRUARY 13th, 1886, must be considered the culminating date of the modern dramatic movement. It was then that the New Theatre was opened—the theatre for which we had been waiting so long, and which was built mainly owing to the determination of two citizens of Oxford, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Drinkwater, to whom great assistance was given by Mr. W. L. Courtney, of New College, a warm supporter of the drama at Oxford. As if to emphasise the connection between the establishment of a good play-house with the University dramatic renaissance, our Society (the O. U. D. S.) was asked to open it with a performance of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, which was produced by Mr. Bourchier, who played the *Clown*, and recited a most excellent and fantastic prologue in character, contrasting the old and new state of the drama at Oxford. . . . The event was greatly commented upon in the public press—Mr. Burnand's article in *Punch* being particularly happy—and a more enthusiastic audience never assembled within the walls of a theatre than on that night.

Fight for the Drama at Oxford, by the Rev. Hon. J. G. Adderley, 1888.

The Oxford Pageant

THE first scene verges on tameness. It is well not to begin with your best. Frideswide flees from Algar and Algar is struck blind, but healed again at the prayer of Frideswide, who is presently made abbess of the priory round which Oxford eventually grew up. The characters hardly fill the wide stage, and are somewhat scattered. The most effective touch is the onrush of Algar's two war-galleys with a splashing and shouting that is distantly suggestive of 'Torpids.' There follows the coronation of Harold Harefoot, a gorgeous colour-scheme with its whites and blacks to the right, purples in the centre, and greens against scarlet to the left. . . . The attention centres on Archbishop Elfric, as austerely grand a figure as Bellini's Doge.

Now we come to the beginning of the University. Theobaldus Stampensis lectures, and it is interesting to note how little Oxford

has forgotten her first lesson; for Theobald is clearly a Pragmatist (if Mr. Robert Bridges is to be trusted, and surely he is the last person to be inaccurate), as witness his words, 'What is Truth? Truth is what the spirit desires.' The crowd was grouped cleverly, and we liked the boys fishing or playing ball in the back ground, just as they would do in a fifteenth-century Florentine picture. We pass by the episode of Fair Rosamund. . . . Back again we come to University History, if Professor Oman's *Friar Bacon*; or, *There is Nothing New under the Sun*, is to be treated as history. . . . The Brazen Head, that prophesies of Rhodes Scholars, and the mediæval motor-car were admirable fooling. St. Scholastica's Day, on the other hand, was a somewhat spiritless affair. Mr. Godley, with Professor Oman before his eyes as an awful warning, must have put a tight curb on his natural wit. Two lines in his libretto, however, came home to the present writer, for they were, he verily believes, the self-same words he uttered in his last Town and Gown twenty years ago:—

> 'These be wild doings. Would I could but win
> To Balliol College from this horrid din!'

Then came the crowning triumph of the show, the Masque of Mediæval Learning. With the fresco of the Cappella degli Spagnuoli to serve as model, the Seven Liberal Arts appeared as seven stately and beautiful women, led by Divine Theology, herself stately and beautiful as in any painter's dream. But lo! beyond the bridge a leafy screen parts, and there pours forth a Bacchanalian rout headed by dancing fauns. It is Pleasure coming to tempt the Vain Student, and with Pleasure in so entrancing, so bewitching a guise there is surely no hope for him. In 'the wicked rout of pleasurance' is many a symbolic figure, amongst them Red War, as Carpaccio or Benozzo Gozzoli might have limned him.

The next scene, Henry VIII. and Wolsey, is magnificently rich in colour. Was any other period quite so decorative? Henry and Wolsey are life-like, and Wolsey is an actor of parts. The allegory played before them is a pretty conceit, and the Young Knight on a hobby-horse a pretty fellow. Amy Robsart's funeral then plunges us in gloom, to be instantly dissipated by the progress of Queen Elizabeth, another spectacular marvel. The Queen, by the way, is in yellow, and not in royal scarlet, as the chronicler expressly mentions to have been the case. We note the first appearance of the hideous farthingale. It persists under James I., and the ladies combine it with equally hideous feathered hats that might still find favour in the East End. James has a full-flavoured

Scotch accent. There are two dear little princes on dearer ponies. Sir Thomas Bodley, Bacon, and Shakespeare are much in evidence, and, taking them man for man, I think it clear that after all it was Sir Thomas Bodley who wrote *Hamlet*.

The next three scenes are all concerned with Charles I. The first is named 'The Happy Days,' but unfortunately King Charles's head pervades the musical accompaniment, and a Pavan would not in itself seem to be exactly an exhilarating performance. The second scene is better. The thunderous arrival of the King's Messenger is in its way, perhaps, the outstanding feature of the pageant on its dramatic side. Charles in armour is pathetically real. In the last scene the defeated Cavaliers march forth picturesquely battered; but the Roundheads, eminently business-like men, are forsooth arrayed in clean stage-clothes without a stain or a tear; nor do they raise 'Let God arise' with any conviction. Perhaps one cannot arrange pageants and have sympathy with Puritanism. The expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen showed some fine effect of colour, but dragged a little. The final scene introduced George III. to St. Giles's Fair.

M. R., in the *Athenæum*, Saturday, July 6, 1907.

Terræ Filius

In a comedy called *The Act at Oxford*, at Drury Lane, 1704, a *Terræ filius* is introduced, who thus introduces himself and his Vocation:

'To begin, I will first acquaint you with what a *Terræ filius* is. Why, he's the University jester, the terror of fuddling doctors and dissolute commoners, a servitor in scandal and harlequin of the sciences. His continual railing at the University looks as if he were married to her, and his expulsion proves that he is divorced from her.'

. . . . . .

At that time, at the Commemoration, a licensed buffoon, under the name of 'Terræ Filius,' used to sport and play with the reputation of others. At the Grand Commemoration of 1733 he was not allowed to speak. The 'Terræ Filius Speech,' as it was to have been spoken, was nevertheless published. Its scurrility is extraordinary. In fact, the gross licentiousness of the satires commonly written on the University authorities is very striking. A Fellow of Pembroke of Johnson's time, the author of *The Expense of University Education Reduced*, comes off very easily, when compared with many others. 'Say, abstemious Don, have you never transgressed your own rules? never exceeded a twopenny com-

mons, and a halfpenny small for dinner or supper? How came the cook, then, to convey privately into your own apartment a cold fowl or neat's tongue, with a bottle or two of good wine, to stuff your maw with in Secret?' All Souls' College, if we may trust 'Terræ Filius,' was most given to drinking. He had been to look for it, but he could not find it. It used to stand above Queen's, but it would seem to have been translated over the way to the Three Tuns Tavern. So deserted was it as a place of learning that a cat had lately been starved to death in its library.

Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics, by G. Birkbeck Hill. Smith, Elder, 1878.

A List of Terræ Filii

1591. J. Hoskyns. Expelled for the bitterness of his 'satyr.'

1632. Mr. Masters. Expelled.

1651. Mr. Careles of Balliol and Will Levinz terrae filii.

1655. The Act kept in St. Mary's. Musquetiers were called in. Hence 'blows and bloody noses.'

1658. Thos. Pittis of Trinity. His speech disliked by the godly, expulsion followed.

1669. Thos. Hayes. BNC. 'The Universitie Buffoon,' says Evelyn, 'entertained the auditorie with a tedious, abusive, sarcastical rhapsodie, most unbecoming the gravitie of the Universitie and that so grossly that unless it be suppressed it will be of ill consequence, as I afterwards plainly expressed my sense of it to y^e^ Vice-Chancellor.'

1673. John Shirley of Trinity (abused the antiquary Anthony à Wood in a speech full of 'prophanitie and obsenity.')

1681. John Moore of Merton (was cudgelled afterward for some personal reflections).

1713. The speech of the Terrae Filius burned by the Common Bedell in the Theatre Yard.

1733. The Terrae Filius began by attacking the Bishop as a Mitred Hog and father of 18; Christ Church was attacked for its airs and boast of being a house and not a college; Dr. Leigh and his men of Belial (Balliol) punished some men by fines and others by sending them to Sacrament; New College is jeered at for its boy Warden; the fellows of Queen's are haughty and inferior Aristotelians; All Souls' Fellows are smarts and swashbucklers but above all Sots; To imitate a BNC fellow you need a pillow to counterfeit his belly; Exeter was governed by old women; Jesus is verminous,

and smells of burnt cheese; the Merton men are 'Lollards.'

1763. The Terrae-filius appeared, it is believed, for the last time, in a very modified and inoffensive form.

Cf. *Oxford Chronicle*, 1859; *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal*, May, 1867; Ayliffe's *Antient and Present State of the University*, 1714; Bliss's *Life of Wood*, 1848; Nicholas Amherst's *Terrae Filius; or the Secret History of the University of Oxford*, 1721.

Dr. John Owen

One of Trinity College was Terræ Filius [the elected wag of the scholars, who on these occasions was always allowed the greatest licence], and before he began the Doctor [John Owen] stood up, and in Latin told him that he should have liberty to say what he pleased, provided he would avoid profanity and obscenity, and not go into any personal reflections. The Terræ Filius began, and in a little time transgressed in all the foregoing particulars; upon which the Doctor did several times desire him to forbear those things that reflected such dishonour upon the University; but notwithstanding he still went on in the same manner. At length the Doctor, seeing him obstinate, sent his beadles to pull him down, upon which the scholars interposed, and would not suffer them to come near him. Then the Doctor resolved to pull him down himself. His friends dissuaded him for fear the scholars should do him some mischief, but he replied, 'I will not see the University so trampled on'; and hereupon he pulled him down, and sent him to Bocardo [the prison in the North Gate of the city], the scholars standing amazed at his courage and resolution.

Life, prefixed to *Works* of Dr. John Owen, 1721.

O.U.D.S. Genesis

The Philothespian Society of Oxford, after a long career of audacity in defying College and University authorities, was moribund. Its efforts were mainly confined to the House. Its swan song was the production of the *Merchant of Venice* (with Arthur Bourchier as Shylock) in 1883. In 1884 it died. Its real founder, James Adderley, whose fight for the drama at Oxford has been classed among the decisive battles of the world, joined the Committee of the O. U. D. S. on its inauguration in 1884, and only a small rump of Philothespians (with unpaid bills) remained behind. The first performance of the new Society (limited to Shakespeare by order) was given in the last month of 1884, with Gilbert Coleridge as Falstaff, Bourchier as Hotspur, and Allan Mackinnon as Prince. Cosmo Lang of Balliol spoke the Prologue, which was written by George Curzon.

'O gentle audience, Don and undergraduate—
Less gentle might it be if o'er long I bade you wait:
The Curtain's rising—at this shrine of Science,
We meet to join in nuptial alliance,
Oxford a bachelor praeclaro nomine,
And the famed Grecian maiden called Melpomene.'

Subsequent productions were *Twelfth Night*, with Bourchier as clown. *Alcestis* with Alison Phillips as chorus leader, and A. E. W. Mason (whose legs were universally admired) as Hercules, *The Merry Wives*, *Julius Caesar*, in which H. B. Irving made his *début* as Decius; *Strafford*, *King John*, *The Frogs*, *The Two Gentlemen*, and *The Tempest* (1894).

Compiled from *The Fortnightly*, Nov. 1909.

Bell ringing

MEMORANDUM that Mr. Wirdescue told me [Brian Twyne] the 2 of Aprill, 1610, that the use of ringing uppon the Coronation day was never used here in Englande before the time of Queene Elizabeth in whose fortenth yeare of her raigne [1571] or thereabouts, it begun first in Oxford, thus. St. Hugh's day [Nov. 17] being a gaudy day in Lyncolne College, the masters and the other company after their gaudies and feastinge went to ringe at All hallowes, for exercise sake. Mr. Waite beinge then mayor of Oxford and dwellinge thereabouts, beinge much displeased with their ringinge (for he was a great precisian) came to the Church to knowe the cause of the ringinge. And at length being let in by the ringers, who had shut the doores privately to themselves, he demanded of them the cause of their ringinge, charginge them with popery, that they rang for a *dirige* for Queen Mary, etc., because she died upon that day. The most part answered that they did it for exercise; but one, seeinge his fellowes pressed by the mayor so neere, answered that they runge not for Queen Mary's *dirige* but for joy of Queen Elizabeth's coronation and that that was the cause of the ringinge. Whereuppon the mayor goinge away, in spite of that answer, caused Karfax bells to be runge, and the rest as many as he could command, and so the custom grewe.

Brian Twyne, *ap. Lincoln College*, by Andrew Clark. Hutchinson, 1898.

Archery and Tennis

I DID as other idle freshmen do,
Long for to see the bell of Oseney too, . . .
But yet indeed, may not I grieve to tell,
I never drank at Aristotle's well. . . .
Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot

The forest by (believe it they that will),
Retains the surname of Shotover still.
Then having seen enough and there with all
Got some experience at the tennis ball, . . .

Wither's *Abuses Whipt and Stript*, 1613.

Athletics in the Seventeenth Century

SHOOTING with the long bow was in high favour at University, the exercise being patronised both by Abbot and Bancroft [Masters of University College, 1597-1632]. 'Our Master,' wrote George Radcliffe, May 28, 1610, 'loves shooting, and we must follow.' Bowls and 'prickes' [a game like bowls] were frequently played, and maintained their popularity throughout the century; and in 1673 Obadiah Walker recommends the exercise for young men as 'good for the reins, stone and gravel.' Most Colleges possessed a 'ball-court' in the seventeenth century. University from a very early period possessed an attraction of this kind; mention is made of the 'sphaeristerium' before the middle of the fifteenth century. . . . Of the general regard for exercise as necessary to health there is abundant evidence, but anything approaching the violence of modern athletics seems to have been unknown. 'If you use to swinge,' says Brilliana, Lady Harley, to her son Ned, at Magdalen Hall in 1638, 'let it be not violently, for exercise should be rather to refresh than tyer nature.'

University College, by W. Carr. Hutchinson, 1902.

Prohibited Games

EVERY kind of game in which money is concerned, such as dibs, dice, cards, cricketing in the private grounds or gardens of townspeople, . . . every kind of game or exercise from which danger, injury, or inconvenience might arise to other people, such as the hunting of beasts with any sort of dogs, ferrets, nets, or toils; also any use or carrying of muskets, cross-bows, or falcons. . . . Neither rope dancers, nor actors, nor shows of gladiators without special leave. . . . The scholars are not to play at football, nor with cudgells, either among themselves or with the towns folk, a practice from which the most perilous contentions have often arisen. The penalties are corporal punishment, if by reason of age it be becoming, fines, postponement of the degree, expulsion for a time or for ever.

'Laudian Statutes,' *ap.* Boase's *Oxford*.

Coursing in the Schools

IN the year 1637 I [Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury] went to Oxford to Exeter College, under the immediate tuition of Dr. Prideaux. . . . I kept both horses and

servants in Oxford, and was allowed what expense or recreation I desired . . . It gave me the opportunity of obliging by entertainments the better sort and supporting divers of the activest of the lower rank with giving them leave to eat when in distress upon my expense, it being no small honour amongst those sort of men, that my name in the buttery book willingly owned twice the expense of any in the University. This expense, my quality, proficiency in learning, and natural affability easily not only obtained the goodwill of the wiser and older sort, but made me leader even of all the rough young men of that college, famous for the courage and strength of tall, raw-boned Cornish and Devonshire gentlemen, which in great numbers yearly came to that college, and did then maintain in the schools *coursing* against Christ Church, the largest and most numerous college in the University. This *coursing* was in older times, I believe, intended for a fair trial of learning and skill in logic, metaphysics, and school divinity, but for some ages that had been the least part of it, the dispute quickly ending in affronts, confusion, and very often blows, when they went most gravely to work. They forebore striking, but making a great noise with their feet, they hissed, and shoved with their shoulders, and the stronger in that disorderly order drove the other out before them, and, if the schools were above stairs, with all violence hurrying the contrary party down, the proctors were forced either to give way to their violence or suffer in the throng. Nay, the Vice-Chancellor, though it seldom has begun when he was present, yet being begun, he has sometimes unfortunately been so near as to be called in, and has been overcome in their fury, once up, in these adventures. I was often one of the disputants, and gave the sign and order for their beginning, but being not strong of body was always guarded from violence by two or three of the sturdiest youths, as their chief and one who always relieved them when in prison and procured their release and very often was forced to pay the neighbouring farmers, when they of our party that wanted money were taken in the fact, for more geese, turkeys, and poultry than either they had stole or he had lost, it being very fair dealing if he made the scholar when taken pay no more than he had lost since his last reimbursement.

Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury, by W. D. Christie. Macmillan, 1871.

The Bowling Green

AFTER dinner I went to the public bowling green, it being the only recreation I can affect. Coming in, I saw half a score of the finest youths the sun, I think, ever shined upon. They walked to and

fro, with their hands in their pockets, to see a match played by some scholars and some gentlemen fam'd for their skill. I gaped also and stared as a man in his way would doe; but a country ruff gentleman, being like to lose, did swear at such a rate that my heart did grieve that those fine young men should hear it, and know there was such a thing as swearing in the kingdom. Coming to my lodging, I charged my son never to go to such publick places unless he resolved to quarrel with me.

The Guardian's Instruction, 1688.

A Private Ball

April 4, 1722.—Went a Circuiting with Mr. Collins of our College. This is an exercise previous to a Master's Degree.

April 6.—Mr. Dolben, Mr. Colchester, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Harvey, Gentlemen Commoners of Balliol, Mr. St. John and Mr. Smith, Gent. Commoners of Oriel, with Mr. Unit of Worcester and myself made a Private Ball at Mr. Conyers for Miss Brigandine (my partner), Miss Hume, Miss Brooks, etc. . . .

May 16.—Rode out with Mr. Clayton to Basisley, Mr. Lenton's seat. Near here met Mr. Clayton's three sisters (all fine bred women; the youngest, Miss Charlotte, is a beautiful creature and has a deal of l'Esprit), Miss Lenton, a very agreeable person, and Miss Clerk of Burford, sitting upon a large oak, breathing the Evening Fresco: Walk'd with the ladies about two hours and then return'd.

'Diary of Erasmus Philipps,' *Notes and Queries*, 1860.

The Eternal Feminine

Young Oxford of that day was keenly alive (when is it not?) to the charms of beauty. It toasted the fair at social gatherings; it attended them in public; it extolled their beauties in effusive verse, with a sentimental abandon which modern youth, surrendering to the charm with more reticence and only during the summer terms and Christmas vacation, would consider undignified and even disgusting.

Macmillan's Magazine, 'Oxford in the Eighteenth Century,' by A. D. Godley, 1898.

Pastimes of a Fellow-Commoner

1722, Feb. 13.—Went to the Great Cock Match in Holywell, fought between the Earl of Plymouth and the Town Cocks, which beat his Lordship.

March 7.—Baron Price and Justice Dormer at Oxford attended the Nisi Prius. . . . Mr. Holmes, the Junior Proctor, and Mr. Hector, the Junior Collector, made their speeches in the Theatre. The Proctor's was a delicate and masterly piece of oratory, as

indeed was likewise the speech of Mr. Slocock, Junior Proctor *an.* 1720, which I forgot to mention. Mr. Henry Church (the Junior Proctor, a Pembrokian) came off very handsomely. The speeches of Mr. Brynkow and Mr. ——, Senior Proctor and Collector for the year 1720, were not much admired. . . .

March 25.—Honble. Mr. Edward Nevil (brother to George Nevil, Lord Abergavenny), Nobleman of Wadham, gave me Dr. Barn's *Anacreon.*

29.—With Mr. Kennet (son to Dr. White Kennet, Bp. of Peterborough), Fellow of Merton, who communicated to me his uncle Basil's incomparable speech on his being elected President of Corpus Christi with several curious letters of his when abroad to his Brother White, which are masterpieces in the Epistolary Way: together with a Copy of Verses of his to Mr. Pope, and also a copy of Miss Cowper's to the same person, both which are extreamly good.

Diary of Erasmus Philipps.

Entertainments and Expeditions

April 9, 1721.—Supped with the Marquiss of Carnarvon at his Apartments in Baliol College, where were Lord Lusam [Lewisham] and Mr. Legh [Legge], his Brother [sons to Wm. Legg, Earl of Dartmouth], and Sir Walter Bagott, Bart., Noblemen of Magdalene College, Dr. King, a Civilian, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Dr. Sedgwick Harrison, a Civilian and Camden Professor of History, Dr. Steward, M.D. (a Scotch Gentleman and Companion to the Marquiss), Dr. Hunt, Fellow of Baliol College (Tutor to the Marquiss); Robert Craven, Esq. (Bro. to Wm. Craven, Lord Craven), Stephen and Henry Fox, Esqrs., sons to the famous Sir Stephen Fox, Knt. (Gent. Commoners of Christ Church); Mr. Lees, Fellow of Corpus Christi; Mr. Humphrey Lloyd, B.D., Fellow of Jesus, and my brother. The Entertainment here was extremely elegant in every respect.

April 14, 1721.—Rode with Mr. Wilder (Fellow and Vicegerent of Pembroke) and Mr. Le Merchant to Newnam, where dined upon fish. . . . Coming home a dispute arose between these two gentlemen, whom with great difficulty I kept from blows.

July 4, 1721.—Went up the River a fishing with Mr. Wilder, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clayton (Gent. Commoner), Mr. Sylvester and Mr. Bois, all Pembrokians, as far as Burnt Isle, whereon we landed and dressed a leg of mutton, which afterwards we dispatched in the wherry. The passage to this diminutive Island is wonderfully sweet and pleasant.

Sept. 1721.—Walked to Pert's with Mr. Wilder; this is a

pleasant tour from Oxford, whereof from this Hill one has a good Prospect.

July 3, 1722.—Gave Mr. Horn an Essay on Friendship. In the Evening went with him, Mr. Birch, Mr. Hume, Mr. Sylvester, the Wightwicks, to Godstow by water, taking Musick and Wine with us.

Diary of Erasmus Philipps.

Races and Balls

SEPT. 20, 1720.—Rode to Portmead (a mile from Oxford), where Mr. Stapleton's horse run against Mr. Jerningham's and won the £40 plate.

21st.—The Galloway Plate, value £15, was run for by one horse. . . . At night went to the assembly at the Angel, where the affair was a Flat Crown.

22.—Walked to Portmead, where Mr. Freeman's Horse run against Mr. Jerningham's and Mr. Garret's Mare and won the £20 Plate. After this was a Footrace between several Taylors for Geese, etc. At night went to the Ball at the Angel. A Guinea Touch. . . .

N.B.—The chief of the Company at these Races, Ball, and Assembly, were the Earl of Abingdon, Sir Jno Walter and Sir Jonathan Cope, Barts.; Tho. Rowney, Esq., and his son Tom, the Sir Clement Cotterell on this occasion [*i.e.* Master of the Ceremonies]; the Honble. Mr. Lee (Bro. to George Henry Lee, Earl of Litchfield); Henry Farmer, Esq., Mr. Brown, Mr. Rose, Mr. Warren, Mr. Throgmorton, etc. . . . Countess of Litchfield, Lady Barbara Lee (sister to Lord Litchfield), Lady Charlotte Powis, Lady Walter, Lady Tyrrell and her three daughters, Mrs. Berty, three Miss Stonehouses[1] (daughters to Sr Jno. Stonehouse, Bart.), all fine women, Miss Glynnes, Miss Harries's (Whinchester Ladies), Miss Tuftons, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Rowney, Mrs. Briganden[1] and her daughters, etc.

1721, March 28.—Went a Fox hunting with Geo. Henry Lee

[1] On an old pane of glass in University College are inscribed in the handwriting of the early part of the eighteenth century, the names of two of the ladies of the Ball:—

'Charming Pen Stonehouse,
Loveliest of women, Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round you,
Brightening each, thou art all divine
Nanny Brigantine.'

Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics, 1878.

Hearne, who saw Sir John Stonehouse's new brick house at Radley on July 1, 1727, notes that 'Sir John's eldest daughter, Mrs. Penelope Stenhouse (a fine creature) is married to Sir Henry Atkins.'

Earl of Litchfield, John Leveson Gower, Lord Gower, Marq[s] of Carnarvon, S[r] Wm. Wyndham, Bart., Mr. Villiers (Brother to Villiers, Earl of Jersey), etc. Din'd at Woodstock.

July 4, 1722.—Set out for the Races at Burford (15 long miles from Oxford and indifferent Roads). Lay at a Private House here and next morning breakfasted with Mr. Wm. Lenton at Mrs. Clerk's here, where saw a pretty Miss, her Daughter. The church in this Town is very large and decent and among other things 'tis adorn'd with the stately Monument of Lord Chief Baron Tanfield. First day, Mr. Dashwood's True Blew (one of the most beautiful Stone Horses that ever was known in England, and one of the best Racers, of a dappled-grey colour, but now old) run against Mr. Dormer's Crop and won the Size Plate, value 50 Guineas. . . .

Aug. 7.—Went to Portmead, where Lord Tracey's Mare Whimsey (the swiftest Galloper in England) run against Mr. Garrard's Smock faced Molly, and won the Size Money (a Purse of 40 Guineas) with all the facility imaginable. I was informed by a good hand that Whimsey had won 20 Races successively and had beat the most noted Horses in England. She gallops indeed at an incredible rate, and has true metal to carry it on. Upon this occasion I cou'd not help thinking of Job's description of the Horse and particularly of that expression in It, 'He swalloweth the Ground,' which is an expression for prodigious swiftness in use amongst the Arabians, Job's countrymen, at this Day. . . .

Sept. 12, 1722.—Set out for Woodstock races with Mr. Goodrick of Wadham and my Brother. The 1[st] Day a Rone Gelding call'd Foxhunter (a noted horse), belonging to James Brudenell, E. of Cardigan, run against Mr. Dashwood's True Blew . . . and won the Plate, which was of considerable value. . . .

Sept. 15th.—A Saddle was run for and won by a pretty Mare belonging to Mr. Speke, Fellow of Wadham. . . . During these Races lay at the Boar in Woodstock, where upon this occasion Plays were acted by Mr. Butcher and Company.

Sept. 18, 1722.—Went to the Races at Bicester (12 miles from Oxford). This is but a small Town, seated pleasantly enough, with a fair spatious Church; a good Market on Friday. This Place is also call'd Burcester, perhaps as much as to say Birini Castrum, implying it to be a Frontier Garrison of the West Saxons against the Mercians, rais'd out of ruins of Alchester by the advice of Birinus, Bp. of Dorchester. This is a Town of very antient name, and Camden remarks that Gilbert Bassett and Egeline de Courtney, his wife, in the reign of Henry II., built here a monastery in honour of St. Edburg; . . . the memory of St. Edburg I find is

now preserved in a Well call'd St. Edburg's Well, as also in a Green Foot Path leading to it call'd Tadbury Walk, corrupted for the Edburg Way Walk. . . . First Day, Ld. Tracey's Mare Whymsey ran against Mr. Proby's Black Chymney Sweeper and won a Plate of considerable value. . . .

Sept. 21.—Squirrell a Horse of Sir Ed. Obrien's run against Staghunter, a Horse of Lord Visct. Hillisborough . . . and won the £15 given by the D. of Wharton, who at night gave a Ball and a very handsome Entertainment in the Long Room here. Butcher's Company acted Plays here during the Races. . . . I lay at the Swan, where was Martha of the Cocao-Tree in London. Return'd to Oxford with Mr. Cook, a Londoner and very ingenious Gentleman.

Sept. 24.—Treated Pembroke College in the Common Room.

Oct. 1.—Took up my Caution Money (£10) from the Bursar and lodg'd it with Dr. Panting, the Master, for the use of Pembroke College.

Ditto.—I left the University and set out in Haine's Coach for London where arrived at Night.

Diary of Erasmus Philipps.

Fencing

APRIL 27, 1721.— —— Yate, Esq^r., Gent. Commoner of Queen's (my particular friend), and Mr. Wynne, Batchelor of the same College, playing together with swords, the former gave the other such a terrible wound, that his life was for a good while despaired of.

Diary of Erasmus Philipps.

Fencing School

MY acquaintance with Sir James commenced at the fencing school of Paniotti, a native of one of the Greek islands, a fine old Grecian, full of sentiments of honour and courage, and of a most independent spirit.

Mr. L., a young gentleman of a noble family and of abilities, but of overbearing manners, was our fellow-pupil under Paniotti. At the same school we met a young man of small fortune and in a subordinate situation at Magdalen. He fenced in a regular way, and much better than Mr. L., who, in revenge, would sometimes take a stiff foil that our master used for parrying, and pretending to fence, would thrust it with great violence against his antagonist. The young man submitted for some time to this foul play, but at last he appealed to Paniotti and to such of his pupils as were present. Paniotti, though he had expectancies from the patronage of the father of his nobly-born pupil, yet without hesitation condemned his conduct.

One day, in defiance of L.'s bullying pride, I proposed to fence with him, armed as he was with this unbending foil, on condition that he should not thrust at my face; but at the very first opportunity he drove the foil into my mouth. I went to the door, broke off the buttons of two foils, turned the key in the lock, and offered one of these extemporary swords to my antagonist, who very prudently declined the invitation. This person afterwards shewed through life an unprincipled and cowardly disposition. The young man, who had at first borne with him with so much temper, distinguished himself in after life in the army. I mention the circumstance in which I was concerned, because I believe it contributed to my being well received at first among my fellow-students at Oxford. I remember with gratitude, that I was liked by them.

Edgeworth's *Memoirs*, 1820.

Hunting in 1821

MOST of the Gentlemen Commoners at Magdalen were keen fox-hunters. Our college turned out fourteen red-coats four days a week out of twenty men. The conversation in the Common-room and at parties was very much on hunting subjects, much to the annoyance of Marshall and myself. As we had the advantage of most of the hunters both in ideas and in the power of expressing them we entered into a league to talk down hunting and in this we generally succeeded when we happened to be together. When we had to encounter 'the copper-coloured Indians,' as I called the hunting men, single handed we were overpowered.

Autobiography of the Rev. J. H. Gray, ed. by his widow. Privately printed, 1868.

Beagle Packs

THE country in the neighbourhood of Oxford is well hunted by beagles; the following undergraduates' packs are now in existence: the Christ Church, New College, and Magdalen, and the Exeter College. The first-named pack has been in existence for a considerable number of years, and on more than one occasion has won laurels at Peterborough. The kennels are at Garsington and the pack hunts over a good deal of South Oxfordshire country, where it is welcome as being often the means of driving outlying foxes back to the coverts. The New College and Magdalen Beagles hunt over much the same country, though at times they go further afield and cross the border into Berkshire. The Exeter College pack, one of more recent origin, hunt north of Oxford within the bounds of the Heythrop country.

. . . . . .

Royal Edward

Our present [now late] King, then Prince of Wales and an under-

graduate at Oxford, used frequently to hunt with Lord Macclesfield [Master of the South Oxfordshire Hunt 1857-1884] and had the brush of the first fox he had seen killed by hounds near Garsington on 27th February, 1860.

Capt. H. L. Ruck-Keene in the *Victoria History of the County of Oxford.* Constable, 1907.

Sunflowers and Blue China

THERE was no æstheticism in my day at Oxford. One class of men used to read: the others to shoot, hunt, or row. Much later there was a disturbance caused by the sudden ingress of æsthetic taste to which the papers gave a somewhat wide currency. A young æsthetic had his rooms wrecked. His furniture and his china, his peacock feathers and his other tomfooleries had been reduced to ruin. It is urged on the other hand that he had so far forgotten himself as to speak disrespectfully of the college boat, and that his punishment was justly deserved. 'The controversy,' says a writer of the day, 'is a very pretty one and up to this moment it is being most acrimoniously carried on, and on the whole the oarsmen, blunt and soldier-like as is their diction, are getting the best of the dispute. The Æsthetes abuse them as Boeotians, and call them brutal, stupid, and ill-educated. To this the Athletes reply, with some promptitude, that there are more boating men to be found in the First-Class than any furnished by the æsthetic contingent, and one of their number goes so far as to make a very uncomplimentary remark of another kind. The sarcasm is one upon which we need not dwell, but it seems that the Æsthetes have gone rather out of their way to provoke it. Amidst all the coarseness and roughness of Oxford there runs a wholesome and manly dislike of everything that is sickly, mean and effeminate, and there is also a tendency to associate effeminacy with other failings.'

Oxford Memories, by James Pycroft. Bentley, 1886.

Landor's Gunnery at Trinity

ONE other Commoner must be noticed, Walter Savage Landor, who came up from Rugby in 1793. Southey remembered him vaguely as a 'mad Jacobin,' the first undergraduate who wore his hair without powder. In 1794, though his extraordinary talents and skill in composition had been recognised in spite of his eccentricities, he was sent down. . . . His own narrative is extant in a letter to a friend:—

'In the morning I had been a shooting; in the evening I invited a party to wine. In the room opposite there lived a man

universally laughed at and despised . . . and it unfortunately happened that he had a party on the same day, consisting of servitors and other raffs of every description. The weather was warm and the windows were open; the consequence was, that those who were in my room began rowing those in his, who very soon retorted. All the time I was only a spectator . . . but my gun was lying on another table in the room. I had in my back closet some little shot, and I proposed, as they had closed the casements, and the shutters were on the outside, to fire a volley. It was thought a good trick; and according I went into my bedroom and fired. Soon the president sent up a servant to inform me that Mr. Leeds had complained of a gun being fired from the room in which I entertained my company, but he could not tell by whom; so that he insisted on knowing from me and making me liable to the punishment.'

Landor unfortunately took the line of denying that a gun had been fired from his *room*: he was rusticated with an intimation that the authorities were anxious that he should return; but the consequent quarrel with his father changed his career altogether.

Trinity College, by H. E. D. Blakiston. Hutchinson, 1898.

First Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match.

THE first Oxford and Cambridge cricket match was played in 1827, and Charles Wordsworth of Christ Church, nephew of the poet, and afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, may justly be honoured as the founder of the contest. As captain of the Harrow eleven, Wordsworth, when he entered the House in 1826, had a large acquaintance among cricketers who had gone up to one or other of the two Universities from Harrow and also from Eton and Winchester, against which schools Harrow had played. Moreover though an Oxford man, Charles Wordsworth's home was at Cambridge, his father being Master of Trinity; and this gave him an opportunity of communicating with men of that University. 'In those ante-railway days,' writes Bishop Wordsworth more than sixty years after, 'it was necessary to get permission from the College authorities to go up to London in term time and the permission was not readily granted. My conscience still rather smites me when I remember that in order to gain my end I had to present myself to the Dean and tell him that I wished to be allowed to go to London—not to play a game of cricket (that would not have been listened to) but to consult a dentist; a piece of Jesuitry which was understood I believe equally well on both sides; at all events my tutor, Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was privy to it.' The match was fixed for June 4th, though

whether it was actually played on that date or a few days later seems a little uncertain. Unfortunately unfavourable weather only allowed of a single innings, in which Oxford scored 258 and Cambridge 92. The players on the Cambridge side were mostly Etonians and on the Oxford side mostly Wykehamists. Of the members of the two elevens who contended at Lords in 1827, five at least were still living after a lapse of over sixty years.

'Account' by Bishop Charles Wordsworth in *Cricket*. Badminton Library, 1893.

An Oxford Coachman

EDWARDS the Coachman, with his whip in his hand and a pink in his button-hole, sauntered quietly up while the coach was being loaded, and said to me, as he put his finger to his hat, 'It is time I knew your luggage, sir; I have seen it pretty often. You've passed the right side the post—eh, sir? Mr. Meadows told me that good news. So I must congratulate you, sir.' 'Ned,' turning to the porter, 'keep a box-seat for Mr. Austin. You deserve it this term—don't ye, sir?'

Coachmen are not so communicative at first start, thinking of the way-bill and the work before them, and sometimes from habit when they have no way-bill to think of; but after a while our usual conversation began:—

'They've been down upon some of them this examination, haven't they, sir? Mr. Flower, I fancy, has tried to shave the corner too fine.'

'Why, who told you, Edwards?'

'All right, sir. No tales out o' school. You needn't be afraid of committing yourself—I knew it before ever I spoke to you, sir, honour bright!'

'It seems to me, Edwards, you pick up information very fast.'

'That's because they tell o' themselves very often, sir; a bird just plucked, and tender-like and sensitive, is sure to squeak. I know the ways of them, sir, as well as any one. Not that I am ever curious; but when a box-seat has a heavy conscience, and every stage brings him nearer and nearer to his old gentleman who has had to pay and pay year after year, and pay for nothing, and when the news has gone down the road before him, he's sure to split upon himself. A gentleman outside one day told a story out o' one of your College-books—I didn't think there had been half as much sense in those books—about a young woman who had made some unpleasant discovery or other about her young man's ears, and not having anybody to tell it to, she went and dug a hole

in the garden and told it there. That's life, sir, that is. I call that human nature all over. A box-seat talking quietly—and no outsides behind to overhear—I can get anything out of such a gentleman about College by the time we change at the Hare-and-Hounds on the hill; or, if not then, wait till he has had one half-pint of the Swan's Neck ale hot, with a little gin in it, and it will all come out as smooth as can be. That's the way I know things, Mr. Austin.'

Twenty Years in the Church, by James Pycroft. Booth, 1859.

Oxford Cricket 1836-40

THE year 1836 saw the first of the series of the cricket matches as of the inter-University boat-races, though of both there had been a stray match before. There was a boat-race at Henley in 1829, and a cricket match the same year at Oxford, There was also a match at Lord's in 1827. The two notables in these matches were Mr. Herbert Jenner, whom, even in the days of Box and Wenman, Mr. Ward deemed the best wicket-keeper he had ever seen; and Charles Wordsworth, who at Harrow, with his brother at Winchester, joined, in 1825, in establishing the School Matches for some years annually at Lords. His lordship was a fine free hitter, and would have been a first-rate player at any day.

. . . . . .

On the Cambridge side, in their first match, were three of the most celebrated cricketers ever known at Lord's: the present Lord Bessborough, Charles Taylor, and Broughton, first-rate at middle wicket or cover point, at which he played (viret vigetque) thirty years! The Cantabs played without their King's men, of whom was Kirwan, the swiftest underhand (either a swing or a jerk) of his day. In the then state of Lord's we could not have stood against him. Though Oxford won the match, little was proved as to the superiority of our Eleven. Lord's in those days, in a hot summer was clay baked to the hardness of brick.

. . . . . .

We had no school professionals, and at Oxford, only one club—that on Cowley Marsh. There was a Brazenose Club and a Bullingdon; but Cricket there was secondary to the dinners, and the men were chiefly of an expensive class.

At that time gloves and pads were quite unknown as articles of commerce, though I had contrived a pad for one ankle and three padded fingers—stalls which once saved my fingers from a literal smash. The usual style at Lord's as seen with Mr. Budd and others, was nankeen knee-breeches and two pairs of stockings, the

upper pair rolled down to form a pad for the ankle-bone. The old underhand bowling or jerking was terribly fast sometimes; Marcon of Eton, Osbaldestone, Brown of Brighton needed two long-stops, smashed wickets, and have been known to hit bails thirty yards.

Planting Peckwater

Consule Gaisford 'Peckwater' enriched the Oxford vocabulary with a proverb. During one of the Dean's periodical quarrels with the men, some of them scaled his garden wall in the night, dug up a quantity of shrubs, and planted them in Peckwater, which was found next morning verdant with unwonted boskage; and for many years 'planting Peckwater' was synonymous with a House Party or Christ Church row.

Reminiscences, by W. Tuckwell. Cassell, 1900.

Coaching diversions: an Oxford Jehu

Lynch Pynne left school and entered college with an exhibition; but unfortunately, in going down to reside, the coachman trusted him with the reins for three or four stages. He could never rest quiet afterwards, except upon a coach box or in the stable, and spent all his exhibition in treating coachmen and feeing them to let him drive. His studies were neglected, and hall and chapel cut almost every day. The expostulations, entreaties, and threats of his tutors and friends were all uttered in vain. He was imposed, sconced, and confined to college; but he got his impositions done by the barber, paid his sconces and got over the college walls after dark to work the Worcester mail one stage out of Oxford and in again every night, though he knew he should be expelled if he were found out.

The tutors were justly incensed by his conduct, and tried every means in their power to detect him, and catch him *in ipso*; but it was no easy matter, for he was such a favourite with all the College servants, and behaved so liberally to them in the buttery, that they wisely thought they should gain a loss if they lost him, and when questioned on the subject of his getting out of College at night, 'never knowed nothing at all about it.' His brother collegians, as a matter of course, admired his spirit too much to betray him, and were highly delighted at his success in 'doing the dons.' One or two, in a base attempt to imitate him and interfere with the κῦδος his determined resistance to the authorities had obtained for him, were caught out the first night, and rusticated accordingly, illustrating the truth of the old proverb, 'one man may steal a horse out of a field, though another may not look over the hedge at him.'

The truth of another 'old saw' was shortly proved, 'that an earthen pitcher may go once too often to the well'; for his tutor, finding all his attempts useless to discover Mr. Lynch Pynne's 'outgoings and incomings' by the agency of the college servants, determined to try a plan of his own. He sent his scout for change for a one-pound-note, which, in those days, like foreign ambassadors, were 'representatives of a sovereign,' and went out of College in what the members of the United Service call mufti, but members of the University call *beaver*, which means, not in his academics—his cap and gown. He walked about the regions of 'the Angel,' and, when the Worcester mail drew up to give the passengers their ten minutes to suffocate themselves in endeavouring to get their *quid pro quo*—supper enough to compensate for three shillings, and sixpence the waiter, he, like Norval, 'hovered about the spot, and marked' down the coachman. (Not a bad example that of an anacoluthon. P. P.)

'Coachman,' said he, stepping up to him, and depositing in his hand ten shillings of the change out of the one-pound-note, 'I want you to do me a favour.'

'Certainly, sir, replied coachey, touching hat with one hand, and pocketing the money with the other, 'anything to oblige so perfect a gentleman.'

'I want you to——'

'Bring you down a little fish, perhaps, sammun's plentiful, but shrimps is scarce and you Oxford gentleman would never think of eating sammun arout shrimps,' said coachey, in a gin-and-water voice, through the folds of three bird's-eye 'handkerchers,' and the collar of a Witney coat.

'You entirely mistake me,' said the tutor: 'there is an undergraduate of our college, who acts on the principle *quid libet audendi*—I beg pardon—I mean of running all risks of rustication and expulsion, to indulge his *penchant*—I beg pardon—his—how can I express it? his—*propositi tenacitas*—I really beg your pardon—his insatiable love for driving—*hippocalizing*—I beg pardon—flogging horses; and gets over our walls every night and morning—*mane noctuque*—I beg pardon again—to drive one of the night coaches. You will oblige me greatly by giving me a σημεῖον—beg pardon again—a hint, a sure hint, by which I might——'

'Be down upon him, eh?'

'Yes; that is, detect him. What wheeled carriage does he direct?'

'What *what*?' inquired coachey, sending a *jet d'eau* through his teeth. 'Oh, you mean what drag does he work?—the Champion

—up in ten minutes—look sharp, and you will be sure to nab him —right, sir—time up—Bill, tune up your tin, and save the passengers an attack of indigestion.' The guard blew his horn. The insides and outs rushed out of the Angel grumbling, with their mouths full, and the coachman mounted the box; and after assuring the tutor that he should be happy at all times to furnish him with information on the same terms, squared his elbows, and drove off.

Mr. Slink, the tutor, walked up and down the High Street, rubbing his hands from joy at the success of his scheme and the coldness of the night, which at last grew so intense, that he slipped unseen into the coaching office, and sat himself down by the fire behind a heap of luggage placed ready for stowing on board the Champion. He had not been thus comfortably seated above a minute, when the book-keeper and porter rolled into the office without seeing him, laughing so convulsively as to be obliged to hold their stomachs with both hands, and to raise a leg alternately to save themselves from bursting. Mr. Slink, being in good humour, enjoyed it very much and laughed internally.

'Jacobs,' said Jack Hutton, in apoplectic tones, 'did you ever?'

'No, never!' said Jacobs, and both book-keeper and porter laughed more convulsively than before. 'To think his own tutor shouldn't know him!' said Jacobs.

'And to see him take it so *ex-cess-ive* cool! Pocketing the blunt, too—ten bob—to split upon himself,' said Jack Hutton.

'And how well he imitated old Spooner's foggy voice,' said Jacobs.

'Warn't it well,' said Jack. 'And then to let him kick his legs about for an hour in the frost, waiting for the Champion!—Oh—if he'd only jine the profession—he'd soon get to the top on it!'

'Better set up in the bacon trade,' said Jacobs, 'he's so good at gammon.'

Peter Priggins, The College Scout, edited by Theodore Hook, Esq., 1841.

The 'Mouse' and his Dogs

THERE was one incorrigible young idler who never failed in his 'open sesame,' and wasted more of my brother's time than all the rest of the college. But who could be angry with him? He was one of the smallest and most delicate men I ever saw, weighing about 8 st. 10 lb., a capital rider and as brave as a lion, though we called him 'the Mouse.' Full of mother wit, but utterly uncultivated, it was a perfect marvel how he ever matriculated, and his answers and attempts at construing, in lecture, were fabulous—full of good impulse, but fickle as the wind; reckless, spendthrift, fast,

in constant trouble with tradesmen, proctors, and the college authorities. But no tradesman when it came to the point had the heart to 'court,' or proctor to rusticate him; and the Dean, though constantly in wrath at his misdeeds, never got beyond warnings and 'gating.' So he held on, until his utter, repeated, and hopeless failure to pass his 'smalls' brought his college career to its inevitable end. Unfortunately for my brother's reading, that career coincided with his third year, and his society had an extraordinary fascination for 'the Mouse.' The perfect contrast between them, in mind and body, may probably account for this; but I think the little man had also a sort of longing to be decent and respectable, and in the midst of his wildest scrapes, felt that his intimacy with the best oar and cricketer in the college, who was also on good terms with the Dons, and paid his bills, and could write Greek verses, kept him in touch with the better life of the place, and was a constant witness to himself of his intention to amend, some day. They had one taste in common, however, which largely accounted for my brother's undoubted affection for the little 'ne'er-do-weel,' a passion for animals. The Mouse kept two terriers, who were to him as children, lying in his bosom by night and eating from his plate by day. Dogs were strictly forbidden in college, and the vigilance of the porter was proof against all the other pets. But the Mouse's terriers defied it. From living on such intimate terms with their master, they had become as sharp as undergraduates. They were never seen about the quadrangles in the daytime, and knew the sound and sight of dean, tutor, and porter, better than any freshman. When the Mouse went out of College, they would stay behind on the staircase till they were sure he must be fairly out in the street, and then scamper across the two quadrangles and out of the gate, as if their lives depended on the pace. In the same way, on returning, they would repeat the process, after first looking cautiously in at the gate to see that the porter was safe in his den. But after dusk they were at their ease at once, and would fearlessly trot over the forbidden grass of the inner quad or sit at the Provost's door or on the Hall steps, and romp with anybody not in a master's gown.

Memoir of a Brother, by Thomas Hughes. Macmillan, 1873.

What, not even a funeral?

'I WONDER whether you would care,' writes Prebendary Hodgkinson, 'for a reminiscence of dear old Dr. Evans. [Master of Pembroke 1864-91]. In 1857 I was asked to play for Oxford, and was in for my *viva voce* in Smalls on the very day of the match. What was I to do? I consulted the Dean.

Evans. Well, ah—have you, ah, a marriage in the family? H. No, sir, I am afraid not.

E. Surely you can arrange a christening? H. I am afraid not, sir.

E. What, not even a funeral? H. No, sir.

E. Well, then, I suppose we must tell the truth.

Whereupon he put on his gown, walked off to the Vice-Chancellor (Sewell of New College), told him the difficulty, got me permission to go in first day for *viva voce*, and so I was able to play.'

Pembroke College, by D. Macleane. Hutchinson, 1898.

'Models of culture'

They dined in the little common-room—an interesting party truly. There was Manvers, the Union orator, frowning at his soup as one who scorned the indulgence of the baser appetites. There was the young poet Farwood, slim of figure, with a habit of suddenly inflating his chest, and pushing back his hay-coloured hair. Always inseparable, those two young dons Blosset of Christopher's and Jones of St. James's were exchanging confidences about a fender. Young Cranley, with youthful eyes fixed on Kerisen the host, whom he reverenced as a model, was trying hard to seem as old as he really was. Finally there was Blogg, who had read Voltaire. Heterodoxy, epigram, paradox, were child's play to Blogg. He rejoiced in a terrible reputation for infidelity, but even this enjoyment was taken sadly. He was said to be acquainted with all creeds, and to keep them all in pigeon-holes. If he were suspected of any superstition, it was of an amiable weakness for the mysteries of Isis and the turning of tables. . . .

'What do you think of them?' asked the host.

'Think of them!' cried Irvine; 'I think they are a set of egotistical, shy, attitudinising humbugs.'

'Good enough fellows, as fellows go,' remarked Kerisen, and he added, 'models of culture.'

'If that is culture,' said Dale solemnly, 'give me stone-breaking for choice.'

'They don't do the thing well in Oxford,' Kerisen admitted. 'Come to me in London at any time. Drop a line and come. I will show you the real thing—the men whom these men imitate, real lions. You shall see them in their dens and at their ease. These Oxonian cubs are never at their ease.'

Irvine Dale, walking homeward down the street, where his footfall sounded loud in the stillness, hurled fierce epithets against the men with whom he had passed the evening. It seemed useless to seek culture amongst the old grey walls and deep green gardens

of Oxford. He had no wish to be like Jones or Blossett. To make himself a Blogg and die seemed a poor prospect. On a sudden came an idea which brought him to a standstill, the great thought had come to him, as to other restless youth. He would shut himself up and learn German.

John-a-Dreams, by Julian Sturgis. Blackwoods, 1878.

A College 'Rag'

It was nine o'clock on the 6th of November. The sun was shining aslant into two pretty little Gothic windows in the inner or library quadrangle of St. Paul's College, and illuminating the features of a young man who was standing in the middle of the room scratching his head. . . . He stood in his shirt and trousers only, in the midst of a scene of desolation so awful, that I who have had to describe some of the most terrible scenes and circumstances conceivable, pause before attempting to give any idea of it in black and white. Every moveable article in the room—furniture, crockery, fender, fire-irons—lay in one vast heap of broken confusion in the corner of the room. Not a pane of glass remained in the windows; the bedroom-door was broken down; and the door which opened into the corridor was minus the two upper panels.

'By George,' Charles Ravenshoe said at last, soliloquising, 'how deuced lucky it is that I never get drunk! If I had been screwed last night, those fellows would have burnt the college down. What a devil that Welter is when he gets drink into him! and Marlowe is not much better. The fellows were mad with fighting, too. I wish they hadn't come here and made hay afterwards. There'll be an awful row about this. It's all up, I am afraid.'

At this moment, a man appeared in the passage, and looking in through the broken door, as if from a witness-box, announced,

'The Dean wishes to see you at once, sir.' And exit.

Charles replied by using an expression then just coming into use among our youth, 'All serene!' dressed himself by putting on a pilot coat, a pair of boots, and a cap and gown, and with a sigh descended into the quadrangle.

There were a good many men about, gathered in groups. The same subject was in everybody's mouth. There had been, the night before, without warning or apparent cause, the most frightful disturbance which, in the opinion of the porter, had graced the college for fifty years. It had begun suddenly at half-past twelve, and had been continued till three. The dons had been afraid to come and interfere, the noise was so terrible. Five out-college men had knocked out at a quarter to three, refusing to give any

name but the Dean's. A rocket had been let up and a five-barrel revolver had been let off, and Charles Ravenshoe had been sent for.

A party of young gentlemen, who looked very seedy and guilty stood in his way, and as he came up shook their heads sorrowfully; one, a tall one, with large whiskers, sat down in the gravel walk, and made as though he would have cast dust upon his head. . . . A tall, pale man, with a hard, marked countenance, was sitting at his breakfast, who, as soon as he saw his visitor, regarded him with the greatest interest and buttered a piece of toast.

'*Well*, Mr. Ravenshoe?' was his remark.

'I believe you sent for me, sir,' said Charles, adding to himself, 'Confound you, you cruel old brute, you are amusing yourself with my tortures.'

'This is a pretty business,' said the dean.

Charles would be glad to know to what he alluded.

'Well,' said the dean, laughing, 'I don't exactly know where to begin. However I am not sure whether it much matters. You will be wanted in the common room at two. The proctor has sent for your character also. Altogether, I congratulate you. Your career at the University has been brilliant; but your orbit being highly elliptical, it is to be feared that you will remain but a short time above the horizon. Good morning.'

Charles rejoined the eager knot of friends outside; and when he spoke the awful word 'common room,' every countenance wore a look of dismay. Five more, it appeared, were sent for, and three were wanted by the proctor at eleven. It was a disastrous morning.

There was a large breakfast in the rooms of the man with the whiskers, to which all the unfortunates were of course going. One or two were in a state of badly-concealed terror and fidgeted and were peevish, until they got slightly tipsy. Others laughed a good deal, rather nervously, and took the thing pluckily—the terror was there, but they fought against it; but the behaviour of Charles extorted applause from everybody. He was as cool, and as merry as if he was just going down for the long vacation; he gave the most comical account of the whole proceedings last night, as he was well competent to do, being the only sober man who had witnessed them; he ate heartily, and laughed naturally, to the admiration of every one.

One of the poor fellows who had shown greatest signs of terror and who was as near crying as he could possibly be without actually doing so, looked up and complimented him on his courage, with an oath.

'In me, my dear Dick,' said Charles, good-naturedly, 'you see the courage of despair. Had I half your chances, I should be as bad as you. I know there are but a few more ceremonies to be gone through, and then——'

The other rose and left the room. 'Well,' said he, as he went, with a choking voice, 'I expect my old governor will cut his throat, or something; I 'm fifteen hundred in debt.' And so the door closed on the poor lad and the party was silent.

. . . . . .

Charles went to the proctor's, but his troubles there were not so severe as he had expected. He had been seen fighting several times during the evening, but half the University had been doing the same. He had been sent home three times, and had reappeared; that was nothing so very bad. On his word of honour he had not tripped up the marshal; Brown himself thought he must have slipped on a piece of orange-peel. Altogether it came to this; that Ravenshoe of Paul's had better be in by nine for the rest of term, and mind what he was about for the future.

But the common room at two was the thing by which poor Charles was to stand or fall. There were terrible odds against him—the Master and six tutors.

The Master opened the ball, in a voice suggestive of mild remonstrance. In all his experience of college life, extending over a period of forty-five years, he had never even heard of proceedings so insubordinate, so unparalleled, so—so—monstrous, as had taken place the night before, in a college only a twelvemonth ago considered to be the quietest in the University. It appeared, he continued (referring to a paper through his gold eye-glasses) that at half-past twelve a band of intoxicated and frantic young men had rushed howling into the college, refusing to give their names to the porter (among whom was recognised Mr. Ravenshoe); that from that moment a scene of brutal riot had commenced in the usually peaceful quadrangle, and had continued till half-past three; loaded weapons had been resorted to, and fireworks had been exhibited; and finally, that five members of another college had knocked out at half-past three, stating to the porter (without the slightest foundation) that they had been having tea with the dean. Now, you know, really and truly, it simply resolved itself into this. Were they going to keep St. Paul's College open or not? If the institution which had flourished now for above five hundred years was to continue to receive undergraduates, the disturbers of last night must be sternly eliminated.

Charles was understood to say that he was quite sober, and had tried to keep the fellows out of mischief.

The Master believed Mr. Ravenshoe would hardly deny having let off a rocket on the grass-plat.

Charles was ill-advised enough to say that he did it to keep the fellows quiet; but the excuse fell dead and there was a slight pause. After which,

The Dean rose, with his hands in his pockets, and remarked that this sort of thing was all mighty fine, you know; but they weren't going to stand it, and the sooner this was understood the better. He, for one, as long as he remained dean of that college, was not going to have a parcel of drunken young idiots making a row under his windows at all hours in the morning. He should have come out himself last night, but that he was afraid, positively afraid, of personal violence; and the odds were too heavy against him. He, for one, did not want any more words about it. He allowed the fact of Mr. Ravenshoe being perfectly sober, though whether that could be pleaded in extenuation was very doubtful. (Did you speak Mr. Bursar? No. I beg pardon, I thought you did.) He proposed that Mr. Ravenshoe should be rusticated for a year, and that the Dean of Christchurch should be informed that Lord Welter was one of the most active of the rioters. That promising young nobleman had done them the honour to create a disturbance in the college on a previous occasion, when he was, as last night, the guest of Mr. Ravenshoe.

Charles said that Lord Welter had been rusticated for a year. The Dean was excessively glad to hear it, and hoped that he would stay at home and give his family the benefit of his high spirits. As there were five other gentlemen to come before them, he would suggest that they should come to a determination.

The Bursar thought that Mr. Ravenshoe's plea of sobriety should be taken in extenuation. Mr. Ravenshoe had never been previously accused of having resorted to stimulants. He thought it should be taken in extenuation.

The Dean was sorry to be of a diametrically opposite opinion.

No one else taking up the cudgels for poor Charles, the Master said he was afraid he must rusticate him.

Charles said he hoped they wouldn't.

The Dean gave a short laugh, and said if that was all he had to say, he might as well have held his tongue. And then the Master pronounced sentence of rustication for a year, and Charles having bowed, withdrew.

Ravenshoe, by Henry Kingsley, 1862.

A College 'Rag'

No theory of causation could stand the test of such a scene. There was neither how nor why nor whither nor whence. There was no meaning in the cries that sounded, no explanation of the piano that stood in the corner by the hall or of how it even got there. First they danced to the buoyant ripple of the boating song and when that magically changed to the gasps of the Hallelujah chorus they danced still. There was no theory in the choice of partners or their interchange. Here a collision was unheeded, there it called forth most eloquent apologies. But dancing ceased and groups formed. The arm to take was the arm that was nearest, the man to address was the first who was free to hear. One threw a stone and smashed a lamp, not because it was a lamp but because it was there. Another hid himself behind a tree, elaborately careful, though no one looked for him or thought of his existence. Solemn as the servants of a king four men proceeded slowly, earnest purpose written on their faces, carrying cans of water. The cry of 'Cascades!' brought a group round the steps of the hall. From far away it was heard by those who were chasing the man who had dined out of college, whose white shirt showed in the darkness, an irresistible object of pursuit. Joining hands they ran the length of the quadrangle, fell on the necks of the first men handy to support their exhausted frames, ran off again when the cry for more cans of water set up a public duty. The zealots who rebuilt Jerusalem worked not more strenuously than these. At last the water, with cans and enthusiasm, descended the steps of the hall, and it became a self-evident fact that the cascade had been a good one, the cans lay still till morning where they fell. A spirit-stirring noise was booming half way down the path, a poker drumming on a bath. Causeless, purposeless, it became part of the accepted order. There was a rush towards the two men who marched along with it. There were yells and screeches. The bath was a drum; it was a toboggan on the wet steps of the hall; it was an extinguisher placed over one who had temporarily succumbed; it was solemnly carried up a ladder and dropped down into the neighbouring college.

There stood two men in the doorway of a staircase and as their first term was but four weeks old they were freshmen in many senses. . . .

'How can they be such children!' exclaimed freshman number one.

'Yes, they've got the knack yet, haven't they?' said his friend, meeting scorn with admiration. The sheer inconsequence of it all had dazzled him.

Keddy: A Story of Oxford, by H. M. Dickinson. Heinemann, 1907.

'I LIKE them; they light up the spire of St. Mary's so beautifully.' **Pater on Bonfires**

Brasenose College, by J. Buchan. Hutchinson, 1898.

WHERE there is a vigorous public spirit, this may be more vigorously expressed by hazing than by a very nor'-easter of Puritan morality. A tradition of the late Master of Balliol, Jowett, the great humanist, would seem to shew that he held some such opinion. It was his custom in his declining years to walk after breakfast in the garden quad, and whenever there were evidences of a rag, even to the extent of broken windows, he would say cheerily to his *fidus Achates*, 'Ah, Hardie, the mind of the college is still vigorous; it has been expressing itself.' **Ragging**

An American at Oxford, by John Corbin. A. P. Watt, 1902.

AT Brasenose there happened to be two men of the same name, let us say of Gaylor, one of whom had made himself agreeable to the college, while the other had decidedly not. One midnight a party of roisterers hauled the unpopular Gaylor out of his study, pulled off his bags, and dragged him by the heels a lap or two about the quad. This form of discipline has since been practised in other colleges, and is called debagging. The popular Gaylor was ever afterward distinguished by the name of Asher, because, according to the Book of Judges, Asher abode in his breeches. **Why Asher?**

. . . . . .

The more I learned of Oxford motives, the less anxious I was to censure the system of ragging. In an article I wrote after only a few months' stay, I spoke of it as boyish and undignified; and most Americans, I feel sure, would likewise hold up the hand of public horror. Yet I cannot be wholly thankful that we are not as they. To the undergraduates ragging is a survival of the excellently efficient system of discipline in the public schools, where the older boys have charge of the manners and morals of the younger; and historically, like public-school discipline, it is an inheritance from the prehistoric past. In the Middle Ages it was apparently the custom to hold the victim's nose literally to the grindstone. In the schools to be sure, the Sixth Form take their duties with great sobriety of conscience—which is not altogether the case in college; but the difference in spirit is perhaps justifiable. For a properly authorised committee of big schoolboys to chastise a youngster who has transgressed is not unnatural, and the system that provides for it has proved successful for five centuries; but for men to adopt the same attitude towards a fellow only a year or two their junior would be preposterous. Horseplay is a necessary part of the game.

The end in both is the same: it is to bring each individual under the influence of the traditions and standards of the institution of which he has elected to be a part. . . . It is as if the college said: We have admitted you and welcomed you, opening up the way to every avenue of enjoyment and profit, and it is for our common good, sir, that you be told of your shortcomings. The most diligent and distinguished scholar is not unlikely to be most in need of a pointed lesson in personal decorum; and the man who was not Asher may be thankful all his life for the bad quarter of an hour that taught him the difference between those who do and those who do not abide in their breeches.

An American at Oxford.

The Dawn of Boat-racing at Oxford

THE Thames had been made navigable to Oxford in the reign of James I., when Dean King of Christ Church was Vice-Chancellor (1608-10): and there had been an 'Act for making the river *Cham* alias *Grant*, in the County of *Cambridge*, more navigable from *Clay-Hithe-Ferry* to the *Queen's Mill*,' etc., in the year 1702 (it was extended in 1813); yet rowing was not made a regular exercise till the present century. Southey, who used to say that he 'learnt but two things at Oxford, to row and to swim,' gives the following picture of a scene on the Isis, in his *Espriella* 1807. 'A number of pleasure-boats were gliding in all directions upon this clear and rapid stream; some with spread sails; in others the caps and tassels of the students formed a curious contrast with their employment at the oar. Many of the smaller boats had only a single person in each; and in some of these he sat forward, leaning back as in a chair, and plying with both hands a double-bladed oar in alternate strokes, so that his motion was like the path of a serpent. One of these canoes is, I am assured, so exceedingly light, that a man can carry it; but few persons are skillful or venturous enough to use it.' Speaking of 1799, Prof. Pryme says: 'Rowing on the river was not then the custom, but we took a boat one day, rowed down to Clayhithe, hired a net to fish with, and rowed back in the evening. This was my only excursion during my first term.'

Boat-races were unheard of in Mr. G. V. Cox's day (about 1790); boating had not yet become a systematic pursuit in Oxford. 'Men went indeed to Nuneham for occasional parties in six-oared boats (eight-oar'd boats were then unknown), but these boats (such as would now be laughed at as "tubs") belonged to the boat people; the crew was a mixed crew got up for the day, and the dresses worn anything but uniform. I belonged to a crew of five, who were, I think, the first distinguished by a peculiar (and what would now be

thought ridiculous) dress; viz. a green leather cap, with a jacket and trowsers of nankeen!'

Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century, by Christopher Wordsworth. Cambridge, 1874.

Boating in 1793

At Folly Bridge we hoist the sail
And briskly scud before the gale
To Iffley—where our course awhile
Detain—its locks and Saxon pile
Affording pause:—to recommend
'The Hobby-horse' unto my friend,
Our light-built galley: ours I say
Since Warren bears an equal sway
In her command:—as first, in cost
The half he shar'd: himself a host:
Whether he plies the limber oar
Or tows the vessel from the shore:
Or strains the mainsheet tight astern
Close to the wind: of him I learn
Patient to wait the time exact
When jib and foresail should be back'd
To bring her round; or mark the strain
The boat on gunwale can sustain
Without aught danger of upsetting
Or giving both her mates a wetting.
We visit Sandford next, and there
Beckley provides accustom'd fare
Of eels, and perch, and brown beefsteak—
Dainties we taste oft twice a week,
Whilst Hebe-like, his daughter waits,
Froths our full bumpers, changes plates.
The pretty handmaid's anxious toils
Meanwhile our mutual praise beguiles:
Whilst she, delighted, blushing sees
The bill o'erpaid and pockets fees
Supplied for ribbon and for lace
To deck her bonnet, or her face.
A game of quoits will oft our stay
Awhile at Sandford Inn delay:
Or rustic ninepins: then once more
We hoist our sail and tug the oar
To Newnham bound. . . .

'Letters from Oxford,' 1790-4: *Reminiscences of Oxford by Oxford Men*. Oxford Historical Society, 1892.

Crossing the quadrangle we came
Right to the river where a dame
Hooper yclept—at station waits
For gownsmen, whom she aptly freights
In various vessels, moor'd in view,
Skiff, gig and cutter or canoe.
Selection made, each in a trice
Becomes transform'd, with trowsers nice,
Jacket and catskin cap supplied
(Black gowns and trenchers chuck'd aside):
. . . then on we wind
Leaving aquatic sights behind
And enter soon superb alcove
Curv'd like a vaulted arch above
By jutting boughs: . . .
At proper distances are made
Benches for strollers 'neath the shade,
Who may enjoy their noontide walk,
Their exercise, and social talk:
Charm'd with the vista op'ning strait
To famed Linnean Sibthorpe's[1] gate,
Whilst Merton's ancient towers between
Midway improve the sombre scene.

'Letters from Oxford,' 1790-4: *Reminiscences of Oxford.* Oxford Historical Society.

Ribbons in Rime

Fair queen of cities with thy crown of towers
Here I sit dreaming through the summer hours.

. . . . . .

Adown the river striplings blithe and glad
As in the olden days drift flannel clad,
Beribboned with the Christ Church white and blue,
The Magdalen scarlet, or the brown of New.
Dear Oxford, sweet and sad thy memories are!
Here found I Homer and Plato like a star
Guided my steps, and friends I won in thee,
And oh! that friends as true as books might be!
In thee the meaning of the world began,
I put off boyhood and became a man.

The Oxford Year, by James Williams, Lincoln College. Blackwell, 1901.

[1] The Botanic or Physic Garden. Dr. John Sibthorpe was Professor of Botany, 1784-96.

Boat Race

EVERY one knows that the race took place at Henley in 1829, but no one has yet been able to decide how it was that the idea of a match between the two Universities arose. The actual founder of the Race will probably never be discovered, but in all likelihood, Charles Wordsworth, of Christ Church, Oxford, deserves as much of the credit as any one. Wordsworth, though an Oxford man, was the son of the Master of Trinity, and therefore had intimate relations with both Universities. He had sometimes rowed in the Johnian boat at Cambridge, to which his old Schoolfellow and friend Merivale, of St. John's, belonged, and it is fair to infer from his connection with the rowing men of Oxford and Cambridge that Wordsworth was the originator of the Boat Race. That he and Merivale had a good deal to do with it is shown by the interesting letters published by Mr. Treherne in his valuable *Record of the University Boat Race*. . . . Others who helped to fix up the match were Staniforth of the House, and Snow of John's (Cambridge). Both were wet-bobs at Eton. Between them it was suggested that the race should be rowed in or near London, during Easter vacation. On March 12th in Harman's rooms at Caius the formal challenge was issued: That the University of Cambridge hereby challenge the University of Oxford to row a match . . . each in an eight-oared boat during the ensuing Easter vacation. The Cambridge University Boat Club had been founded in 1827; it was not until 1839 that the O.U.B.C. was brought into existence. Eventually it was decided that the date should be June 10th and the place Henley. In 1836 there was another race from Westminster to Putney. It was not until the seventh race in 1845 that the contest became annual and the course fixed as from Putney to Mortlake.

W. Peacock, *The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race*. Grant Richards, 1900.

What is a Blue?

DARK and light blue have for many years been the distinctive colours of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, not only on the river but in every form of sport. It was in the Boat Race (first rowed on 10th June 1829 from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge 2¼ m.) that these colours were originally worn. In the first and second races, however, 1829 and 1836, the Oxford[1] colours were modelled on those of the House—dark blue and white striped jerseys and black straws with broad dark-blue ribbon. Since 1842 Oxford have worn white gauze jerseys trimmed with dark blue. The colour is not (as many ladies appear to suppose) violet.

[1] The Oxford stroke of 1836, F. L. Moysey, died 30th August 1906, aged 90. The heaviest crew known in the race was the winning Oxford of 1909 (the sixty-sixth race) with an average of slightly over 12½ stone.

The title of Blue was restricted to those who had rowed or steered the 'Varsity Eight. By permission of the President of the O.U.B.C. cricketers were allowed to adopt these colours. A Blue was then extended to mean any one in the eight or eleven. Latterly the term Blue has been applied to any man representing his University in any of the innumerable games and pastimes in which annual contests are arranged between Oxford and Cambridge. The first boat race was rowed in a boat belonging to Balliol which may still be seen slung from the roof of a boathouse at Craiganour, Perthshire.

Adapted from *The Record of the University Boat Race.* Revised by C. M. Pitman. Unwin, 1909.

The First Inter-University Boat Race

I HAD then begun to take to rowing also, and was frequently on the river in an evening, pulling stroke in an amateur six-oar with a crew of Christ Church friends. The practice thus acquired brought me into notice as an oarsman, and when I was at Cambridge for the following Christmas and Easter vacations, enabled me to take a place occasionally in the Johnian boat, then, I think, at the top of the river, on the invitation of my old Harrow schoolfellow, Charles Merivale, now Dean of Ely, and others of that crew with whom I had become acquainted, especially G. A. Selwyn, afterwards Bishop, and Snow, the stroke, both Etonians. Encouraged by the example of the inter-university cricket match,[1] which had taken place in 1827, we talked over the possibility of getting up a similar competition in rowing; and the result was that a correspondence took place between Snow and Staniforth, captain of the Christ Church boat, which ended by fixing a day for the proposed encounter—viz. June 10 [1829]—and the place—viz. the Thames at Henley. Though I had never pulled in my college boat (because cricket and rowing being then in the same term, it was impossible to pursue both) I was selected to be one of our university crew. . . . [The Oxford eight, who rowed in black straw hats, dark blue striped jerseys and canvas trowsers, won easily.] Whether or no I can legitimately be looked upon as the father of the inter-university rowing match, it cannot be disputed that the circumstance of my being an Oxford man, while my home was at Cambridge, and the peculiar advantages I had in forming acquaintances at both, had much to do with the boat-race as well as with the cricket match: so much, indeed, that after I took my degree, early in 1830, both the boat-race and the cricket match were discontinued for six years —viz. till 1836.

Annals of my Early Life, by Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews. Longmans, 1891.

[1] See p. 528.

Training

THE current theory of training at that time was—as much meat as you could eat, the more underdone the better, and the smallest amount of drink upon which you could manage to live. Two pints in the twenty-four hours was all that most boats' crews that pretended to train at all were allowed, and for the last fortnight it had been the nominal allowance of the St. Ambrose crew. The discomfort of such a diet in the hot summer months, when you were at the same time taking regular and violent exercise, was something very serious. Outraged human nature rebelled against it; and though they did not admit it in public, there were very few men who did not rush to their water-bottles for relief, more or less often, according to the development of their bumps of conscientiousness and obstinacy. To keep to the diet at all strictly, involved a very respectable amount of physical endurance. Our successors have found out the unwisdom of this, as of other old superstitions.

Tom Brown at Oxford, 1861.

The Seven-oared Victory

NEXT year (1843) owing to a dispute about the time, there was no University race over the London course, but the crews were to meet at the Henley Regatta. . . . The cup remained in the possession of the Cambridge Rooms, a London rowing club, composed of men who had left college, and of the best oarsmen still at the University. . . . We had beaten Cambridge University in 1842, and we were confident would do it again; and as the Rooms were never so strong as the University, we had no doubt as to the result of the final heat also. I remember walking over from Oxford the night before the regatta with a friend, full of these hopes, and the consternation with which we heard, on arriving at the town, that the Cambridge University boat had withdrawn, so that the best men might be draughted from it into the Rooms' crew, the holders of the cup. . . . But far worse news came in the morning. Fletcher Menzies had been in the schools in the previous month, and the strain of his examination, combined with training for the race, had been too much for him. . . . It was settled at once that my brother should row stroke, and a proposal was made that the vacant place in the boat should be filled by one of Menzies' college crew. The question went before the stewards, who determined that this could not be allowed. . . . I am not sure where the suggestion came from, I believe from Menzies himself, that his crew should row the race with seven oars; but I well remember the indignation and despair with which the final announcement was received. . . . We ran down the bank to the starting-place by the side of our crippled boat, with sad hearts, cheering them to show our apprecia-

tion of their pluck, but without a spark of hope. When they turned to take up their place for the start, we turned also, and went a few hundred yards up the towing-path, so as to get start enough to enable us to keep up with the race. The signal-gun was fired, and we saw the oars flash in the water, and began trotting up the bank with our heads turned over our shoulders. First one, and then another, cried out that 'we were holding our own,' that 'light blue was not gaining.' In another minute they were abreast of us, close together, but the dark blue flag the least bit to the front. A third of the course was over, and, as we rushed along and saw the lead improved foot by foot, almost inch by inch, hope came back, and the excitement made running painful. In another minute, as they turned the corner and got into the straight reach, the crowd became too dense for running. We could not keep up and could only follow with our eyes and shouts, as we pressed up towards the bridge. Before we could reach it the gun fired, and the dark blue flag was soon run up, showing that Oxford had won.

Then followed one of the temporary fits of delirium which sometimes seize Englishmen. . . . The crew had positively to fight their way into their hotel and barricade themselves there, to escape being carried round Henley on our shoulders. The enthusiasm, frustrated in this direction, burst out in all sorts of follies, of which you may take this as a specimen. The heavy toll-gate was pulled down, and thrown over the bridge into the river, by a mob of young Oxonians headed by a small, decorous, shy man in spectacles, who had probably never pulled an oar in his life, but who had gone temporarily mad with excitement, and I am confident would, at that moment, have led his followers not only against the Henley constables, but against a regiment with fixed bayonets. Fortunately, no harm came of it but a few broken heads and black eyes, and the local authorities, making allowances for the provocation, were lenient at the next petty sessions.

Memoirs of a Brother, by Thomas Hughes. Macmillan, 1873.

Making a Blue MANY of those who see the University crews practising at Putney no doubt think that the art of rowing is as easy as it looks, and that the ease and grace of a finished eight comes more or less by nature. They do not know of the months—even years—of hard work which have gone to the production of that perfected machine, and of the anxious thought and single-minded purpose which has been brought to bear on it by all concerned, from coach to cox. It is only by long and arduous coaching, and much self-denial and hard work, that the result has been obtained; for of all sports

rowing is that which requires the most strenuous apprenticeship. A few men there are who learn their rowing at school at Eton, Bedford, or elsewhere, or who have been coached as boys by some old oar at Putney. If they are really oarsmen their way is comparatively easy at the University, but the average man learns his rowing when he goes to College, and is a happy man if he has not as much to unlearn as to learn. He has to begin at the very beginning, and to learn rowing with even more care than when at a preparatory school he was taught the rudiments of sound cricket.

. . . . . .

The healthy freshman, sound in wind and limb, and perhaps with a bit of reputation as a cricketer and football-player following him from his public school, has in him the makings of a College if not of a University oar, and it rests with himself what his career shall be. His first experience will be going down the river with other freshmen to be tubbed, by some member of his College first boat probably, in a tub pair. He and another freshman are taken out in a tub by the long-enduring coach, his stretcher is arranged for him, he is shown how to sit, how to hold the oar, and all the mysteries of the art. At first all will be darkness to him, and disenchantment will come upon him at being told to use his arms less and his legs more; but gradually, with perseverance, a glimmering of light will come, and then he will be promoted to a four or eight, to be ground into shape with other strugglers, and a senior or two to steady them. At the end of the term, if he shows promise, he will be given a seat in his college trial eights, and, finally, learn something of what it is to race against another boat. A great deal depends on the trial eight race; it may mean the gaining or losing of a year in his rowing career.

. . . . . .

With his second term will come the 'Torpids' at Oxford, and the 'Lents' at Cambridge, and if the freshman shows any promise at all he is certain of finding a place in them. These races are bumping races, rowed in fixed seat eights, the boats starting about a couple of lengths between stern and bow, and each trying to catch the boat in front of it, and to escape the pursuer behind it. These races mean weeks of steady practice and hard work, often in the vilest weather, from which shorts and a zephyr jersey offer inadequate protection and need to be supplemented by the enthusiasm of the oarsman. In the summer term the 'Eights' at Oxford, and the 'May Races' at Cambridge, provide the next step upward, but it is harder to find a seat in them, for, as a rule, there are many seniors in residence, and only the very best freshmen can hope to

Torpids

be asked to row. However, if a man does find a place in his college boat or boats he rows under improved conditions. He is promoted to the sliding seat, rows with experienced oars and has better coaching, besides having the advantage of pleasanter weather and surroundings. The summer races are conducted on exactly the same lines as those in the Lent term; and when they are over the freshman ends his first year, having gained one object of his ambition, a seat in his college boat in the 'Eights' or the 'May.'

. . . . . .

The next step towards the University boat is an even more important one. At the beginning of each October term the president of the University Boat Club is eagerly on the lookout for promising oarsmen to make up the sixteen men for the trial eights. The College captains send in the names of the men of their clubs whom they think worthy of a trial, and the president himself invites every man of sufficient promise to row at least once in one of the eights. In the end, hardly a man worth trying in the University has not been given his chance, and, after much anxious debate, the two eights are at last made up as absolutely level as judgment can make them. The Oxford trial eights are rowed at Moulsford, and the Cambridge trial eights on the Adelaide course at Ely. The president and secretary coach the crews, and before the day of the race a vast improvement in style and working power is evident in every one of the sixteen men.

. . . . . .

Then when the Christmas vacation is over, and the men go up for the Lent term, begins the crucial period. Usually there are two or three vacant places to be filled, and for these some dozen men may have a possible chance. At first the president takes out a crew with only one or two 'Old Blues,' just to stiffen the boat, and tries the likely men one after another, shifting them about if need be till each man is thoroughly known. Gradually those who rowed in the last Putney race take their seats, some famous old oar takes the coaching from the president, and the competition for the few vacant seats becomes narrowed down to three or four men. Lucky indeed is the second year man who, after rowing in his college eight and in the trials, is good enough for a place in the University boat. Every day he has to row in the eight, in rain, or snow, or frost, under the vigilant eye of the coach, which lets no fault pass and notes the slightest lapse from the strict path of rowing virtue.

. . . . . .

On Ash Wednesday the crew go into regular training, after

Tidal Water

passing the doctor's examination, and then the real hard work begins. Gradually the eight is ground together, and the new oar finds his faults disappearing and the points inculcated by his coach becoming more and more a matter of habit. Then, about three weeks before the race, the crews leave the Universities. Of recent years it has been the practice to spend a week or ten days in one of the reaches of the upper Thames, but the last fortnight is always spent at Putney in getting used to tidal waves and in putting on the final polish. When the men arrive at Putney the worst of the hard work is over, though several courses have to be rowed at racing speed, under the watchful eyes of the critics of the sporting and the daily papers, and of the ever-increasing crowds upon the banks. Much is learned by racing alongside other boats, generally of the Leander or L.R.C., for it must be remembered that on the Isis and the Cam almost all boat-racing is done in time or bumping races, in which the competing boat is behind or in front, and very rarely side by side. It is therefore somewhat disconcerting at first to have a boat racing alongside, and part of the work at Putney is devoted to doing away with this feeling of novelty. During the last few days of practice little hard work is done, and most of the time is given up to practising starts or spurting for short distances against another crew. If the coach has successfully avoided the great danger of staleness, the two crews should be wound up to racing pitch and fit to row the long and trying course at racing speed.

. . . . . .

W. Peacock, *The Story of the University Boat Race.*
Grant Richards, 1902.

The University Eight

Meanwhile, the University Eight, with the little blue flag at her bows, went rushing down the river on her splendid course. Past heavy barges and fairy skiffs; past men in dingies, who ran high and dry on the bank, to get out of the way; and groups of dandies, who ran with them for a time. And before any man was warm—Iffley. Then across the broad mill-pond and through the deep crooks, out into the broads, and past the withered beds of reeds which told of coming winter. Bridges and a rushing lasher—Sandford. No rest here. Out of the dripping well-like lock. Get your oars out and away again, past the yellowing willows, past the long, wild, grey meadows, swept by the singing, autumn wind. Through the swirling curves and eddies, onward under the westering sun towards the woods of Nuneham. . . . It was so late when they got back, that those few who had waited for them, those faith-

ful few who would wait till midnight to see the eight come in, could not see them, but heard afar off the measured throb and rush of eight oars as one, as they came with rapid stroke up the darkening reach.

Ravenshoe, by Henry Kingsley, 1862.

The Boat Race

THERE was a long, uneasy suspense.

At last a puff of smoke issued from a pistol down at the island; two oars seemed to splash into the water from each white streak; and the black patch was moving; so were the threatening streaks. Presently was heard a faint, continuous, distant murmur, and the streaks began to get larger, and larger; and the eight splashing oars looked four instead of two.

Every head was now turned down the river. Groups hung craning over it like nodding bulrushes.

Next the runners were swelled by the stragglers they picked up; so were their voices; and on came the splashing oars and roaring lungs.

Now the colours of the racing jerseys peeped distinct. The oarsmen's heads and bodies came swinging back like one, and the oars seemed to lash the water savagely, like a connected row of swords, and the spray squirted at each vicious stroke. The boats leaped and darted side by side, and, looking at them in front, Julia could not say which was ahead. On they came, nearer and nearer, with hundreds of voices vociferating, 'Go it, Cambridge!' 'Well pulled, Oxford!' 'You are gaining, hurrah!' 'Well pulled, Trinity!' 'Hurrah!' 'Oxford!' 'Cambridge!' 'Now is your time, Hardie; pick her up!' 'Oh, well pulled, Six!' 'Well pulled, Stroke!' 'Up, up! lift her a bit!' 'Cambridge!' 'Oxford!' 'Hurrah!'

At this Julia turned red and pale by turns. 'Oh, mamma!' said she, clasping her hands and colouring high, 'would it be very wrong if I was to *pray* for Oxford to win?'

. . . . . .

The boats now, foreshortened no longer, shot out treble the length they had looked hitherto, and came broadside past us—the elastic rowers stretched like greyhounds in a chase, darting forward at each stroke so boldly they seemed flying out of the boats, and surging back as superbly, an eightfold human wave: their nostrils all open, the lips of some pale and glutinous; their white teeth all clenched grimly, their young eyes all glowing, their supple bodies swelling, the muscles writhing beneath their jerseys and the sinews starting on each bare brown arm, their little shrill coxswains shouting

imperiously at the young giants, and working to and fro with them, like jockeys at a finish; nine souls and bodies flung whole into each magnificent effort; water foaming and flying, rowlocks ringing, crowd running, tumbling, and howling like mad; and Cambridge a boat's nose ahead.

They had scarcely passed our two spectators, when Oxford put on a furious spurt, and got fully even with the leading boat. There was a louder roar than ever from the bank, Cambridge spurted desperately in turn, and stole those few feet back; and so they went fighting every inch of water. Bang! A cannon on the bank sent its smoke over both competitors; it dispersed in a moment, and the boats were seen pulling slowly towards the bridge, Cambridge with four oars, Oxford with six, as if that gun had winged them both.

The race was over.

Hard Cash, by Charles Reade, 1863.

Boat-rice dye

I 'M nuts on sport, whatever it is; I 'm keen on the boat-rice dye,
When I tikes my third ter Putney Bridge and it 's fust-clawss all the wye.
There 's some as changes and chops abart, but mine 's no turncoat gime——
I 've allus bin Orxfud Collidge myself, and my mother were just the sime.

I sticks ter Orxfud Collidge, I dew, 'arrever the bettin' goes,
And I sharts till I 'm dry as lawst week's bun ter buck up the beggars as rows,
I wears their colours fur all ter see—though it corsts yer a penny fur that,
A dawk blue monkey, all mide o' plush, with a pin ter fix in yer 'at.

'Arrever the bettin' goes, my boys, it 's Orxfud as I surport——
I 've 'ad my dollar on Kyembridge, yuss, some years as I felt I ought;
But pleasure is pleasure, and biz is biz and kept in a sepyrit jug,
And a man mye shart like a 'thoosyarst, and yet not act like a mug.

Barry Pain, *Pall Mall Magazine*, April 1906.

'Bump' Bonfires at Oxford

THE bonfires to celebrate victories gained in the Eights at Oxford led to serious damage and collision with the police. Not since 1849 has Christ Church been head of the river, and a huge bonfire was lighted in a meadow adjoining the Broad Walk shortly before ten o'clock on Wednesday night. Gradually the fuel available grew

less, and then a large body of undergraduates made their way in the direction of the ground where the grand stand has been erected for the Oxford pageant. This was only a short distance off, but the river intervened. Several temporary bridges had recently been erected, but the boards in the centre had been pulled up, rendering access to the field dangerous and difficult. In addition, the ground was patrolled by a force of police, there having been persistent rumours that an attempt would be made to fire the grand stand. The Oxford Volunteer Fire Brigade with a steamer was also on the ground. The undergraduates, however, obtained a number of punts, and landed on various parts of the ground. The efforts of the police were directed to saving the grand stand. A large hut used as a temporary office was cut down and immediately set on fire, and chairs from the grand stand, planks, and any articles which could be obtained were thrown on the fire, while the police were bombarded with fireworks and assaulted, sticks being used by the undergraduates, and the constables replied with their truncheons. Several men had their teeth knocked out. Attempts were made to burn the stand by hurling fireworks on the roof. These were, however, speedily extinguished by the fire brigade. A powerful stream of water was turned on the crowd, but the undergraduates made a rush for the hose, which in a short time was cut in several places. An attempt to fire the wooden bridge opposite the Broad Walk was defeated, but a smaller bridge for horses on the other side of the ground was destroyed. Until nearly midnight undergraduates walked about the ground discharging fireworks. The damage is estimated to amount to upwards of £300. No arrests were made.

Times, 31s May 1907.

Eights' Week

THE May races are the great Oxford Carnival: mothers, sisters, cousins, aunts come flocking in their hundreds; picnics, promenades, teas, dinners are the order of the day; even dances—long supposed the peculiar privilege of Commemoration Week—have been heard of, and both entertainers and entertained may boast with Lord Foppington that life is an eternal round of delights. But Eights' Week or not Eights' Week, summer term is the time for 'the joys of Oxford living,' the time for Panama hats and loose attire, the time for lounging in punts, or flirting in 'Canaders.' It may be that presently when we turn out of Mesopotamia into the parks and saunter along the willowed margin of the 'Cher,' we may chance to spy Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm gliding softly up towards distant Islip, babbling 'of many things,' but not

unmindful of luncheon and of a descent upon the ripening meadow hay of some long-suffering Marston farmer. Or, it may be, we shall see made fast beneath the shadow of some overhanging poplar the cushioned punt, where

> 'Some on earnest business bent
> Their murmuring labours ply
> 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
> To sweeten liberty,'

for even in summer term the victim of 'Exams.' cannot for ever play regardless of his doom. Even in summer term the paths of Oxford lead but to the schools.

. . . . . .

Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds, by Herbert A. Evans. Macmillan, 1905.

Coaching the Eights

A BROAD, silvery river glistening in the bright sunshine. To the south a stretch of low fields of bright green grass in all its vernal freshness, and north of the mirror-like river, trees and cattle breaking the low line of meadows.

All quiet and calm enough in the fields; but the river or its banks were by no means hushed in gentle silence or suggestive of meditative calm. Men were rushing along the banks, shouting and yelling at men in eight-oared boats, who were straining at their oars as no galley-slave ever strained. Some on the towing-path yelled through speaking trumpets, others, with lungs lusty enough to make their voices heard across the water, but all shouting phrases of objurgation at the toiling rowers. . . . 'Keep your body down between your legs, Six. One, *two*, three; one, *two*, three. You can't do the work with one hand, Three. Get your side right down on your thighs, Six.' . . . A black-coated cleric, who trusted to a throat hardened with preaching at somnolent villagers to convey his anathemas, shouted to his boat: 'You haven't got a ghost of a recovery, Five.' And then, after a few seconds' silence, he suddenly yelled: 'Look ahead! easy all!' His eight was nearly into a skiff . . . then the obstacle cleared away, he shouted: 'Get ready! forward, are you ready? Paddle!' And again they were off.

The Inseparables, by James Baker. Chapman and Hall, 1905.

The Eights

FOR the first ten strokes Tom was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him; his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into his stroke, but as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep what we may call consciousness returned; and while every muscle in his body was straining, and his

chest heaved and his heart leapt, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life, and his senses to awake into unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of the wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river, or smelt it before.

. . . . . .

But it can't last for ever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bull's hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long without bursting. The St. Ambrose's boat is well away from the boat behind, there is a great gap between the accompanying crowds; and now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the bank grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. 'Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more.' 'Now, Exeter, you 're gaining; pick her up.' The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear their oars and the workings of their rudder, and the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a perfect storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd, as it rushes madly off to the left to the foot bridge, amidst which, 'Oh, well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!' is the prevailing cry. Then Miller, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: 'Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we are into them.' Old Jervis lays down that great broad back, and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant, the crew catch him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt, and Tom feels a little shock behind him and then a grating sound, as Miller shouts, 'Unship oars, Two and Three,' and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up the side of the Exeter till it touches their stroke oar.

'Take care where you 're coming to.' It is the coxswain of the bumped boat who speaks.

Tom Brown at Oxford, by the Author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. Macmillan, 1861.

How Ralph saved the Race

'START!'

The word sounded clear from the mouth of the 'Varsity captain of boats, and at once Ralph exerted the full force of Herculean arms. His blade struck the water a full second before any other; the lad had started well. Nor did he flag as the race wore on: as the others tired, he seemed to grow more fresh, until at length, as

the boats began to near the winning-post, his oar was dipping into the water nearly twice as often as any other. . . .

And now the climax of the race was reached, and Ralph put forth his full strength; his oar clashed against those of 'Six' and 'Eight,' the water foamed where his rowlock kept striking it, the boat shot forward, and slowly left St. Catharine's behind. *Ralph had saved the race!*

Sandford of Merton, by Belinda Blinders.
Alden and Co., Oxford, 1903.

Torpids

EACH college has its barge or house boat, which is to the river what the pavilion is to the cricket field. Cross the river in a punt and stroll down the towing-path, and you will have a good view of the practising eights and fours, as well as of sundry smaller craft. This will give you a good idea of Oxford 'form' in its various stages of efficiency, but if you want to see it at its best, you must wait for the bumping races in February and May. The towing path is then a less desirable point of observation, for it is crowded by an excited multitude, tearing along to keep pace with the competing boats, and cheering their crews not merely vocally, but by all such sounds of harmony as may be produced by rattles of large size, megaphones, and even pistol shots; while if *a bump* be imminent, the air is rent by shouts that may be heard half a mile away: 'Now you're gaining!' 'Now put it on!' 'Now you've got them!' 'Well rowed, Stroke!' 'Keep it up, Bow!' and so on. But I must not assume that the reader is initiated into the mysteries of Oxford boating, and he may very naturally wonder what a *bump* may be. I hasten therefore to explain that the river is not wide enough for more than two boats to start abreast, and that arrangements have to be made for at least a score. Each College has its own boat, and in the 'Torpids' some colleges have two. Under these circumstances the problem is solved as follows: the several boats are posted in a long line at equal distances apart, the tail boat being close to Iffley Lock. On the first day of the races, which last a week, the order of precedence is that of the final order resulting from the races of the previous year. At a given signal the boats start simultaneously, and it is the object of each to foul with its bows the stern of the one immediately ahead of it. This manœuvre is the *bump*, and the next day the bumping boat takes precedence of the bumped. The February races are those of the junior crews or 'Torpids.' The May races those of the senior crews or 'Eights.' The Eights are recruited from the Torpids, and the University Eight from the College Eights.

Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds, 1905.

CAP AND BELLS:

SQUIBS AND CRACKERS

On the Casting of Great Tom of Christ Church

Be dumb, ye infant chimes, thump not the mettall
Which ne'er outrung the Tinker and his kettle;
Cease all your petty 'larums, for to-day
Is great Tom's resurrection from y^e^ clay.
And know when Tom shall ring his loudest knells
The bigg'st of you 'll be thought but dinner-bells.

Old Tom 's growne yong againe, y^e^ fiery cave
Is now his cradle, which was 'erst his grave:
He grew up quickly from his mother earth,
For all (you see) is but an hower's birth.
Looke on him well, my life I dare engage,
You ne'er saw prettier baby of his age.

Some take his measure by the rule, some by
The Jacob's staff take his profundity,
And some his altitude, some boldly swear
Yong Tom 's not like the old, yet Tom ne'er fear
The critical geometrician's line
If thou, as loud as ere thou didst, ring'st nine.

Rejoyce with Ch. Ch., and looke higher, Ousney,
Of giant bells the famous treasurie.
That vast, bare, thund'ring clocke of Westminster,
Grand Tom of Lincolne and huge Exeter,
Are but Tom's elder brothers, and perchance
He may call cousins with the bell in Fraunce.

Ne'er grieve, old Ousney, at thy heavy fall;
Thy ruines build thee up againe; they 'll all
Flourish to see thy greate glory, their sole fame,
When thou art not, will keep greate Ousney's name.
This Tom was infant of thy mighty steeple,
Yet is held controuller of a people.

. . . . . .

Brave constant spiritt! none could make thee turne,
Though hanged, drawne, quartered, till they did thee burne;
Yet not for this, nor ten times more be sorry,
Since thou art martyred for thy churche's glory:
And though we grieved to see thee thumped and banged,
Wee 'll all be glad (great Tom) to see thee hanged.[1]

Jerom Terrent, 1680.
Notes and Queries, Dec. 1860.

Oxford Tories and Cambridge Whigs

Sir William Browne the physician, who lived to a very extraordinary age and was in other respects an odd mortal, with more genius than understanding and more self-sufficiency than wit, was the only person who ventured to oppose Mr. Johnson, when he had a mind to shine by exalting his favourite university and to express his contempt of the whiggish notions which prevail at Cambridge. He did it once, however, with surprising felicity; his antagonist having repeated with an air of triumph the famous epigram written by Dr. Trapp:—

'Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
The wants of his two universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.'

Which, says Sir William, might well be answered thus:

'The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.'

Johnson Miscellanies, ed. by G. Birkbeck Hill.
Clarendon Press, 1897.

Coffee-house Libraries

Besides the libraries of Radcliffe and Bodley and the Colleges, there have been of late years many libraries founded in our coffee-houses for the benefit of such as have neglected or lost their Latin or Greek. . . . As there are here books suited to every taste, so there are liquors adapted to every species of reading. Amorous tales may be perused over Arrack, punch and jellies; insipid odes over Orgeat or Capilaire; politics over coffee; divinity over port; and Defences of bad generals and bad ministers over Whipt Syllabubs. In a word, in these libraries instruction and pleasure go hand in hand; and we may pronounce, in a literal sense, that learning no longer remains a dry pursuit.

Warton's *Companion to the Guide and Guide to the Companion*, 1762.

[1] Great Tom was recast in 1683.

'An Evening Contemplation in a College'

WITHIN those walls, where through the glimmering shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife;
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they basked along the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bowed beneath their weight:
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plates!

O let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long our feasts, how long our dinners last,
Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarry'd men reflections cast!

. . . . . .

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darlings of the fair;
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager and awe the player.

But Science now has filled their vacant mind
With *Rome's* rich spoils and truth's exalted views,
Fired them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

. . . . . .

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learnt to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

E'en now their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclosed by doors of glass, in Doric style,
On fluted pillars raised, with bronzes decked,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the authors' names, though richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care;
And many a catalogue is strewed around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

. . . . . .

For thee, who, mindful of thy loved compeers,
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, 'Each morn, unchilled by frosts, he ran
With hose ungartered, o'er yon turfy bed,
To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.

There in the arms of that lethargic chair,
Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
At noon he quaffed three glasses to the fair,
And pored upon the news with curious eye.

Now by the fire, engaged in serious talk
Or mirthful converse, would he loitering stand;
Then in the garden choose a sunny walk
Or launch the polished bowl with steady hand.

One morn we missed him at the hour of prayer,
Beside the fire, and on his favourite green
Another came, nor yet within the chair,
Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he seen.

The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire,
That day to church he led a blushing bride.

. . . . . .

The Oxford Sausage, 1764.

The Lounger

I RISE about nine, get to breakfast by ten,
Blow a tune on my flute, or perhaps make a pen;
Read a play till eleven, or cock my laced hat;
Then step to my neighbour's till dinner, to chat.
Dinner over, to *Tom's*, or to *James'* I go,
The news of the town so impatient to know;
While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum race,
That talk of their modes, their ellipses, and space,

The seat of the soul, and new systems on high,
In holes, as abstruse as their mysteries, lie.
From the coffee-house then I to tennis away,
And at five I post back to my college to pray:
I sup before eight, and secure from all duns,
Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns*;
Where in punch or good claret my sorrows I drown,
And toss off a bowl 'to the best in the town';
At one in the morning, I call what's to pay,
Then home to my college I stagger away:
Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day.

The Oxford Sausage, 1764.

The Rake's Progress at the University

THE Master's wig the guilty wight appals
Who brings his dog within the College walls.

Ah me! that thou the Freshman's Guide shouldst read
Yet venture on the hallowed grass to tread.

Expulsion waits that Son of Alma Mater
Who dares to show his face in Boot or Gaiter.

Convened for wearing Gaiters—sad offence!
Expelled—nor e'en permitted a defence.

Published 22nd Oct. 1806.
W. Humphrey, 27 St. James' Street.

Keats at Oxford

1

THE Gothic looks solemn,
The plain Doric column
Supports an old Bishop and Crosier;
The mouldering arch
Shaded o'er by a larch
Stands next door to Wilson the Hosier.

2

Vicè—that is, by turns,—
O'er pale faces mourns
The black tassell'd trencher and common hat
The Chantry boy sings,
The Steeple-bell rings,
And as for the Chancellor—*dominat.*

3

There are plenty of trees,
And plenty of ease,
And plenty of fat deer for Parsons;
And when it is venison,
Short is the benison,—
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

Keats, *Nonsense Verses on Oxford.*
Buxton Forman's Edition. Reeves and Turner, 1883.

Oxford Logic

THE village of Cumnor, within three or four miles of Oxford, boasted, during the eighteenth of Queen Elizabeth, an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or rather ruled, by Giles Gosling, a man of a goodly person, and of somewhat round belly; fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit and a pretty daughter. . . . It was in the courtyard of the inn which called this honest fellow landlord, that a traveller alighted in the close of the evening, gave his horse, which seemed to have made a long journey, to the hostler, and made some enquiry which produced the following dialogue betwixt the myrmidons of the bonny Black Bear:—

'What, ho! John Tapster.'

'At hand, Will Hostler,' replied the man of the spigot, showing himself in his costume of loose jacket, linen breeches, and green apron, half within and half without a door, which appeared to descend to an outer cellar.

'Here is a gentleman asks if you draw good ale,' continued the hostler.

'Beshrew my heart else,' answered the tapster, 'since there are but four miles betwixt us and Oxford. Marry, if my ale did not convince the heads of the scholars, they would soon convince my pate with the pewter flagon.'

'Call you that Oxford logic?' said the stranger.

Scott's *Kenilworth.*

1

O VIVAT omnibus
Salvus ab hostibus
Georgius Rex;
Tibi victoriam
Deus, et gloriam
Det, et memoriam,
Optime Rex!

2 O

'God Save the King'
Latine redditum

2

Hostes, O Domine!
Ut cadat omine
  Horrido, da;
Praebe, coelipotens,
Deus omnipotens,
Solus armipotens,
  Auxilia.

3

Fiat clarissimus,
Et beatissimus,
  Georgius Rex!
Cujus auspicio,
Cujus judicio,
Et beneficio,
  Floreat Lex![1]

Notes and Queries (1st ser.), xi. 233.

'A Revolutionary Manifesto'

THE following *jeu d'esprit* was circulated in Oxford at the Commemoration of 1849; it created a great sensation at the time from its clever allusion to the political changes on the other side of the Channel:—

'LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

'Citizen Academicians,—The cry of Reform has been too long unheard. Our infatuated rulers refused to listen to it, the term of their tyranny is at length accomplished. The Vice-Chancellor has fled on horseback, the Proctors have resigned their usurped authority, the Scouts have fraternised with the friends of Liberty. The University is no more. A Republican Lyceum will henceforth diffuse light and civilisation. The Hebdomadal Board is abolished. The Legislative Powers will be entrusted to a General Convention of the whole Lyceum. A Provisional Government has been established. The undersigned citizens have nobly devoted themselves to the task of administration.

'(Signed) CITIZEN CLOUGH
(*President of the Executive Council*).
'SEWELL.
'BOSSOM (*Operative*).
'JOHN CONINGTON.
'WRIGHTSON (*Queen's*).
'*Floreat Lyceum.*'

Notes and Queries.

[1] Circulated in Oxford, 1809-10.

Oxford a stage

OXFORD is a stage,
And all the men in residence are players:
They have their exeats and examinations;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the Freshman,
Stumbling and stuttering in his tutor's rooms.
And then the aspiring Classman, with white tie
And shy desponding face, creeping along
Unwilling to the Schools. Then at the Union,
Spouting like fury, with some woeful twaddle
Upon the 'Crisis.' Then a billiard-player,
Full of strange oaths, a keen and cunning card,
Clever in cannons, sudden and quick in hazards
Seeking a billiard reputation
Even in the pocket's mouth. And then the Fellow,
His fair round forehead with hard furrows lined,
With weakened eyes and beard of doubtful growth,
Crammed with old lore of useful application,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and study-worn Professor,
With spectacles on nose and glass at side;
His youthful nose has grown a world too large
For his shrunk face, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is utter donnishness and mere nonentity,
Without respect, or tact, or taste, or anything.

The Oxford Spectator, May 1868. Macmillan, 1869.

'Taine, Historien'

DEAR M. JOHN,—You do me honour to permit me to say my experience of a day in Oxford in your estimable universal journal.

Your colleges are of several types: there is the crumbling antique, which you reverence. It is fine how grand they impress the spectator with the curious carving. And the robust type: the matter of fact, stolid. It is of newer colleges, Worcester, Queen's. These English, I say, are an angular people: they are made up of angles, and it is typical, those heavy blocks of Wren or Hawksmoor.

I notice Keble: Ah! Universities are going downwards. You look at a jail, a lunatic asylum, a patch of new brick work. What is it? That is Keble. And inside the same; neat grass but not flowers, and rooms along passages. And an undergraduate with a battered hat: he has not a gown, and he smokes a cigarette.

There is less insular pride, but he stares at you. I talk to him. I think I do not speak English quite well: he smiles, and replies that it is not the Hospital for Incurables. He did not know what I said. So I go across to the Museum. But they put a watchman, a puffy Englishman, and he says No; it is not lawful. It is all over the same: the English worship law by hereditary privilege. I say to him that I am a stranger, and I think he wants money: I hold out a halfpenny, coaxing him. He looks angry, but a gentleman with a gown, a Professor, comes up, and whispers to the porter and lets me in. I write my name in a book: the officials are cautious, it is so wherever I have been, British Museum, everywhere, so that if you take away things and hide them in your hat they will find you. It is clever.

Your college gardens are exquisite: and the Parks. I see a young gentleman near the river, and a lady. She is a milliner; perhaps he is an undergraduate, or a fellow, but he has no cap and gown. He has flannel clothes, and there is a boat by the bank. It is pretty, and I go away and do not interrupt. It is good to encourage attention to women: you English are cold, proper: but they do not dress prettily. You do not arrange colours well: it is heavy, and they fit badly.

I go down to the colleges: I go to see a friend at Christ Church, he lives in peck. I think it is a joke. Englishmen do not laugh, but their jokes are deep. It is a country of preachers. There is a sermon in their joke.

His rooms are superfluous, they take the breath. They are rich people in Christ Church. I saw a *joli* trap at the gate; two young men with a very small pony. I think they would nearly kill it if they go far. I speak to them: but they stare. Every one stares. It is the mark of a gentleman here to stare. In the country I do not see it, but in London in the drawing-rooms, they all stare, even the ladies.

I go to Oriel and ask for another friend: a young man reads a paper. He does not look up: he says Four pair back, and goes on reading. I do not understand, I ask again, and he says the same, so I go away. Afterwards I look in a dictionary, but it is not a phrase. It must be *argot*; I see the undergraduates are familiar with the servants, so they talk slang to them. Elsewhere the masters and servants are very distant, but in Oxford the scouts—that is their name—eat marmalade—they call it squish—from the same jar. It is reaction. The old type is dying out.

I go over Magdalen Bridge: there is a little boy leaning over. He spits. I look over the side. A boat has just gone through,

and a gentleman in it—it is a walnut shell affair, a canoe—looks angry. I see the lower orders, the *gamins*, hate the rich. What has all your Political Economy done? I boxed the boy on the back: he made a face and ran away and said Froggy. Every one talks *argot*, and it is long to learn.

A carriage with three horses passes: it is full of young men, fine, broad, happy: they go to play crickets-match. They are reckless, some one will come back with a broken limb: they do not know which it is, but they are happy. Such is English character. They drive so that it seems they will upset, and one of them blows a horn. They enjoy themselves, but they are silent: they do not say much. You see it in their faces.

I met a ladies' school. There were no pretty faces: the pretty girls stay at home; they would attract attention, and undergraduates would write to them and interfere with their school duties. Their parents do not approve of it. This accounts for their fondness for milliners, who live up beyond the Parks in pretty houses.

After I had dined with you at the 'Château,' I walked to the station: but I do not remember much what I saw after I drunk your champagne.

Accept the assurance of my deepest regards, and convey my felicitous remembrance to Mdlle. Marion.

Shotover Papers. Simpkin, 1875.

'They are Three'

A SIMPLE youth
That sits and smokes with fools,
And looks a fop in face and mien,
What should he know of schools?

I met an undergraduate boy:
He was three times ploughed, I heard;
His head was like a pretty toy,
His language was absurd.

He had a town-bred London air
And he was sprucely clad;
His face was soft, so was his hair,
His 'side' it made me sad.

'Of lectures, undergraduate sir,
How many may you keep?'
'How many? Three,' he did aver,
And cunning looked and deep.

'And what are they? I'd gladly know.'
He answered, 'Three are they:
To one of them I never go,
And one I cut each day.

'But one of them is given by
My Tutor and my Dean,
So in the early morning I
Must go to that, I ween.'

'You say that one you cut alway,
To one you do not go,
Yet you have three! Explain, I pray,
Sweet youth, how this is so.'

The wily youth thus answered me,
'Three lectures—three in all,
The list of lectures you may see
Upon the board in hall.'

'You wander in your talk, I wot,
Or else you are in fun,
If one you cut, to one go not,
Then you have only one.'

'The list is there, that can I swear,'
The wily youth replied,
'In the second row of the letter O
The three are side by side.

'I oft do paper work in hall,
My letters there I write;
And, though the dons are cutish all,
I sit and crib outright.

'And often, when the sun is down,
Beneath the gaslight's glare,
I take my tattered cap and gown,
And eat my dinner there.

'The first I cut my Latin Prose;
In bed one morn I lay
Till ten had struck, and then I rose,
But 'twas too late that day.

'So in my room I sat and smoked,
And when my pipe was out,
To Russell's lazily we walked,
I and my terrier Snout.

'And, when the clock eleven had struck,
I scarce had chalked my cue,
And though perhaps the schools I'll muck
I cut my Mods. books too.'

'How many have you then,' said I,
'If two you cut each day?'
The wily youth would still reply,
'Three, if you please, we'll say.'

'But one you cut, nay, two you cut!
You never go, you see!'
'Twas throwing words away, for still
This wily youth would have his will,
And said, 'Nay, they are three.'

Shotover Papers, Nov. 28, 1874.

'Oxford Cockney Rhymes'

Ye Oxford Dons that Cockneys be,
Among your gardens tidy,
If you would ask a maid to tea
D'ye call the girl 'a lydy'?
And if you'd sing of Mr. Fry,
And need a rhyme to 'swiper,'
Are you so cruel as to try
To fill the blank with 'pyper'?

Oh, Hoxford was a pleasant plice
To many a poet dear,
And Saccharissa had the grice
In Oxford to appear.
But Waller, if to Cytherea
He prayed at any time,
Did not implore 'her friendly ear,'
And think he had a rhyme.

Now, if you ask to what are due
The horrors which I mention,
I think we owe them to the U-
niversity extension.

From Hoxton and from Poplar come
The 'Arriets and 'Arries,
And so the Oxford Muse is dumb,
Or, when she sings, miscarries.

A. Lang, *New Collected Rhymes.* Longmans, 1905.

BALLADE OF THE SUMMER TERM

The Summer Term

(Being a Petition, in the form of a Ballade, praying the University Commissioners to spare the Summer Term.)

When Lent and Responsions are ended,
When May with fritillaries waits,
When the flower of the chestnut is splendid,
When drags are at all of the gates
(Those drags the philosopher 'slates'
With a scorn that is truly sublime),
Life wins from the grasp of the Fates
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

When wickets are bowl'd and defended,
When Isis is glad with 'the Eights,'
When music and sunset are blended,
When Youth and the summer are mates,
When Freshmen are heedless of 'Greats,'
And when note-books are cover'd with rhyme,
Ah, there are the hours that one rates—
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

When the brow of the Dean is unbended
At luncheons and mild tête-à-têtes,
When the Tutor's in love, nor offended
By blunders in tenses or dates;
When bouquets are purchased of Bates,
When the bells in their melody chime,
When unheeded the Lecturer prates—
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

Envoy.

Reformers of Schools and of States,
Is mirth so tremendous a crime?
Ah! spare what grim pedantry hates—
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

Ballades in Blue China. Kegan Paul, 1888.

Lays of Modern Oxford. 1883

THERE was a pale scholar of Queen's,
Who lived on potatoes and beans;
When they said, 'take to meat,'
He replied, 'such a treat
We seldom indulge in at Queen's.'

There was a tall freshman of Keble
Whose legs were exceedingly feeble,
So he hired a fly
To drive to the High,
A Sabbath-day's journey from Keble.

There was a postmaster of Merton,
Who would always bathe with his shirt on,
When his friends asked him why,
He made the reply,
'We always do odd things at Merton.'

There was a young scholar of Queen's
Who was fond of infernal machines;
He blew open a door,
But he'll do so no more,
For it chanced that *that* door was the Dean's.

Lays of Modern Oxford, 1883.

The Civil War at the Union

Παλμερίων:

Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐφρονέων· Ταιεῖτος δ' ἆλτο χαμᾶζε·
Καὶ πῖλον βράνδισσε, νεὸν δέ τε ῥοῦον ὄρωρεν.
Πῖλον Ἰύγγινσος ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χέρσιν
Ἤ τις Λονδεινοῦ πώλης· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐνόησε
Ἐν τούτῳ ποτε κἂν πῖλον θύμψεσθαι ἀγῶνι.
Ἀδδρέσσειν δ' ἐθέλοντι φιλοὺς, πρεσιδέντιος αὐτῷ
Σίγην κομμάνδει, ὅτ' ἄρ' ἰντέῤῥυπτε δέβατα·
Ἀλλ' ὅτι περσίστει δύστηνος φείνεται ὄνπουνδ.
Δεινὴ δ' ἦν κλαγγὴ ἰσσόντων ἢ δὲ κλαπόντων.
Ἴστατ' ἀειρόμενός τε, καὶ αὐτῷ βοίλεται αἷμα·
Οὐκ ἐγὼ, ὦ ἕταροι, προσέφη, φίλοι ὑνίῳ ἐχθρὸς,
Ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς, Μασίχοι τε, καὶ ἐν κόμμιττι σίτοντες
Ὑμεῖς, νῦν αὐτὸν, κακόγλωσσοι, ἀτεμπτετ' ὀλέσθαι.'

Idem Latine:

Sic dixit prudens: Sed Taitus desiliit humi:
Et pilum shookavit: et iterum rowum agitatur.
Pilum Jugginsus fecit, et ipsum manufacturavit manu,

Aut quidam Londiniensis shopkeeperus; sed in mindo non cogitavit
In hac contentione pilum aliquando thumpsandum esse.
Ipsi addressere volenti amicos, Praesidentius
Silentium commandat, quia interrupit concionem:
Sed quia persistet, infelix *heu!* mulctatur unum-poundum.
Terribilis autem fuit noisa hissentium atque clappantium.
Stabat excitatus, et in eo fervebat sanguis.
'Non ego, cari socii,' dixit, 'inimicus unioni sum,
'Sed vos, Masichi, et qui in committee seditis
'Vos nunc ipsum, oh malâ-linguâ-praediti, conati estis destruere.

English Version:

The gen'rous hero ceased—with thundering sound
T——t shook his tassell'd cap, and sprang to ground,
(The tassell'd cap by Juggins' hand was made,
Or some keen brother of the London trade,
Unconscious of the stern decrees of fate,
What ruthless thumps the batter'd trencher wait),
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar
Of T——t indignant, rushing to the war.
In vain the chair's dread mandate interfer'd,
Nor chair, nor fine, the angry warrior fear'd;
A forfeit pound th' unequal contest ends;
Loud rose the clamour of condoling friends;
Loud from the foe triumphant thunders broke,
And, swoln with boiling rage, the fearless champion spoke:
'Not I, O friends! provok'd th' unholy strife;
'Ye, men of Massie, gave the conflict life,
'Your own Committee urg'd the dire debate,
'*Your* tongues contentious threat the tottering state.'

Notes.

68. πῖλον. Aliqui volunt κυνεήν. Me judice interpretari potest, *Gallice*, Chapeau. *Anglice*, A Hat. *Aliter*, Trencher-cap.

69. Ἰύγγινσος. Codex S. C. L. habet v. l. Αὔγγινσος; alii legunt Ῥάνδαλλος. Nonnulli Σλάττηρος. Lectoris judicium esto.

70. πώλης. Quis fuit hic venditor? Forsan praeclarus ille Juppius, in Viâ Regentis. Vide Heavysternii Excurs. iv.

78. κόμμιττι. Suidas ἀπὸ τοῦ κόμμι derivat; de iis qui officio quasi agglutinati adhaerent: quod in publicis Angliae Ministris non sine admiratione observamus.—*Heavysternius.*

NOTES OF SLAWKENBERG.

67. Ταιεῖτος anne à Ταΰγετὸς, utpote Spartanus? Certe Laconica brevitate uti coactus est, mulctâ HSCCXL irrogatâ.

69. Ἰυγγίνσος. Nomen desideratum! ab ἴυγξ. Aesch. *Pers* et alibi.

The Greek for Grog

'Ἦ ῥά νύ μοι τύρνουσι δόμον διὰ θυρία γούνσμεν!'
Ὣς δ' ἠδὴ, πάντων ὠρσώντων, νοῖζα σιώπα,
Εὖ συναγειρόμενοι κάππους γούνους τε λαβόντες,
Ἄστερος ἐκ ῥυμοῦ στάρτουσ' οἰκόνδε νέεσθαι·
Καὶ τότε παρτείους φόρμαντες, χώρις ἕκαστοι,
Δαίνυντ' οἰστήρας, καὶ τόδδιον[1] ἀρκεσίγυιον,
Βράνδια πίνουσίν τε καὶ ἐκσμώχουσι[2] σεγάῤῥους.

Thomas Jackson, *Uniomachia*, Slawkenbergii animadversionibus illustrata [5th ed. 1875].

W. W. on Oxford

BEHOLD! I am not one that goes to Lectures or the pow-wow of Professors.
The elementary laws never apologise: neither do I apologise.
I find letters from the Dean dropt on my table—and every one is signed by the Dean's name—
And I leave them where they are: for I know that as long as I stay up
Others will punctually come for ever and ever.
I am one who goes to the river,
I sit in the boat and think of 'life' and of 'time.'
How life is much, but time is more; and the beginning is everything,
But the end is something.

[1] ΤΟΔΔΙΟΝ. Ἀλκιβιάδης μεθυσθείς ποτε, καὶ τούτου γευσάμενος ἥσθη εἰπεῖν δὲ βουλόμενος ὅτι Τόδε Δῖον (*i.e.* Hoc divinum est) οὐκ ἠδυνήθη, ἀλλὰ ἀεί πως τραυλίζων, καί τοτε εὖ βεβαπτισμένος, Τοδδιον ἐβαττάριζεν ὅθεν τοὔνομα. Athenaeus Deipnos.

[2] ἐκσμώχουσι. In hoc antiquissimo poemate, nullus est locus isto corruptior. Hem! tibi solertiam veterum Commentatorum!! Hi enim insulsissimi et magis asinorum nomine quam doctorum digni dicunt:—'*Britannos olim, nec non et Batavos, herba quadam perniciosâ et ad intoxicandam idonea, cui nomen fictum dederunt Tobacco, usos esse. Hunc bene circumplicatum et inflammatum labris eos interposuisse, et aëris suctione per eam* σμῶξαι, i.e. *flammam ei fumum excitasse, et inspirata expirasse.*' Has aniles fabulas, has meras nugas, 'credat Judaeus Apella, Non Ego.' Quum nihil de eo pro certo habeo, nihil proferre audeo. Hunc versum, Lector benevole, si me audis omnino rejice.—Dunderheadius.

I loll in the Parks, I go to the wicket, I swipe.
I see twenty-two young men from Foster's watching me, and the trousers of the twenty-two young men.
I see the Balliol men *en masse* watching me.—The Hottentot that loves his mother, the untutored Bedowee, the Cave-man that wears only his certificate of baptism, and the shaggy Sioux that hangs his testamur with his scalps.
I see the Don who ploughed me in Rudiments watching me: and the wife of the Don who ploughed me in Rudiments watching me.
I see the rapport of the wicket-keeper and umpire.
I cannot see that I am out.
Oh! you Umpires!
I am not one who greatly cares for experience, soap, bull-dogs, cautions, majorities, or a graduated Income-Tax,
The certainty of space, punctuation, sexes, institutions, copiousness, degrees, committees, délicatesse, or the fetters of rhyme—
For none of these do I care: but least for the fetters of rhyme.
Myself only I sing. Me Imperturbé! Me Prononcé!
Me progressive and the depth of me progressive,
And the *βάθος*, *Anglicé*, Bathos,
Of me chanting to the Public the song of Simple Enumeration.

A. T. Quiller-Couch, *Green Bays*. Methuen, 1893.

The Statutes

It is recorded of a late senior classical tutor of Balliol that he once snatched a Greek Testament from the hands of a promising Freshman with the indignant remark, 'If you read much of *that*, I would not give twopence for your chance of a Gaisford!' No such sweeping condemnation of the literary style of the Statutes is known to have been delivered. But the reason is probably that no undergraduate has ever been suspected of studying them.

The Isis, 13th October 1894.

Carmen Gualteri Map ex Aul. Nov. Hosp.

Otiosus homo sum: cano laudes oti:
Qui laborem cupiunt procul sint remoti:
Ipse sum adversus huic rationi toti:
Pariter insaniunt ac si essent poti.

Diligens arundinis lucidique solis,
Aciem quod ingeni acuis et polis,
Salve dium Otium, inimicum scholis
Atque rebus omnibus quae sunt magnae molis!

Nota discunt alii remigandi jura,
Tua premendus arte sit venter inter crura:
Haec est vitae ratio longe nimis dura:
Nulla nobis cutis est deterendae cura.

Habitu levissimo magna pars induto
Pellunt pilas pedibus, concidunt in luto:
Hos, si potest fieri, stultiores puto
Atque tantum similes animali bruto.

Alius contrariis usus disciplinis
Procul rivo vivit et Torpidorum vinis:
Nullus unquam ponitur huic legendi finis:
Vescitur radicibus Graecis et Latinis.

Mihi cum ut subeam Moderationes
Tutor suadet anxius 'Frustra' inquam 'mones:
Per me licet ignibus universas dones
Aeschyli palmarias emendationes!'

Ego insanissimos reor insanorum
Mane tempus esse qui dictitent laborum:
Otium est optimum omnium bonorum:
Ante diem medium non relinquo torum.

Ergo jam donabimus hoc praeceptum gratis
Vobis membris omnibus Universitatis,
Dominis Doctoribus, Undergraduatis—
Professores cura sit omnes ut fiatis.

Verses to Order, by A. G. Methuen. 1892.

To Kitty. To come to Commem.

DEAR KITTY,
At length the term 's ending;
I 'm in for my Schools in a week;
And the time that at present I 'm spending
On you should be spent upon Greek:
But I 'm fairly well read in my Plato,
I 'm thoroughly red in the eyes,
And I 've almost forgotten the way to
Be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.
So 'the best of all ways'—why repeat you,
The verse at 2.30 A.M.
When I am stealing an hour to entreat you
Dear Kitty, to come to Commem.?

Oh, come! You shall rustle in satin
Through halls where Examiners trod:
Your laughter shall triumph o'er Latin
In lecture-room, garden, and quad.
They stand in the silent Sheldonian—
Our orators, waiting—for you,
Their style guaranteed Ciceronian,
Their subject—'the Ladies in Blue.'
The Vice sits arrayed in his scarlet;
He's pale, but they say he dissembles by calling his Beadle a 'varlet'
Whenever he thinks of Commem.

There are dances, flirtations at Nuneham,
Flower-shows, the procession of Eights:
There's a list stretching *usque ad Lunam*
Of concerts, and lunches, and fêtes:
There's the Newdigate all about 'Gordon,'
—So sweet, and they think it will scan.
You shall flirt with a Proctor, a Warden
Shall run for your shawl and your fan.
They are sportive as gods broken loose from
Olympus, and yet very eminent men. There are plenty to choose from,
You'll find, if you come to Commem.

A. T. Quiller-Couch, *Green Bays*, 1893.

'Monsieur Clarendon Press'

THE general excellence of the workmanship of the Clarendon Press was attested by the Grand Prix which was awarded at the last great Exhibition in Paris. Nay, even with this distinction the stream of honours did not cease to flow, as is shown by the following invitation—

Le Président de la République et Madame Carnot prient Monsieur Clarendon Press Grand Prix (Cl. 9) de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la Soirée au Palais de l'Elysée le Jeudi, 17 octobre, à 9 heures et ½. On Dansera.

Carte personnelle à remettre en entrant.

Monsieur Clarendon Press,
à Oxford, Angleterre.

Talks about Autographs, by G. Birkbeck Hill. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1896.

P. Vergili Maronis Fragmentum Nuper Repertum

VENIT hiems, multosque etiam venientia testes
Dant Parvisa sui. Qui vix semel hebdomadali
Tempore tutoris quaerebat limina, nunc it
Terque quaterque die, poscitque et ab hoste doceri,
Mendosas prosas ululatorumque feraces
Ille quidem referens. Adeo nova vertitur illi
Pagina; non repetit curandis (scilicet) urbem
Dentibus infelix: Nonas celebrare Novembres
Jam timet et miseris supponere civibus ignem.
Invigilat noctu libris; tum rite togatus
Templum mane petit (faciem stupet inscius ante
Janitor); ut, durum quamvis patiatur aratrum,
Termine, te saltem servet, placeatque Decano.
Mox hunc scribentem Schola Magna Australis habebit,
Adjectiva, nefas! (res est nec digna magistros
Fallere nec facilis) latebris suffixa galeri
Cum substantivis—lateant si forte—legentem.
(Incassum—namque omnibus est academica vestis—
Proprocurator complerier agmine denso
Strata videt; maestusque Via palatur in Alta,
Multa gemens, cistamque nequit ditare sequendo).
Accipe, nunc artes. Memini, qui saepe negatum
Saepe tamen rursus petiit Testamur; at illum
Ad fluvium comites percussaque robore tergi
Torpidi ad alterius cogebat transtra juventus;
Sed puer Eucliden nec non Pronomina Graeca
Adfixit lintri, medioque legebat in amne,
Oppositum observans humerum librumque vicissim.
Sic multas hiemes et sic vicesima vidit
Parvisa, Edmundi vivens contentus in Aula.
Sunt qui praetereant; est, qui patietur aratrum.
Sed vos, O juvenes, quos praeteriisse vetabit
Ferreus et viva damnârit voce magister—
Hospitium si dura negant Collegia, si vos
Excipit e Christi depulsos Corpore Turrell—
Ne tamen in medio mergat furor aegra fluento
Corpora, neu famulis sectas obtendite fauces;
Spes maneat! veniet lustris labentibus annus,
Cum vos Graecorum per mille pericla chororum
Perque mathematicos ducet Fortuna papyros;
Tunc aliquis comitum, longis venerabilis annis,
Ibit, et aequaevi referet Testamur amici.

Verses to Order, by A. G. Methuen, 1892.

Nettler

JUST roughly so to speak, you know
My name is Nettleship—or so
In other words, the Junior Dean,
At least I think that 's what I mean.
. . . . . .
If you cut chapel you 'll be—gated!
I don't think that is overstated?
But, come and see me after Hall;
That 's all: at least that 's nearly all.

Balliol Rhymes.

Oxford Nights

ABOUT the august and ancient *Square*,
Cries the wild wind; and through the air,
The blue night air, blows keen and chill:
Else, all the night sleeps, all is still.
Now, the lone *Square* is blind with gloom,
A cloudy moonlight plays, and falls
In glory upon *Bodley's* walls:
Now wildlier yet, while moonlight pales,
Storm the tumultuary gales.
O rare divinity of Night!
Season of undisturbed delight:
Glad interspace of day and day!
Without, a world of winds at play:
Within, I hear what dead friends say.
Blow, winds! and round that perfect *Dome*,
Wail as you will, and sweep, and roam:
Above *Saint Mary's* carven home
Struggle, and smile to your desire
The sainted watchers on her spire:
Or in the distance vex your power
Upon mine own *New College* tower:
You hurt not these! On me and mine,
Clear candlelights in quiet shine:
My fire lives yet! nor have I done
With *Smollett*, nor with *Richardson*,
With, gentlest of the martyrs! *Lamb*,
Whose lover I, long lover, am:
With *Gray*, whose gracious spirit knew
The sorrows of art's lonely few:
With *Fielding*, great, and strong, and tall;
Sterne, exquisite, equivocal;
Goldsmith, the dearest of them all:
While *Addison's* demure delights

Turn *Oxford*, into Attic nights.
Still *Trim* and *Parson Adams* keep
Me better company, than sleep:
Dark sleep, who loves not me; nor I
Love well her nightly death to die,
And in her haunted chapels lie.
Sleep wins me not: but from his shelf
Brings me each wit his very self:
Beside my chair the great ghosts throng,
Each tells his story, sings his song:
And in the ruddy fire I trace
The curves of each *Augustan* face.
I sit at *Doctor Primrose's* board:
I hear *Beau Tibbs* discuss a lord.
Mine *Matthew Bramble's* pleasant wrath;
Mine, all the humours of the *Bath*.
Sir Roger and the *Man in Black*
Bring me the *Golden Ages* back.
Now white *Clarissa* meets her fate,
With virgin will inviolate:
Now *Lovelace* wins me with a smile,
Lovelace, adorable and vile.
I taste, in slow alternate way,
Letters of *Lamb*, letters of *Gray*:
Nor lives there, beneath *Oxford* towers,
More joy, than in my silent hours.
Dream, who love dreams! forget all grief:
Find in sleep's nothingness relief:
Better my dreams! Dear, human books,
With kindly voices, winning looks!
Enchaunt me with your spells of art,
And draw me homeward to your heart:
Till weariness and things unkind
Seem but a vain and passing wind:
Till the gray morning slowly creep
Upward, and rouse the birds from sleep:
Till *Oxford* bells the silence break,
And find me happier, for your sake.
Then, with the dawn of common day,
Rest you! But I, upon my way,
What the fates bring, will cheerlier do,
In days not yours, through thoughts of you!

Poems, by Lionel Johnson. Elkin Matthews, 1895.

Remarks in Hall at the End of Michaelmas Term

My dear Friends, my dear Undergraduate members of this College, the end of Term is approaching—nay, is here. A little more and we shall meet each other no longer for six weeks. It is a solemn and a sacred thought. . . . In the past term (I think I can answer for some of you) a much deeper meaning has entered into your lives. Especially you, the young Freshmen (happily I have had the control of many, the teaching of some), I know that life has become fuller for you. That half-hour a week to which you pay so little heed will mean much in later years. You have come to me in batches for half-an-hour a week, and each of you has thus enjoyed collectively the beginning of that private control and moulding of the character which is the object of all our efforts here in Oxford. . . .

So much for knowledge and tutorship. What of morals? It is a delicate subject, but I will treat of it boldly. You all remember how, shortly after the month of October, the College celebrated Guy Fawkes's day: the elders, by a dinner in honour of their founder, the juniors by lighting a bonfire in the quadrangle. You all know what followed. I do not wish to refer again—certainly not with bitterness—to the excesses of that evening; but the loss of eyesight is a serious thing, and one that the victim may forgive, but hardly can forget. I hope the lesson will suffice, and that in future no fellow of this College will have to regret so serious a disfigurement at the hands of a student. To pass to lighter things. The smoking concert on All Souls' Day was a great success. I had hoped to organise some similar jollity on Good Friday, but I find that it falls in the Easter vacation. It is, however, an excellent precedent, and we will not fail to have one on some other festal occasion. To the action of one of our least responsible members I will not refer. But surely there is neither good breeding nor decency in dressing up as an old lady, in assuming the name of one of our greatest families, and in so taking advantage of the chivalry, and perhaps the devotion, of one's superiors. The offence is one that can not lightly be passed over, and the culprit will surely be discovered.

Of the success of the College at hockey and in the inter-University draughts competition, I am as proud as yourselves. (Loud cheers, lasting for several minutes.) They were games of which in my youth I was myself proud. On the river I see no reason to be ashamed; next term we have the Torpids, and after that the Eights. We have no cause to despair. It is my experience (an experience based on ten years of close observation), that no college can permanently remain at the bottom of the river. There is a tide in the

affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, let us therefore take heart of grace and screw our courage to the sticking-point. We have the lightest cox. in the 'Varsity and an excellent coach. Much may be done with these things.

As to the religious state of the college it is, as you all know, excellent — I wish I could say the same for the Inorganic Chemistry. . . . .

There is one last thing that I shall touch upon. We have been constantly annoyed by the way in which Undergraduates tread down the lawn. The Oxford turf is one of the best signs of our antiquity as a University. There is no turf like it in the world. The habit of continually walking upon it is fatal to its appearance. Such an action would certainly never be permitted in a gentleman's seat, and there is some talk of building a wall round the quadrangle to prevent the practice in question. I need hardly tell you what a disfigurement such a step would involve, but if there is one thing in the management of the College that I am more determined upon than another it is that no one, be he scholar or be he commoner, shall walk upon the grass!

Lambkin's Remains, by H. B. Oxford, 1900.

Triolets Matutinal

O CHILLY is the path—
  Most chilly and most drear—
That lies 'twixt bed and bath!
O chilly is the path!
My breakfast 's on the hearth,
  But still I 'm lying here.
O chilly is the path—
  Most chilly and most drear!
. . . . . .
What! Half-past twelve? Great Scott!
  And all my lectures skipped!
Crumbs! *shan't* I get it hot!
What! Half-past twelve? Great Scott!
I 've cut the bally lot!
  How fast the time has slipped!
What! Half-past twelve? Great Scott!
  And all my lectures skipped!

Common-Room Carols, etc., by M. T. Pigott. Simpkin, 1903.

I WAS a modest, good-humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable.

Max Beerbohm,
'Going back to School' in *More*. Lane, 1899.

The Brevity of Dean Gaisford

GAISFORD, Dean of Christ Church [1831-55], and famous for his Spartan brevity, sent the following answer to the complaining parent of an undergraduate:—'Dear sir, such letters as yours are a great annoyance to your obedient servant, T. GAISFORD.'

Bishop Charles Wordsworth's *Annals of my Life*. Longmans, 1901-1903.

Maxima debetur

A CHARACTERISTIC incident related to me by the eyewitness shews how strongly Jowett felt that a decorous reticence should be observed in the presence not merely of boys but of young men (*maxima debetur juveni reverentia*). A distinguished man who had spent some time in the East and had become in a manner denationalised, dined with Jowett; and a party of Oxonians, including some undergraduates, was asked to meet him. The Orientalised veteran, after the ladies had left the room, told some anecdotes about Eastern customs, the narration of which in the presence of young men was far from edifying. One anecdote in particular threatened to be more startling than its predecessors. There was a general wish to check the unconscious transgressor, but there was a no less general unwillingness to say anything which might hurt his feelings. At last Jowett, after giving the signal to rise from the table, said to him, 'Shall we continue the conversation when we have joined the ladies?'

Benjamin Jowett: A Personal Memoir, by Hon. L. A. Tollemache. Arnold, 1895.

The Dean of Oriel to the Dean of Christ Church

TYLER always magnified his office; it was he (so the story goes) who, when he was Dean, sent a formal note to Gaisford: 'The Dean of Oriel presents his compliments to the Dean of Christ Church,' on reading which, Gaisford remarked: 'Alexander the coppersmith sendeth greeting to Alexander the Great.'

Oriel College, by D. W. Rannie. Hutchinson, 1900.

Diseur de bons mots

'YOU take tea in the morning?' said H. J. Stephen Smith to a college friend. 'If I did that' (with simulated horror) 'I should be awake all day.' On the news of a distinguished friend, who was also markedly pessimistic by temperament, having been appointed to a high post in India, he observed: 'How fortunate! it will give him another world to despair of.' He summed up a brilliant but inconsecutive thinker: 'He is never right and never wrong; he is never to the point.'

Joe Miller at Oxford

A CERTAIN don of Merton was discovered in a highly nervous and irritable state of mind one morning. 'Tompson,' he cried angrily to his scout, 'do not, I beg, let this occur again. You have given me an undergraduate's egg!'

A CERTAIN very voluble fellow of Exeter was discoursing on the changed conditions or metamorphoses in which he could readily conceive himself. But he made one exception. He could not conceive himself a monk, a call to the monastic life was by him unthinkable. 'Why, dear me, Mr. X.,' said a hitherto silent member of the company, 'you would have made an excellent Trappist.'

To Francis Turner Palgrave, on his returning to Oxford as Professor of Poetry, an office which he filled for eight years (between Matthew Arnold and Mr. W. J. Courthope), the Master of Balliol: 'Teach us how to tolerate one another.'

A CERTAIN head of a college looked with a sinister eye upon a group of undergraduates who remained up for a short long-vacation term—an innovation by no means universally approved. The term had no sooner been launched than a notice was put up in the lodge announcing a compulsory chapel at five every evening. A few days later, all these staying up were enjoined to breakfast (very meagrely as it proved) in Hall. This proved too much for their equanimity; and the last cab soon left the college for the station. The Head of College aforesaid watched this departure from the lodge window, and observed to another with malicious glee, 'This sort goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.'

IT was much debated at Balliol in the seventies whether a good man could be happy on the rack. The conclusion very generally arrived at was that a very good man could be happy—on a very bad rack.

LORD C——, of Jesus College, who eventually took a second class, strangely and absurdly broke down in his divinity on the first occasion. He was asked as to a King of Israel. He replied rightly 'Saul.' 'Quite right, sir.' 'Afterwards called Paul.' 'Stay, we are speaking of the Old Testament, and you say Saul afterwards called Paul. Am I to understand that this Saul, King of Israel, was the same person that was afterwards called Paul?' 'Yes, certainly.'

Ana

'Then (shutting the book) it is quite needless to continue this examination.'

It was told of old Dr. Plumptre of Univ. that he was taking a stroll round the new parks tacitly meditating as was his wont, while football was in progress on the turf adjacent to his path. A subordinate tutor, who was with him, trying to galvanise the master into conversation,

observed vaguely, 'I wonder what they are playing there' (meaning whether Rugby or Association). Plumptre plodded on meditatively for another four hundred yards. Then a solution dawned upon him. He halted and faced his interrogator, and adjusted his glass. And the oracle spoke—'I think they call that football.'

When White, of Pembroke, who afterwards wrote 'Nights at Mess' in *Blackwood*, competed for the Newdigate Prize for English verse, Crowe was an examiner of the compositions, so White chose for the motto which was required to conceal the name of each candidate, *Nil desperandum auspice Teu-Cro.*

Roundell Palmer's motto for the Ireland, I heard, was an apt one, *Graeculus esuriens.*

When Dr. Hobson examined Sir R. Peel for his first class, he said, 'My fellow-examiners accused me of flattering him or of putting a pun into his mouth when I selected, for his *vivâ voce*, the Passage in Virgil:

'Referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
*Pel*idae genitori.'

Millerisus

CANON RAWLINSON of Trinity was noted as a long-stop in the thirties, but was a heart-rending bat. He would block by the hour. His play resembled that of the man who asked Fuller Pilch (perhaps it was Rawlinson), 'Shall I be out (a vulgar delusion) if I don't move my bat?' 'No, sir, but you'll be out if you do.'

Graecum est

THE origin of the Boar's Head served every Christmas at Queen's College is traced to a remote period when a scholar of the College encountering a wild boar in Bagley wood, thrust the volume of Aristotle which he was reading into the savage brute's jaws, crying out '*Graecum est*; *non potest intelligi*,' and so both choked his assailant and saved his own life.

Fair Flattery

FAIR AMERICAN to Oxford fly-driver, 'Say, driver, what's that edifice?' 'That, St. John's College, ma'am.' 'So you have cahledges over here then.'

THREE scholars went a-begging, and coming to a rich man's door to ask relief, uttered their request by prayer and song. The rich man being somewhat amazed at it, came in haste to the door and looking earnestly on them said:—

'"From whence come ye?"
"From Oxford."
"Are ye not versifiers?"
"Yea, and your servants also."'

Upon which he conducted them to a well, over which on a beam hung two buckets, the one ascending while the other descended, to take up water, and said, 'Let each of you make two verses on the said buckets or else you shall not receive alms from me.' Thereupon the scholars scratching their heads and looking wistfully upon each other repeated these verses:—

'Hae situlae pendent dubiae, nam dum vice versa
Retrogradum fert una gradum, redit altera mersa.

Hae situlae pendent dubiae, variant vice prima
Ebria nam surgit, sed sobria tendit ad ima.

Bina rotata per haustra pericula nostra notescunt,
Sunt simul obvia, fronte ferocia, mox requiescunt.

Oxford's Poets

ALMA novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas—
Bubb, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans.

On a fat Gentleman at Oxford

WHEN Tadlow walks the streets the paviors cry,
'God bless you, Sir!' and lay their rammers by.

Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1783.

On Mr. Hearne, the Oxford Antiquary

'Pox on't!' says Time to Thomas Hearn,
'Whatever I forget you learn.'

I AM the Dean, this Mrs. Liddel,
She plays the first, I, second fiddle;
She is the Broad
I am the High,—
We are the University.

The Point of View

THREE Oxford men came here to see
These celebrated falls;
Two had not taken their degree,
And one had not passed Smalls.

Lines from the visitors' Book at Schaffhausen.

Two old by half

'The appearance of Oxford by no means pleased me, and I thought the fine old colleges had an appearance of considerable dilapidation.'

Diary of the author of *The Fairchild Family*.

TOWN AND GOWN

Town and Gown Fray, 1536

ROBERT MAYDEMAN saith that as he and a little ladde which is his brother were coming from Oseney to his house, the third day of March last past, about the hour of eight of the clock in the night, met with certain scholars against St. Peter's Church in Bayly and there did beat him; and ere that he came at Carfaxe there met him another company of scholars, and there beat him; and at Carfaxe there met him another company and did beat him, and there lost his cap; and so the said Robert would have taken his house, and the scholars that were in the street did put him from his dore, so that he was fain to take one William Dewys house a botcher; and within half an hour after the said Robert came to the dore, and would have gone to his house, and there met with Edmund Shether, the proctor, going down the street with a poleaxe in his hand, and had a pair of brexen journeys on his back and a black cloak over them and a skoll on his head, and there desired him that he might have his cap that he lost, and therewith the proctor did thrust his poleaxe at him, but said never a word to him.

Quoted in Boase's *Oxford*.

St. Martin's Bell rung

THIS year [1640] presents unto us many troubles and tokens of approaching ruin. Divers Layicks behave them insolent against Scholars and their authority and endeavour to the utmost power to turn all things topsie turvie. For now the grand and renowned patron [Laud] of the University being declining to the apprehensions of most men the Citizens take upon them to do what they please. They deny the Scholars Privileges and deny obeisance to them: witness their intrusion into the office of the Clerkship of the Market, their enquiries at their Leets touching the cleansing and paving of the streets; their refusing to be regulated by the Vice-chancellor as heretofore touching the price of their Candels: Arresting and suing privileged persons in their City Court: Taking of Felons goods and interrupting the Proctors in their Night-walks. . . .

The Commonalty had their meetings every night at Quatervois, either to confront Academical authority or Scholars as they passed the Streets, or to embrace novelties and reports that dayly and

hourly came from London concerning the affairs of the Nation and particularly those between the University and City. Among several tumults that they raised in the open streets since the putting up of their Petition, was first that noted one on Sunday the last of January [1640] about 9 of the clock at night; for then were assembled hundreds together in a riotous manner to disturb the Proctor in the execution of his office, against a lewd woman. For the encreasing of which tumult the Citizens caused their great bell at St. Martins to be rung out to draw their company together, as in the time of K. Edw. III., when the great conflict happened. The other was the night following, viz. Feb. 1, at 8 of the clock, of which the junior Proctor having notice presently made hast to Quatervois and there finding above 200 Laycks assembled desired and charged them to depart every one to his house. But when he saw that few obeyed him, endeavoured to force some away, and whilst he did so, those behind him hum'd, hist, and cried, 'Stand, Stand.' And thus they served him so often that he saw no hopes with the strength of so small a company that he had with him to appease that great tumult, his office and authority being not now, as formerly it had been, respected by them, all of them presuming to confront him and some daring to throw stones. Whereupon he departed to seek for more assistants, which some of them perceiving, presently ran into St. Martin's Church and rung the great bell, as they did the night before, and this was done about an hour after the Curfew bell had rung. Upon this the Mayor (Whistler) being informed by him of this great disorder was moved after much persuasion to accompany him with one of the City Baylives and a Constable, and when upon enquiry made, they had imprisoned two, accused by them for the authors of this tumult and another who had been most active in it, many of the rest departed. Howbeit a great number continued in the street making great noises and inciting others to rise, till about 12 of the clock at night. These tumults, as I have been informed, did so much enrage the scholars that they taking all advantages to encounter the Citizens strict order was given to all Heads of Houses to keep their Scholars quiet and prevent them from going into the City.

Wood's *History and Antiquities.*

Town and Gown

In the Reform Riots of 1832 I was one of these acting as pro-proctor, and was standing with some six others at the head of the High Street. Up came by the street leading to the railway a big body of townsmen. All we could do was to retire with face to the foe as slowly as we might in the direction of Broad St., and after

a little skirmishing we came in front of Balliol. Then having received some support we made a stand. The front line of the foe was a boy, not a big boy, but very active in assaults by stock and stone. I seized this boy and handed him over to a constable. This was the signal for an assault upon me from every side, and very soon I was carried off to Oriel, floored by a big stone, pitching near my temple, and supposed to be killed. My dear old friend, the then Master of Balliol, Dr. Jenkyns, was just sitting down to dinner. He said,—'What is all this disturbance outside?'—'Master, it is a great fight—Town and Gown; and they say that Mr. Denison of Oriel is killed.' He said—'Give me my Academicals and open the door of the house into the street.' The household represented the danger of doing this. The answer was—'Give me my Academicals, and open the door.' The master stood on the doorsteps and had just said to Town,—'My deluded friends' when a heavy stone was pitched into the middle of his body and he fell back into the arms of his servants, crying out, 'Close the door.' Upon this it was replied that many of the young gentlemen were outside to support him. He repeated, 'Close the door,' and was borne in, some one inside taking possession of the stone, which he preserved carefully. It was said at the time that Buckland asked him for the stone in order to help him to trace from what quarry it had come, as a step towards identifying the thrower of it.

Our Memories, Shadows of Old Oxford. Edited and printed by H. Daniel. Oxford, 1893.

Election of Mayor

THE election of Oxford Mayor [in 1673], Anthony Hall, vintner, chosen, at which some young scholars and servitors being present heard his speech of thanks out of the balcony, viz. that he thanked them for their choice of him, that he could neither speak French nor Spanish, but if they would walk to the Bear they should find that he could speak English, meaning, give them English ale and beer. Thereupon the scholars hissed, but the townsmen, brooking it not, turned them out; then the scholars made some resistance by flipping them on the cheek; after that, in the evening, they fought, and so they did on Tuesday and Wednesday in St. Peter's in the Bailey; a scholar of Brasen Nose his arm broke, another his head; began by servitors, and carried on by them and commoners and townsmen of the meaner sort. This continued above a week, and would have lasted longer, had not the Vice-chancellor and proctors bestirred themselves for the appeasing of it.

Wood's *Life.*

I HAVE always laid my brother's loss of his first class at the door of his young friends, but chiefly on the Mouse, for that little man's delinquencies culminated in the most critical moment of the Schools. The Saturday before paper work began he had seduced George out for an evening stroll with him, and of course took him through a part of the town which was famous for town and gown rows. Here, a baker carrying a tray shouldered the Mouse into the gutter. The Mouse thereupon knocked the baker's tray off his head. The baker knocked the little man over, and my brother floored the baker, who sat in the mud, and howled 'Gown, gown.' In two minutes a mob was on them and they had to retreat fighting, which, owing to the reckless pugnacity of his small comrade, was an operation that tried all my brother's coolness and strength to the utmost. By the help, however, of Crib, who created timely diversions by attacking the heels of the town at critical moments, he succeeded in bringing the Mouse home, capless, with his gown in shreds, and his nose and mouth bleeding, but otherwise unhurt, at the cost to himself of a bad black eye. The undergraduate remedies of leeches, raw beef-steak, and paint, were diligently applied during the next thirty-six hours, but with very partial success; and he had to appear in white tie and bands before the Examiners, on the Monday morning, with decided marks of battle on his face.

Gown, gown

Memoirs of a Brother, by Thomas Hughes, 1861.

WITH the nineteenth century 'Town and Gown' rows became simply a memorial; the 5th of November being selected as a fitting day for so suitable a commemoration of the founders and defenders of the privileges and honour of the University. The ceremonies practised at such celebrations became soon stereotyped and rarely displayed features sufficiently novel to attract the attention of the journalist. In 1835 Christ Church Fountain was found to be paved with knockers and broken fragments of sign-boards, trophies of a 'Gown' victory; in 1840, skirmishes took place at the illuminations made on February 10th, in honour of the Queen's nuptials; a Tutor, despite his master's gown, was roughly handled, and retired with a black eye and injured nose. In 1867, a fatal collision, in which a Brasenose undergraduate was killed, occurred on 5th November; no ill-feeling seems to have existed at the time between City and University, but much discontent ruled among the poorer inhabitants of Oxford at the continued high price of bread; some foreign workmen, newly discharged from work on Balliol College, joined in the fight. The leader of the 'Town'

Rixae Oxonienses

was dragged into Christ Church and ducked in the fountain; the riot continued for three days, although after the 5th all undergraduates were kept within the gates of their colleges. Special constables were sworn in, and the military were summoned.

Within the last few years, Town and Gown rows have practically ceased, and may perhaps be reckoned among those ceremonies originally instituted for goodly purposes, which have degenerated into vain superstitions. 'Like the last echo born of some great cry,' the feeble war-shout of a few Freshmen is all that marks the momentous anniversary of November 5. No longer does St. Martin's ring out defiance to St. Mary's; Mayor and Chancellor no longer marshal their respective forces. No more do proctors and aldermen clutch each other in the death-grip, and 'blooming' bachelors fall thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Laic walks in peace with Clerk, and Clerk with Laic. Time has tempered even the lofty disdain of the Bedell for the Baillive.

Rixae Oxonienses, by Samuel F. Hulton. Oxford, 1892.

FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS

A German's visit to Elizabethan Oxford

THERE Students lead a life almost monastic; for as the monks had nothing in the world to do, but, when they had said their prayers at stated hours, to employ themselves in instructive studies, no more have these. They are divided into three Tables: the first is called the Fellows Table, to which are admitted Earls, Barons, Gentlemen, Doctors and Masters of Arts, but very few of the latter; this is more plentifully and expensively served than the others: the second is for Masters of Arts, Bachelors, some Gentlemen, and eminent Citizens: the third is for people of lower condition. While the rest are at dinner or supper in a great Hall, where they are all assembled, one of the Students reads aloud the Bible, which is placed on a desk in the middle of the Hall, and this office every one of them takes upon himself in his turn; as soon as Grace is said after each meal, every one is at liberty, either to retire to his own chambers, or to walk in the College garden, there being none that has not a delightful one. Their habit is almost the same as that of the Jesuits, their gowns reaching down to their ancles, sometimes lined with furr; they wear square caps; the Doctors, Masters of Arts and Professors, have another kind of gown that distinguishes them: Every Student of any considerable standing has a key to the College Library, for no College is without one.

Hentzner's *Itinerarium*, 1598.

Casaubon's Praise, 1613

EVERYTHING proved beyond my expectation. The revenues of the colleges maintain above two thousand students, generally of respectable parentage and some even of the first nobility. New buildings rise every day; even some new colleges are raised from the foundation; some are enlarged, such as that of Merton, over which Savile presides, and several more. There is one begun by Cardinal Wolsey which, if it should be completed, will be worthy of the greatest admiration. But he left at his death many buildings which he had begun, in an unfinished state, and which no one expects to see complete. None of the colleges, however, attracted me so much as the Bodleian Library, a work rather for a king than

[1] Cf. the Georgian impressions of Moritz of which a specimen is given, p. 394.

a private man. It is certain that Bodley, living or dead, must have expended 200,000 livres on that building. The ground plot is the figure of the letter T. The part which represents the perpendicular stem was formerly built by some prince; the rest was added by Bodley with no less magnificence. In the lower part is a divinity school, to which perhaps nothing in Europe is comparable. It is vaulted with peculiar skill. The upper story is the library itself, very well built and fitted with an immense quantity of books. Do not imagine that such plenty of manuscripts can be found here as in the Royal Library [of Paris]; there are not a few manuscripts in England but nothing to what the [French] King possesses. But the number of printed books is wonderful and increasing every year, for Bodley has bequeathed a considerable revenue for that purpose. As long as I remained in Oxford I passed whole days in the library; for books cannot be taken out, but the library is open to all scholars for seven or eight hours every day. You might always see, therefore, many of these greedily enjoying the banquet prepared for them, which gave me no small pleasure.

Casaubon *ap.* Boase's *Oxford.*

A French Visitor in 1664

I LODGED in Christ Church, which is the largest and richest college of them all, its income being 70,000 Livres a year. Cardinal Wolsey built it in the reign of Henry VIII., of whom he was such a favourite that the Prince built Hampton Court for him, which is now a Royal Palace, twelve miles from London. There are seventeen or eighteen colleges at Oxford, which are almost all of the same dimensions: they are built of free-stone; the meanest of them is not inferior to the Sorbonne, for there are some of them that do excel it. The lower Court of Christ Church is little less than that which is contained within the Barriers of the Place Royale. There is a Physick Garden over against St. Catherine's, towards the Gate that leads to London, which is small, ill kept, and more like an orchard than a garden. I shall not take upon me to describe all the colleges to you. There is one, at whose gate I saw a great Brazen Nose, like Punchinello's vizard. I was told they also call it Brazen Nose College, and that John Duns Scotus taught here, in remembrance of which they set up the sign of his nose at the gate. The last college I visited was St. John's, which is the most regular building of any of them, tho' not the richest. It has two square courts, as large as the square we now have in the Louvre; and two large buildings three story high, with four wings of the same height. I saw a fine library in one of them, and a large wainscoted gallery, wherein I found no other ornament

than the picture of King Charles I. which they took out of a cover and showed here for a rarity, because the hair of his head was made up of Scripture lines wrought wonderfully small, and more particularly of the Psalms of David in Latin.

The Prince and the Queen Mother's statue in brass stand in the second court upon the two gates; and the two late Archbishops of Canterbury, who were benefactors to this college, are buried in the chapel. There are two large gardens belonging to this college, one of which is terrassed, and the other faces a plain to the northward.

Sorbière's *Voyage*.

Sprat's Reply to Sorbière

When Monsieur de Sorbière came first to visit Dr. Willis, the Doctor esteemed him to be a man of some real and solid knowledge, the great name of Des Cartes and Mersennus, which he hath frequently in his mouth, might have persuaded him as much. He began to treat him accordingly, he entered into discourse with him about some parts of Chymistry and Physick, in which he desired his opinion. The Professor delivered it frankly and plainly, as it became a philosopher, without deceit or ornament. But expecting that he would have continued the argument, with some material objection, he soon found that the traveller understood nothing of the whole matter. He tried him in other subjects. But nothing could be got from him, except only some few philosophical terms and ends of poetry, as *In puris naturalibus, ex aequo et bono, contundantur grosso modo. Homo est animal credulum et mendax, et os homini.* Upon this he gave him over, as he would have done a young traveller of twenty years old, and left him to reckon the college quadrangle, to tell the pillars in St. John's Cloisters, to commend their grave, to measure King Henry's sword, to describe Saint Catherine's College (if there be any such there), to examine why one of the Colleges took its name from a Brazen Nose, to number the books in the Bodleian Library, to consider why it was built in the form of an H, and to count how many folios and how many quartos are above and below in every shelf. These, Sir, he perceived were fitter subjects for Monsieur de Sorbière to handle. And he confirmed this his opinion of him to be true. For his long tale of his *Journey* to Oxford is made up of childish contemplations, while he was speaking of that place, which for the beauty and convenience of its buildings, for the vastness of its revenue, and above all for the sobriety, the virtue, and the piety of its discipline, is to be preferred before all others that have been ever dedicated to the liberal studies in the past or present times.

Sprat's *Observations on Sorbière's Voyage*, 1664.

An Eighteenth-Century Frenchman on Oxford

Je logeai à Oxford au Blue Boar, où on est fort bien. La ville est petite, et il y a peu de belles maisons. Les colléges y sont magnifiques. Les dehors de la ville sont très riants. Le nombre des étudiants d'Oxford va à 2,000. Ils ne portent ni bâton, ni épée. Tous portent la robe et le bonnet quarré: l'habillement diffère suivant les degrés et la qualité. Un étudiant vit fort agréablement dans un Collége: il est bien logé et nourri; et sa dépense monte (s'il sait économiser) par rapport à l'entretien à 100 pièces. Tout est bien réglé dans cette Académie, ou plutôt l'Université; les désordres n'y règnent pas comme dans celles d'Allemagne.

Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire, par C. E. Jordan, 1735.

'Redolent of Age and Authority'

Oxford is old, even in England, and conservative. . . . Chaucer found it as firm as if it had always stood; and it is, in British story, rich with great names, the school of the island and the link of England to the learned of Europe. Hither came Erasmus, with delight, in 1427. Albericus Gentilis, in 1580, was relieved and maintained by the university. Albert Alaskie, a noble Polonian, Prince of Sirad, who visited England to admire the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, was entertained with stage-plays in the Refectory of Christ Church, in 1583. Isaac Casaubon, coming from Henri Quatre of France, by invitation of James I., was admitted to Christ's College in July, 1613. I saw the Ashmolean Museum, whither Elias Ashmole, in 1682, sent twelve cart-loads of rarities. Here indeed was the Olympia of all Antony Wood's and Aubrey's games and heroes and every inch of ground has its lustre. For Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*, or calendar of the writers of Oxford for two hundred years is a lively record of English manners and merits, and as much a national monument as Purchas's *Pilgrims*, or Hansard's *Register*. On every side, Oxford is redolent of age and authority. Its gates shut of themselves against modern innovation. It is still governed by the statutes of Archbishop Laud. The books in Merton Library are still chained to the wall. Here, on August 27, 1660, John Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, and *Iconoclastes* were committed to the flames. I saw the school-court or quadrangle, where, in 1683, the Convocation caused the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes to be publicly burnt. I do not know whether this learned body have yet heard of the Declaration of American Independence, or whether the Ptolemaic astronomy does not still hold its ground against the novelties of Copernicus.

Emerson's *English Traits*.

As many sons, almost so many benefactors. It is usual for a nobleman, or indeed for almost every wealthy student, on quitting college, to leave behind him some article of plate; and gifts of all values, from a hall, or a fellowship, or a library, down to a picture or a spoon, are continually accruing in the course of a century. My friend, Dr. Y., gave me the following anecdote. In Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection at London, were the cartoons of Raphael and Michel Angelo. This inestimable prize was offered to Oxford University for seven thousand pounds. The offer was accepted, and the Committee charged with the affair had collected three thousand pounds, when, among other friends, they called on Lord Eldon. Instead of a hundred pounds, he surprised them by putting down his name for three thousand pounds. They told him, they should now very easily raise the remainder. 'No,' he said, 'your men have probably already contributed all they can spare; I can as well give the rest'; and he withdrew his cheque for three thousand and wrote four thousand pounds.

As many sons so many benefactors

Emerson's *English Traits*.

The logical English train a scholar as they train an engineer. Oxford is a Greek factory, as Wilton mills weave carpets and Sheffield grinds steel. They know the use of a tutor, as they know the use of a horse; and they draw the greatest benefit out of both. The reading men are kept by hard walking, hard riding and measured eating and drinking at the top of their condition, and two days before the examination do not work, but lounge, ride or run, to be fresh on the college domesday. The effect of this drill is the radical knowledge of Greek and Latin, and of mathematics, and the solidity and taste of English criticism. Whatever luck there may be in this or that award, an Eton captain can write Latin longs and shorts, can turn the Court-Guide into hexameters, and it is certain that a Senior Classic can quote correctly from the *Corpus Poetarum*, and is critically learned in all the humanities. Greek erudition exists on the Isis and Cam, whether the Magdalen man or the Brazen-nose man be properly ranked or not; the atmosphere is loaded with Greek learning; the whole river has reached a certain height and kills all that growth of weeds which this Castalian water kills. The English nature takes culture kindly. So Milton thought. It refines the Norseman. Access to the Greek mind lifts his standard of taste. He has enough to think of, and, unless of an impulsive nature, is indisposed from writing or speaking, by the fulness of his mind and the new severity of his taste. The great silent crowd of thorough-bred Grecians always

Influence of the Study of Greek

known to be around him, the English writer cannot ignore. They prune his orations and point his pen. Hence the style and tone of English journalism. The men have learned accuracy and comprehension, logic, and pace or speed of working. They have bottom, endurance, wind. When born with good constitutions, they make those eupeptic studying-mills, the cast-iron men, the *dura ilia*, whose powers of performance compare with ours, as the steam-hammer with the music-box;—Cokes, Mansfields, Seldens, and Bentleys, and when it happens that a superior brain puts a rider on this admirable horse, we obtain those masters of the world, who combine the highest energy in affairs with a supreme culture.

Emerson's *English Traits*.

Colleges, Gardens, and Meadows

WHAT a number of colleges, each with its Chapel and its high surrounding crenellated walls; these diverse and multiplied architectures of every age, in the Gothic style, in the Tudor style, in the style of the seventeenth century; these large courts, with their statues and central fountain of spouting water; these balusters which cut the tender azure of the sky at the summit of the edifices; these windows latticed with delicate mouldings, or cut into sculptured crosses, after the manner of the Revival; these pulpits in wrought stone; at each turning of the street some lofty conical spire;—what a number of noble forms in a small space! It is a natural Museum, in which are accumulated the works and the inventions of six centuries. The stone, worn, exfoliated, is all the more venerable. One is so well-pleased with any olden things! The more so, that here they are only old; not neglected or half ruined, as in Italy, but piously preserved, restored, since their foundation, have been always in the hands of the rich, considerate, and intelligent guardians. Ivy covers the walls with its ample drapery; honeysuckle climbs around the pillars; wild flowers plume the tops of all the walls; rich turf, carefully kept, extends its carpet up to the arcades of the galleries; behind the apse of a chapel one sees a garden in flower, thousands of blooming roses. One goes onward. At the extremity of the town, venerable trees form a walk; beneath their branches two living streams flow along; beyond, the eyes rest delightedly on meadows running over with plants in bud and flower. It is impossible to imagine a vegetation more magnificent, a verdure more opulent, and yet better tempered by the blended tones which the buttercups, the daisies, the wild sorrel, the greyish grasses throw over its dazzling tint. The country is in all the luxury of its freshness. As the sun

slightly blinks forth, it smiles with a charming joy; one might liken it to a beautiful timid virgin, happy under the veil which is being withdrawn. However, the day closes, and indistinct whitenesses ascend above the meadows; under their soft gauze, the river shines with black reflections; all is still, excepting the bells which chime melodiously in the chaste tower of Christ Church. One would never believe one's self to be at an hundred paces from a town. How contemplative and poetical is study here!

Taine, *Notes on England*, trans. by W. F. Rae, 1873.

Through French Spectacles

I WAS at Professor Jowett's yesterday, where I was introduced to the poet, Mr. Swinburne, whose verses are in the style of Baudelaire and Victor Hugo. He is a stout man with reddish hair, and his blue tie and his overcoat were in striking contrast with all the black coats and white ties around him. . . .

I was also introduced to Matthew Arnold, the poet and critic, son of the famous Dr. Arnold, who is a great friend and admirer of Saint Beuve. He is a tall man with dark hair growing very low on his forehead: and his face is too often puckered with elaborate grimaces, but his manner is most courteous and amiable.

. . . . . .

In all I hear or read I never come across any true delicacy of literary feeling, never the gift, the art of really understanding the souls and passions that animated past humanity. It is all just erudition, very solid, but little more: take Mr. Freeman, for instance, who is re-writing Augustine Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest.*

. . . . . .

Yesterday I dined at Christ Church. Picture a dining-hall sixty feet high,—like the nave of a church,—lighted by great Gothic windows,—overhead old beams dating from Henry VIII., and all around long rows of portraits. The undergraduates were dining there too,—I had just seen them coming out of chapel,—which is a large church, recently and very well restored,—all in white surplices, a Sunday uniform. There was very fine music, grand and dignified. It is on coming out of church and seeing the chasubles and surplices of all these professors, rectors and students that one realizes the profoundly ecclesiastical character of the whole University.

The evening I spent at Mr. X.'s, who has taken honours in mathematics and in literature. He has a large house of his own with a little green garden, four children and five maids, and is very busy with charities and local matters. They say that a family

of six hundred pounds income, and with two children and two maids can live comfortably at Oxford and make short visits to the seaside, though not manage the continent or any considerable distances.

. . . . . .

I still come across most numerous families. Mr. K. has four sisters, a brother, and already four children of his own. Mr. B. has three or four small children, as well as the older ones. He has no money of his own, but lives by coaching and by writing, and has the most charming house, new and comfortable, in the Gothic style, with a fourteenth-century Italian portal, and a green garden all around. Everywhere I met with this hand-to-mouth existence.

. . . . . .

I have been working for two hours in the Bodleian Library, and at intervals strolling through the buildings and the quadrangles. They are building and planting here, as well as preserving the old. Keble College, for instance; and the University Museum, an enormous new building, Gothic, in staring brick, with pointed roof and ugly little cupolas like extinguishers, the roof, tiled blue and red alternately, giving a most unsatisfactory effect. Mr. Ruskin, who is a professor here, directed the construction of this museum; his books are better than his buildings. But the new park, with its vistas of green distance, its little hills lost in blue haze, will be quite charming in another hundred years. Nothing is more admirable than the way in which the future is here provided for.

. . . . . .

Of an evening here one feels as if on an operatic stage, amidst the long, ivy-covered walls and Gothic fantasies looming darkly in the moonlight, and a few lights twinkling from the stately buildings in the shadows.

Mr. Neubauer, who is by birth a Hungarian but is also a naturalized Frenchman, and who travels for the Institute and makes catalogues of the Hebrew manuscripts, says that no one really works here,—five or six at most. The Divinity professors are given as much as sixteen hundred pounds a year, and live like canons. Of the three professors of Philosophy, one is the best informed authority on Aristotle in the world, and possesses every known work bearing upon Aristotle, yet he has never published anything. Many men here take up a subject in order to enlighten themselves upon a question or just as a pastime, but do not consider it necessary to write upon it. The impulse, the divine afflatus of authorship, is not theirs.

Mr. Neubauer asserts that the large sale of books and reviews

in England is merely a matter of fashion. You buy a review, even to five copies of the same number, or a dictionary, or a weighty book of history, just because your visitors say, 'Oh, you must have that!' The reading table would not be complete if any successful work were missing there, but the work is rarely read, just dipped into. It is owing to this fashion that Tennyson gets his five thousand pounds a year. English people are so rich that they can afford to pay six shillings for a volume of two hundred pages.

Life and Letters of Taine.

The Winds of Oxford

Oxonium, Oxford, the famed Athens of England; that glorious seminary of learning and wisdom, whence religion, politeness, and letters, are abundantly dispersed into all parts of the kingdom: the town is remarkably fine, whether you consider the elegance of its private buildings, the magnificence of its public ones, or the beauty and wholesomeness of its situation, which is on a plain, encompassed in such a manner with hills shaded with wood, as to be sheltered on the one hand from the sickly South, and on the other from the blustering West, but open to the East that blows serene weather, and to the North, the preventer of corruption.

Hentzner's *Itinerarium*, 1598.

In Praise of New College

We drew up at New College (a strange name for such an old place, but it was new some time since the Conquest) and went through its quiet and sunny quadrangles, and into its sunny and shadowy gardens. I am in despair about the architecture and old edifices of these Oxford colleges, it is so impossible to express them in words. They are themselves—as the architect left them, and as Time has modified and improved them—the expression of an idea which does not admit of being otherwise expressed, or translated into anything else. These old battlemented walls around the quadrangles; many gables; the windows with stone pavilions, so very antique, yet some of them adorned with fresh flowers in pots, a very sweet contrast; the ivy mantling the grey stone; and the infinite repose, both in sunshine and shadow,—it is as if half a dozen bygone centuries had set up their rest here, and as if nothing of the present time ever passed through the deeply recessed archway that shuts in the college from the street. Not but what people have very free admittance; and many parties of young men and girls and children came into the gardens while we were there.

These gardens of New College are indescribably beautiful—not

gardens in an American sense, but lawns of the richest green and softest velvet grass, shadowed over by ancient trees, that have lived a quiet life here for centuries, and have been nursed and tended with such care and so sheltered from rude winds that certainly they must have been the happiest of all trees. Such a sweet, quiet, sacred and stately seclusion—so age-long as this has been, and, I hope will continue to be—cannot exist anywhere else. One side of the garden-wall is formed by the ancient wall of the city, which Cromwell's artillery battered, and which still retains its pristine height and strength. At intervals there are round towers that formed the bastions; that is to say, on the exterior they are round towers, but within, in the garden of the college, they are semi-circular recesses, with iron garden-seats arranged round them. The loop-holes through which the archers used to shoot still pierce through deep recesses in the wall, which is here about six feet thick. I wish I could put into one sentence the whole impression of this garden, but it could not be done in many pages. We looked also at the outside of the wall, and Mr. Parker, deeply skilled in the antiquities of the spot, showed us a weed growing,—here in little sprigs, there in large and heavy festoons,—hanging plentifully downward from the shallow root. It is called the Oxford plant, being found only here, and not easily, if at all, introduced anywhere else. It bears a small and pretty blue flower not altogether unlike the Forget-me-not, and we took some of it away with us for a memorial. We went into the chapel of New College, which is in such fresh condition that I think it must be modern; and yet this cannot be, since there are old brasses inlaid into tombstones in the pavement, representing mediæval ecclesiastics and college dignitaries; and busts against the walls, in antique garb; and old painted windows, unmistakeable in their antiquity. But there is likewise a window, lamentable to look at, which was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and exhibits strikingly the difference between the work of a man who performed it merely as a matter of taste and business, and what was done religiously and with the whole heart, at least it shews that the artists and public of the last age had no sympathy with Gothic art. In the chancel of this church there are more painted windows, which I take to be modern too, though they are in much better taste, and have an infinitely better effect, than Sir Joshua's. At any rate, with the sunshine through them they looked very beautiful and tinted the high altar and the pavements with brilliant hues. The sacristan opened a tall and narrow little recess in the wall of the chancel, and showed it entirely filled with the crosier of William of

Wykeham. It appears to be made of silver gilt, and is a most rich and elaborate relic, at least six feet high. Modern art cannot or does not equal the chasing and carving of this splendid crosier, which is enriched with figures of saints and apostles and various Gothic devices,—very minute but all executed as faithfully as if the artist's salvation had depended upon every notch he made in the silver.

Hawthorne's *English Note-Books.*

French View of Undergraduate Studies

As to our Education, there is only one fact about it of which our French friends appear to be perfectly sure; namely, that there is none. It is our Mrs. Harris. A gifted and cosmopolitan Frenchwoman, with better opportunities of studying Oxford than most of our casual guests, commonly closes her glowing eulogies of its sunburnt, flannel-clad youth, with the remark: 'But of course they never open a book, and are perfectly ignorant.' . . . We sometimes have our revenge. As, for instance, when a severely literary young Frenchman to whom I was showing Christ Church, supplemented my information that Cardinal Wolsey was the founder of the College, by turning to his family and stating instinctively, 'Le Cardinal Wolsey—le ministre de Georges III.' This information was received with credulity, if without interest.

Nineteenth Century, December 1898.

What a Rhodes Scholar might feel

Once, when the last convivial delight was exhausted, and there was a loath parting at the door in the grassy quadrangle under the mild heaven, where not even a star intruded, I had a realizing sense of what Oxford could mean to some youth who comes to it in eager inexperience from such a strange, far land as ours, and first fully imagines it. Or perhaps it was rather in one of the lambent mornings when I strayed through the gardened closes too harshly called quadrangles that I had the company of this supposititious student, and wreathed myself in his sense of measureless opportunity. Nor opportunity alone, but opportunity graced with all the charm of tradition, and weighted with rich scholarly convention, the outgrowth of the patient centuries blossoming at last in a flower from whose luminous chalice he should drink the hoarded wisdom of the past. I said to myself that if I were such a youth my heart would go near to break with the happiness of finding myself in that environment and privileged to all its possibilities, with nothing but myself to hinder me from their utmost effect. Perhaps I made my imaginary youth too imaginative, when I was dowering him with my senile regrets in the form of joyful

expectations. It is said the form in which the spirit of the university dwells is so overmastering for some that they are fain to escape from it, to renounce their fellowships, and go out from those hallowed shades into the glare of the profane world gladly to battle 'in the midst of men and day.'

'Oxford,' by W. D. Howells, *North American Review*, Oct. 5, 1906.

An Undergraduate's Diary

Mais l'étudiant a déjeuné. Il travaille jusqu'aux environs d'une heure de l'après-midi. Un *lunch* hâtif alors, qui se compose d'un peu de viande froide et de marmelade; puis en route pour la rivière, à moins que ce ne soit le tour du *lawn-tennis* ou du *cricket*. Vers cinq heures, les exercices du *sport* sont finis, et l'étudiant passe au *club*, où il lit les journaux. Il erre dans le *High Street* et le *Corn Street*,—prononcé le *High* et le *Corn*,—ou bien il assiste au service du soir dans une des chapelles, et s'il choisit celle de *New College* et de *Magdalen*, où sont des écoles de choristes, il entend sous les voûtes anciennes des voix, délicieuses de fraîcheur, chanter quelques phrases de Schumann ou de Mendelssohn. Sept heures arrivent. C'est le moment de revêtir à nouveau la toge flottante et de reprendre le chemin du *hall* pour y dîner sous la présidence des dignitaires du collège,—les *fellows*, ou les *dons*, ainsi que les appelle la langue d'Oxford,—qui prennent leurs repas sur une estrade, à l'extrémité de la vaste salle. Le dîner fini, l'étudiant passe cinq fois sur six sa soirée a quelque *vin*, c'est-à-dire que ses amis et lui se réunissent dans la Chambre de l'un d'entre eux pour boire du porto, du sherry, fumer des pipes et des cigares, chanter au piano ou jouer aux cartes . . . Ce n'est point, comme tu vois, une retraite de pénitence qu'un collège anglais.

Bourget, *Études et Portraits*. Paris, 1889.

French Praise of Oxford Discipline

On one point at least Alphonse Daudet was in agreement with a genius, a personality so opposite to his own as M. Taine's, with, one may almost say, every French observer—namely as to the good fortune of our young men in finding there a certain discipline, instead of the unlimited freedom of the foreign student. The smallness of the town, along with the peculiar police powers of the University, are advantages they recognise at once.

Nineteenth Century, December 1898, 'French Views of an English University.'

Oxford's Charmed Seclusion

. . . We took an afternoon walk through Christ-Church meadow and at the river-bank procured a boat which I pulled down the stream to Iffley and to the slanting woods of Nuneham—the

sweetest, flattest, reediest, streamside landscape that could be desired. Here, of course, we encountered the scattered phalanx of the young, the happy generation, clad in white flannel and blue, muscular, fair-haired, magnificent, fresh, whether floated down the current by idle punts and lounging in friendly couples when not in a singleness that nursed ambitions, or straining together in rhythmic crews and hoarsely exhorted from the near bank. When to the exhibition of so much of the clearest joy of wind and limb we added the great sense of perfumed protection shed by all the enclosed lawns and groves and bowers, we felt that to be young in such scholastic shades must be a double, an infinite blessing. . . . We repaired in turn to a series of gardens and spent long hours sitting in their greenest places. They struck us as the fairest things in England and the ripest and sweetest fruit of the English system. Locked in their antique verdure, guarded, as in the case of New College, by gentle battlements of silver-grey, outshouldering the matted leafage of undisseverable plants, filled with nightingales and memories, a sort of chorus of tradition; with vaguely-generous youth sprawling bookishly on the turf as if to spare it the injury of their boot-heels, and with the great conservative college countenance appealing gravely from the restless outer world, they seem places to lie down on the grass in for ever, in the happy faith that life is all an endless summer afternoon. This charmed seclusion was especially grateful to my friend, and his sense of it reached its climax, I remember, on one of the last of such occasions and while we sat in fascinated *flânerie* over against the sturdy back of Saint John's. The wide discreetly-windowed wall here perhaps broods upon the lawn with a more effective air of property than elsewhere. (He) dropped into fitful talk and spun his humour into golden figures. Any passing undergraduate was a peg to hang a fable, every feature of the place a pretext for more embroidery. 'Isn't it all a delightful lie?' he wanted to know. 'Mightn't one fancy this the very centre point of the world's heart, where all the echoes of the general life arrive but to falter and die? Doesn't one feel the air just thick with arrested voices? It 's well there should be such places, shaped in the interest of factitious need, invented to minister to the book-begotten longing for a medium in which one may dream unwaked and believe unconfuted; to foster the sweet illusion that all 's well in a world where so much is damnable, all right and rounded, smooth and fair in this sphere of the rough and ragged, the pitiful unachieved especially, and the dreadful uncommenced. The world 's made—work 's over. Now for leisure! England 's safe—now for Theocritus and Horace, for lawn and

sky! What a sense it all gives of the composite life of the country and of the essential furniture of its luckier minds!'

A Passionate Pilgrim, Novels and Tales of Henry James. 'Definitive Edition.' Vol. XIII. Macmillan and Co., 1909.

Daudet at Oxford

BECAUSE Oxford is, for all its antiquity the City of Youth, Daudet felt drawn to it by a certain bond of sympathy. Crippled by sad disease, he could see little of the interior of the buildings. Yet we succeeded in showing him an undergraduate's rooms and also their tenant, who unfortunately could not speak French. 'Tell him,' said Daudet with warm sincerity—'Tell him I should like well to have his age and his room.' It was the fresh stream of buoyant youth, for ever flowing between the ancient walls, in the grey channels of out-worn centuries, which charmed his imagination by the picturesqueness of its contrasts. He knew and felt nothing of that other picturesqueness of memories, which cleave to these ancient walls closer than their ivy and Virginia creeper: echoes of old momentous wars and the last pageantries of a fated royalty.

Nineteenth Century, December 1898.

The American view of Commemoration

OF course we have only to live on a few centuries more and our universities can eclipse this splendor, though we shall still have the English start of a thousand years to overcome in this as in some other things. We cannot doubt of the result, but in the meantime we must recognize the actual fact, and I will own that I do not see how we could ever offer a *coup d'œil* which should surpass that of the supreme moments in the Sheldonian Theatre when the Chancellor stood up in his high place, in his deeply gold-embroidered gown of black, and accepted each of the candidates for the university's degrees, and then, after a welcoming clasp of the hand, waved him to the benches which mystically represented her hospitality. The circle of the interior lent itself with unimagined effect to the spectacle, and swam with faces, with figures innumerable, representing a world of birth, of wealth, of deed, populous beyond reckoning from our simple republican experience. The thronged interior stirred like some vast organism with the rustle of stuffs, the agitation of fans, the invisible movement of feet; but the master note of it was the young life which is always the breath of the University. How much or little the undergraduates were there it would not do for a chance alien spectator to say. That they were there to do what they would with the occasion in the tradition of an irresponsible licence might be

affirmed, but it must be equally owned that they generously forebore to abuse their privilege. They cheered the candidates, some more, some less, but there was, to my knowledge, none of the guying of which one hears much, beyond a lonely pun upon a name that offered itself with irresistible temptation. The pun itself burst like an involuntary sigh from the heart of youth, and the laugh that followed it was of like quality with it.

Then, the degrees being conferred, each with distinctive praise and formal acceptance in a Latinity untouched by modern conjecture of Roman speech, there ensued a Latin oration, and then English essays and speeches from the graduates—thriftily represented, that the time should not be wasted, by extracts—and then a prize poem which did not perhaps distinguish itself so much in generals as in particulars from other prize poems of the past. If it had been as wholly as it was partially good—and there were passages that caught and kept the notice—it would have been a breach of custom out of time and temper, as much as if the occasional Latinity had been of the new Roman accent instead of that old English enunciation as it was of right, there where Latin had never quite ceased to be a spoken language. All was of usage; the actors and the spectators of the scene were bearing the parts which like actors and like spectators had ancestrally borne so often that they might have seemed to themselves the same from the first century, the first generation, without sense of actuality. This sense might imaginably have been left, in any sort of poignancy, to the accidental alien, who in proportion as he was penetrated with it would feel it a contravention of the spirit, the taste, of the event.

North American Review, October, 1906,
'Oxford,' by W. D. Howells.

Université Moderne

On peut soutenir qu'on ne pourrait trouver un lieu plus propice au travail que cette petite ville calme et tranquille.

Pourquoi alors y travaille-t-on peu? C'est un problème qu'il serait indiscret de poser aux jeunes gens de dix-huit à vingt et un ans qui viennent là, comme nous l'avons vu, pour tout autre chose, et qui n'ont souvent pas encore fait choix d'une carrière. Mais parmi les autres, ceux qui restent comme *fellows* dans un collège, ou professeurs, il est certain, d'une part, que des formalités inutiles occupent trop de temps, et que d'autre part la recherche personnelle n'est pas assez encouragée. Quelques-uns des plus brillants élèves de l'Université, comme M. Andrew Lang, l'ont

reconnu, ceux qui restent à l'Université ne produisent pas ce qu'on pourrait attendre d'eux, parce que ce petit monde ne contient pas assez de motifs d'émulation. Mais cet état de choses change tous les jours et peut-être aura-t-on un jour à regretter d'avoir trop mis l'Université sur la voie de la spécialisation scientifique, qui pourrait contrarier l'harmonieux développement qu'elle a réalisé.

'Oxford et Cambridge,' par Joseph Aynard,
Les Villes d'art célèbres, 1909.

University Benefactors American and English

We of the ancient universities may well look with wonder, and even with a certain touch of sadness, on these great doings. Why does not the same stream of bounty flow on Oxford and Cambridge? Why, when they make known their needs,—and their needs often are great,—does not a generous benefactor at once arise? Balliol College, as a memorial to its famous Master, is attempting, this very year, by public subscription, to enlarge its foundation so that it may do even greater things than it has already done. The sum which it has received is not one-tenth part of what this American University receives almost every year, and yet less than half a century ago the students at Harvard were not twice as numerous as those of Balliol at the present time. . . . Much of the work done in the University is but ill-requited. Many a College tutor measures out his labour not by what he receives, but by a noble zeal for learning and for the welfare of his pupils. Some of them, I think, would do more good if they laboured less. The mischief from over-teaching is not much less than the mischief from under-teaching. The over-taught student, when his guide is from his side, gropes helplessly along the road of learning. Be that as it may, the work that is done in the University is generous in its total amount when measured by its reward. Those who are overpaid are few in number compared with the whole body, but they are conspicuous by their position. To them must be added the holders of prize fellowships,—men who for the most part do nothing, either for learning or even for teaching. In many departments there is need of greater and of new endowments. These will flow in but slowly, if they flow in at all, so long as it is known in the country that large sums are still wasted, as wasted they most certainly are.

Harvard College, by An Oxonian, by G. Birkbeck Hill.
Macmillan, 1894.

OXFORD'S RIVALS

To both Universities

Ye famous sister Universities,
Oxford and Cambridge, whence proceeds your hate?
Brothers' rare concord do ye imitate,
Each greeting each with mutual injuries?
Brothers fall out and quarrell, I confesse,
But sisters love; for it becomes you lesse.

Why strive ye sisters for antiquity?
Cannot your present honour you suffice?
Why strive ye sisters for that vanity,
Which if ye saw as 'twas you would despise?
You must make love; love is your surest hold,
Others must honour you and make ye olde.

Thos. Bastard, 1598. From *Chrestoleros.*

On a Regiment sent to Oxford and a Present of Books to Cambridge in 1715 by George I.

The King, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To one he sent a regiment. For why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.[1]

'I am the ancienter University

At last comes in a Dr. of Divinity, Dr. Oxford; and after him Dr. Cambridge, desiring to be excused that he came last; for Oxford, being a young and youthful University, did easily over-run him; whereas he, being older, could not keep pace with him. 'Tush (said Oxford) I am the ancienter University: and you, Cambridge, abstain from approaching near our Queen with your dirty feet and stinking breath; dirty feet, the uncleanness of your streets; and stinking breath, the badness of your air: and yet if your stinking breath proceeded from your bad teeth, from the coales that are burnt in your chimnies, perchance it were curable: but it comes from the badness of your lungs, those ever panting Fens on the North side that ne'er will be mending.' The truth was Oxford and

[1] For the other version, see *ante*, p. 557.

Cambridge were at such high words, as that they had gone together, if long Northamptonshire had not come betwixt them and parted them and so for that time all departed. . . . At last come in Cambridge and Oxford, scolding as formerly. 'Tush,' said England, 'leave off this threadbare dispute, which of your Universities should be the ancienter; that at the last shall be concluded the older, which useth the children of the other with most respect.' Then said Oxford, 'When I come to Cambridge, do not you write up in your St. Mary's in capital letters, FOR OXFORD MEN; which place is no more kept for me, than the Savoy in London for poor people, which the good Duke founded for a Spittle, and now it 's turned to a house for Ladies; but let not me be dispossest of the benefit of my place.' Then said Cambridge, 'When I come to Oxford, do not you make me a place on the North side of your Church; where indeed we can have your Sermon, but not a word of your Acts; as if with Gentlewomen we came to see you speak Latin: but seat me so as I may enjoy the benefit of your Disputations.'

'Mr. Fuller's Observations of the Shires,' Gutch's *Collectenea Curiosa.*

Oxford and Cambridge

THE colleges of Oxford for curious workmanship and privat commodities are much more statelie, magnificent and commodious than those of Cambridge; and thereunto the streets of the towne for the most part more large and comelie. But for uniformitie of building, orderlie compaction and politike regiment, the towne of Cambridge, as the newer workmanship, exceedeth that of Oxford (which otherwise is and hath beene the greater of the two) by manie a fold (as I gesse) although I know diverse that are of the contrarie opinion. This also is certeine, that whatsoever the difference be in building of the towne streets, the townesmen of both are glad when they match and annoie the students, by incroaching upon their liberties and keepe them bare by extreame sale of their wares, whereby manie of them become rich for a time, but afterward fall again into povertie because that goods evill gotten doo seldome long indure.

Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577.

Oxford and Cambridge

THERE are also in this Islande two famous Universities, the one Oxforde, the other Cambridge, both for the profession of all sciences, for Divinitie, phisicke, Lawe and all kinds of learning, excelling all the Universities in Christendom.

I was myselfe in either of them and like them both so well that I meane not in the way of controversie to preferre any for

the better in Englande, but both for the best in the world, saving this that Colledges in Oxenford are much more stately for the building, and Cambridge much more sumptuous for the houses in the towne, but the learning neyther lyeth in the free stones of the one, nor the fine streates of the other, for out of them both do dayly proceede men of great wisedome, to rule in the common wealth, of learning to instruct the common people, of all singular kinde of professions to do good to all. And let this suffice not to enquire which of them is the superiour, but that neither of them have their equall, neither to aske which of them is the most auncient, but whether any other bee so famous.

Lyly's *Euphues*, Pt. ii.

Johnson downs five Cambridge Men

Dr. Johnson delighted in his own partiality for Oxford, and one day, at my house, entertained five members of the other university with various instances of the superiority of Oxford, enumerating the gigantic names of many men whom it had produced, with apparent triumph. At last I said to him, Why there happens to be no less than five Cambridge men in the room now. 'I did not' (said he) 'think of that till you told me; but the wolf don't count the sheep.' When the company were retired, we happened to be talking of Dr. Barnard, the Provost of Eton, who died about that time; and after a long and just eulogium on his wit, his learning, and his goodness of heart, 'He was the only man too (says Mr. Johnson quite seriously) that did justice to my good breeding. . . .' 'Tis pity, said I laughing, that he had not heard you compliment the Cambridge men after dinner to-day. 'Why (replied he) I was inclined to down them sure enough; but then a fellow deserves to be of Oxford that talks so.'

Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Johnson*.

Oxford and Cambridge Libraries

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the

same time adding, 'I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do.' Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, 'All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian.' 'Aye (said the King), that is the publick library.'

Boswell's *Johnson.*

Oxford Formality and Cambridge Freedom

THERE was an animation and energy in the student life of Cambridge which, at first and more or less to the end of my studies, I did not find in the system of Oxford. . . . There was a stiffness and formality in the social life of Oxford, especially at Christ Church, where I entered as a commoner, which formed a striking contrast with the freedom and good-fellowship which prevailed at Cambridge; not only in the society of the undergraduates among themselves, but in the intercourse to which they were admitted with their tutors and other seniors.

. . . . . .

'On my journey here,' wrote Charles Wordsworth in 1826, 'I had the pleasure of travelling the greater part of the way with one of our Christ Church tutors. Though I was in lecture with him all last term, and am at present, and though for the last sixteen miles we two were the only persons outside, he did not favour me with a single syllable, no, not so much as "How d'ye do?"' . . .

Annals of My Life, by Bishop Charles Wordsworth.

Oxford and Harvard

THE number of students and of residents, the dignity of the authorities, the value of the foundations, the history and the architecture, the known sympathy of entire Britain in what is done there, justify a dedication to study in the undergraduate, such as cannot easily be in America, where his college is half suspected by the Freshman to be insignificant in the scale beside trade and politics. Oxford is a little aristocracy in itself, numerous and dignified enough to rank with other estates in the realm; and where fame and secular promotion are to be had for study, and in a direction which has the unanimous respect of all cultivated nations.

Emerson's *English Traits.*

Oxford, Yale, and Harvard

I LOOKED over the Examination Papers of the year 1848, for the various scholarships and fellowships, the Lusby (?), the Hertford, the Dean-Ireland, and the University (copies of which were kindly

given me by a Greek professor), containing the tasks which many competitors had victoriously performed, and I believed they would prove too severe tests for the candidates for a Bachelor's degree in Yale or Harvard. And in general here was proof of a more searching study in the appointed directions, and the knowledge pretended to be conveyed was conveyed. Oxford sends out yearly twenty or thirty very able men, and three or four hundred well-educated men.

The diet and rough exercise secure a certain amount of old Norse power. A fop will fight, and, in exigent circumstances, will play the manly part. In seeing these youths, I believed I saw already an advantage in vigour and colour and general habit, over their contemporaries in the American Colleges. No doubt much of the power and brilliancy of the reading men is merely constitutional or hygienic. With a hardier habit and resolute gymnastics, with five miles more walking or five ounces less eating, or with a saddle and gallop of twenty miles a day, with skating and rowing matches, the American would arrive at robust exegesis, and cheery and hilarious tone. I should readily concede these advantages, which it would be easy to acquire, if I did not find also that they read better than we and write better.

Emerson's *English Traits*.

Oxford *v.* Cambridge

'I HAVE been led from attentive observation lately to look upon the two rival systems of Oxford and Cambridge as being neither of them perfect in themselves, from their being each confined to one part of education. Cambridge, I should say, from its verbal criticism and philological research, as well as its mathematical studies, imparts a system of education, valuable not so much for itself, as for the excellent discipline which prepares the mind to pass from the investigation of abstract intellectual truth to the contemplation of moral subjects. Oxford, on the contrary, seeks without any such medium to arrive at the higher ground at once, without passing through the lower, leading the mind, before it has been sufficiently disciplined, to investigate the highest and most sacred subjects at once. Cambridge men too often view the intellectual exercise as sufficient in itself, instead of as a preparation for higher things. Oxford men, without any such preparation, which they affect to despise, proceed to speculate on great moral questions before they have first practised themselves with lower and less dangerous studies. And this, I look upon it, is the cause of the theological novelties at Oxford—men apply to the most sacred things powers which ought first to have been disciplined by purely

intellectual exercise. The one, if I may so express myself, raise a scaffolding, and too often rest contented with that; the other endeavour to build the house either with no scaffolding at all, or at least a very slight one—and a most unsubstantial structure it generally proves. The fault of Cambridge, you see, is not the fault of the system, but its abuse; in Oxford, the plan seems to me radically wrong, and consequently, if followed out to the full, cannot do much good. Cambridge appears to have seen that the province of a University is not to give a complete education, but to furnish the mind with rules drawn from lower subjects to be applied in after life to higher; Oxford wishes to give a complete education, and by attempting too much, does the whole very imperfectly.'

Misc. Writings of John Conington. Longmans, 1872.

Oxford and Cambridge compared

WHILE we thoroughly accept the position that if Cambridge is our mother, Oxford is our aunt, and while we admit the vigour of Oxford in the 17th and 19th centuries, we shall not perhaps be deemed unfair or prejudiced if we declare our opinion that there were more signs of vitality in our north-easterly University in the 18th century—at least during the latter half of it.

Matters at Cambridge are apt to be at a level shewing something of the natural characteristics of the country and the town in which her lot is cast. The beauty of these is retiring, and the point from which it may best be discerned, is sometimes far to seek. The elegancies and virtues of Oxford are more prominent, more obvious.

Oxford shews her sons how they may make the most of each point of excellence and turn the smallest details to advantage. . . . Cambridge may be colder and duller; her purpose is to aim immediately at nothing higher than preparing the ground with care and laying the foundation conscientiously.

Let us carry the contrast of the sister Universities into comparison with the genius of the two centuries preceding our own; Oxford beauty and Cambridge plainness, the Athenian and the Spartan, may be thought to correspond with similar characteristics, —the one of the 17th, the other of the 18th century.

Charles Wordsworth, *Scholae Academicae.*
Cambridge University Press, 1877.

ROBERT came to luncheon before going back to college, and we had a long chat about Oxford. I judge the prevailing philosophical tone there to be utilitarian, for the highest praise Robert gave to anything was that it was 'useful,' and the word seemed

always in his mouth. Dr. ——, who is a young Cambridge graduate, happened to come in, and they must fall to abuse of each other's University. I endeavoured to mediate, quoting Q.'s ballad, which neither knew; also Selden's grave judgment: 'The best argument why Oxford should have precedence of Cambridge is the Act of Parliament by which Oxford is made what it is, and Cambridge is made what it is; and in the Act it takes place.' I suppressed the last sentence, in which Selden shows himself a true son of Oxford: 'Besides, Oxford has the best monuments to show.' At last the doctor said to Robert, 'How strange it is that the only man in Oxford who does anything should be a Cambridge man.' Upon this I resolutely closured the subject. It is a curious controversy. Some people profess to be able to tell at sight to which University a man owes his education. The old epigram says, 'The Oxford man looks as if the world belonged to him; the Cambridge man as if he did not care to whom it belonged.' I have myself seemed to remark a certain precision of outline and want of atmosphere about the Cambridge training, and perhaps a certain atmosphere and want of precision about the Cambridge toilet and manners; but I fear I take even less interest in the debate than I do in the annual boat race. I own it is a defect. I remember that the only time Mr. Gladstone's eye brightened during his delivery of the Romanes lecture a few years ago, was when he recited the old Caroline epigrams.

H. C. Beeching's *Pages from a Private Diary*.
Smith Elder, 1898.

Tit for Tat

An Oxford and a Cambridge man were arguing over the respective merits of their Universities. After they had quarrelled over their colleges, their gardens, etc., the Cambridge man observed by way of finishing the argument, 'We reared the Protestant martyrs.' 'Yes, I know,' said the other, 'and we burned them.'

Cambridge Tribute

Oxford men are too conscious of their own superiority to be tuft-hunters and I believe miss some of the prizes of life by their indifference towards those who have already 'arrived.' Yet they appear snobbish to others who have not had the benefit of a University education and in this little essay I endeavour to hold up the mirror to their ill-nature—the fault to which I am unduly attached. Writers besides Richardson[1] have referred to it. I

[1] An Oxford scholar of family and fortune: but quaint and opinionated, despising every one who has not had the benefit of an University education. Gaisford's 'Cultivate Classical literature, which not only enables you to look down with contempt,' etc., has itself become classical.

might quote many eloquent tributes from Dryden to Wordsworth and Byron, all Cambridge men, who have felt the charm and acknowledged a weakness for the step-sister University. Cambridge has never been fortunate in having the compliment reciprocated. Neither Oxford men nor her own sons have been over-generous in her praises: you remember Ruskin on King's Chapel. And I, the obscurest of her children, who cast this laurel on the Isis, will content myself with admitting that I sincerely believe you can obtain a cheaper and better education at Cambridge, though it has always been my ambition to be mistaken for an Oxford man.

Masques and Phases, by Robert Ross. Humphreys, 1909.

The Oxford Manner

'THE intensity of the Oxford manner,' says Mr. Hulton, in his erudite and amusing book, 'is such that it rarely fails to excite violent emotions in those who come within the sphere of its influence, whether they be emotions of profound respect or those of the most acute exasperation.' And that, he continues, is the notable difference between Oxford and the seat of learning which the Oxonian in Thackeray spoke of as 'the other shop.'

The mental attitude [he writes] of those who have been educated in another place shows something of the natural characteristics of the dead level country in which their lot has been cast; its meaning is too often elusive and retiring, while the point from which it can be seen and appreciated is sometimes far to seek. Unsettled in their convictions, over-conscious of difficulties, and fearful of rash guidance, they decline to take any definite course of action themselves, and vouchsafe little to their disciples but the advice of warning and criticism. Not so the Oxonian. Nature never meant him for a negative character; and his beauties and blemishes, like those of Mater Oxonia herself, go out to meet the eyes even of those who do not look for them.

The passage might seem to indicate 'cock-sureness' as the dominant Oxford characteristic; but even here it is necessary to 'distinguish'—another Oxford habit. It was the case, not of any Oxford man, but of Taine, of the University of Paris, which provoked the suggestion that 'Blessed are the cock-sure' ought to be added to the Beatitudes; and it was the case of a Cambridge man which called up the remark, 'I wish I were as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything.' Cambridge and Paris decidedly bear the palm there; but then the distinction comes in, Macaulay and Taine were cock-sure, so to say, off their own bats and on their own responsibility. Cock-sureness in their cases was remarked as a personal and unexpected idiosyncrasy, owing every-

thing to the happy inspiration of their individual genius, and nothing to the place and manner of their training. The cock-sureness of the Oxford man is at once a trained habit of mind, and a particular manifestation of the all-embracing cock-sureness of a great collectivity. He has been nurtured and even snubbed into cock-sureness. He has been taught not only how to think, but also, within limits, what to think. Hence the majestic calm and repose which commonly accompany his cock-sureness, and are often manifested by men whose personal title to be cock-sure is not above suspicion—by the 'Shifter' as well as the 'Jowler'—by Theodore Hook and Beau Nash, no less than by Canning, and Peel, and Gladstone. In one and all of them one may detect something of Lucretius as Virgil saw him :—

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

Times Literary Supplement, on *The Clerk of Oxford in Fiction*, by Samuel F. Hulton. Methuen, 1909.

Mommsen at Oxford

I REMEMBER that old Mommsen once said to me when he was on a visit to Oxford: 'You English think that everything that is German is good: it is not so at all.'

An Oxford Correspondence, edited by W. Warde Fowler. Blackwell, 1904.

Oxford Brutes

MY DARLING JANE,—Yesterday as soon as I had finished my letter to you, I took a pretty long frosty walk with W.'s oxford son. . . . I found him very oxford—which I can't for the life of me help spelling with a little o—and, indeed, I utterly despair of ever seeing a half-penny worth of vigorous and apprehensive mind from that precocious school of gentility, and I never speak to one of her graceful children without thinking of the modest remark of Venables : 'I often wonder what the devil we have done to deserve being gifted as we are so much above those cursed idiotic oxford brutes.'

W. H. Brookfield to Jane Elton (ap. *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*. Pitman, 1905.)

The University Close

I HAVE since revisited Oxford and Cambridge time after time since I came down, and so far as the Empire goes, I want to get clear of these two places. . . . Always I renew my old feelings, a physical

oppression, a sense of lowness and dampness, almost exactly like the feeling of an underground room, where paper moulders and leaves the wall, a feeling of ineradicable contagion in the Gothic buildings, in the narrow ditch-like rivers, in those roads and roads of stuffy villas. These little villas have destroyed all the good of the old monastic system, and none of the evil. . . . Some of the most charming people in the world live in them, but their collective effect is below the quality of any individual among them.

The New Machiavelli, by H. G. Wells. Lane, 1911.

ACADEMICAL COSTUMES

Academical Costume

THE scholars are supposed in their dress to have imitated the Benedictine Monks, who were the chief restorers of Literature. Their gowns at first reached not much lower than their knees. The shoulders were but a little, or not at all, gathered, neither were the sleeves much wider than an ordinary coat, but were afterwards much enlarged. When degrees became more frequent in the reigns of Richard I. and John, other fashions were invented for the sake of distinction, not only with respect to degrees, but faculties. The wide sleeves are still worn by Bachelors, and by those undergraduates who are on the foundation at different colleges. The gowns were at first black, afterwards of different colours. In the Chancellorship of Archbishop Laud, all were confined to black, except the sons of Noblemen, who were allowed to wear any colour. The gown used at present by Masters of Art is not ancient, and never known to have been worn before the time of John Calvin, who, as it is said, was the first who wore it. The ancient gown had the slit long ways, and the facing lined with fur.

With respect to caps, the square form with the upper part pointed is supposed to have been the most ancient; but on the introduction of the faculties of Divinity, Law, and Medicine, the doctors in them wore round caps. The two latter still retain them. Some years before the reformation, the theologists wore square caps, without any stiffening in them, which caused each corner to flap. They were such as the Judges now use. It was the custom for the Clergy to preach in caps, and for their auditors, if scholars, to sit in them; which continued till the troubles in the time of Charles I. On the restoration of Charles II. the auditors sat bare, lest, if covered, they should encourage the laity to put on their hats, as they did during the Rebellion.

The most ancient form of the Hood was that which was sewed or tied to the upper part of the coat or gown, and brought over the head for a covering in the same manner as a cowl; but when caps were introduced, the hoods became only an ornament for the shoulders and back; they were then enlarged and lined with skins.

Wordsworth's *Social Life at English Universities*. Bell, 1874.

Full Dress

Most of the Gentlemen Commoners were attended by their own servants. At this time it was customary for them to have two gowns,—the ordinary silk gown for daily use, and a dress gown, made of somewhat richer silk and covered all over with black silk fringe and tassels. Magdalen was one of the colleges where it was customary to appear at dinner in hall at five o'clock in full dress, so that our table presented a great array of dress gowns, silk stockings and white neckcloths. Discipline as to dress was at this time very strict and the masters would have sent any young man back to the college whom he met in High Street or in Christ Church Walk (the grand evening promenade) in a black or coloured neckcloth.

Autobiography of the Rev. J. H. Gray.

A College Smart

In a satire published four years before Johnson matriculated, we have a lively description of the Oxford fop. 'A college smart is a character few are unacquainted with. He is one that spends his time in a constant circle of engagements and assignations; he rises at ten, tattles over his tea-table till twelve, dines, dresses, waits upon his mistress, drinks tea again, flutters about in public till it is dark, then to the tavern, knocks into college at two in the morning, sleeps till ten again, and disposes of the following day just as he did of the last. He affects great company, and scrapes acquaintance with "golden tuffs" [*sic*] and brocaded gowns; and, after a course of studies of this nature for three or four years, he huddles over the public exercises, disputes, and passes examination in the sciences after the modern fashion, without understanding a word of what, like a parrot, he is taught memorially to utter.' Such a gentleman as this could not be content with a stuff gown. 'Silk gowns, tye-wigs, and ruffles are become necessary accomplishments for a man of sense.' He had no need to fear crosses in love. 'Anything in a cap and gown that has the appearance of a man, a little money, and tolerable assurance, never fails in his addresses.' These 'University gallants' had their troubles. They made a brave show for a time, but paid dearly for it. In a mock ballad opera published after the Oxford Act—the Commemoration, as it is now called—of 1733, we have three of them represented under the names of Spendthrift, Sprightly, and Thoughtless. Thoughtless is discovered wandering up and down Merton Walks and lamenting his folly in having spent all his midsummer quarteridge [*sic*] of 50*l.*, only to make a gaudy appearance for a few days this Public Act. He had sold his books, his furniture, and even his bed, and so he thinks he may as well 'walk the

parade' all night as sneak into college. He ends by wishing that he 'had been help building the new town at Georgia, rather than in this cursed place.'

Thoughtless' companions are in just as bad a way, and even some of the Fellows are no better off. 'There is a universal complaint,' says the Proctor, 'from all our members, masters, bachelors, and undergraduates, that this Act has exhausted their pockets. Most of our colleges are beset with bailiffs.' The play ends in an alehouse, where the three luckless undergraduates, and Haughty and Pedant, the two Fellows, resolve to go in a body to seek their fortunes in Georgia.

Dr. Johnson, His Friends and his Critics, by G. Birkbeck Hill. Smith and Elder, 1878.

Wigs at Oxford

ACCORDING to the unnatural taste which then prevailed, every schoolboy, so soon as he was entered at the University, cut off his hair, and without any regard to his complexion, put on a wig, black, white, brown, or grizzle, as 'lawless fancy' suggested. This fashion, no consideration could at that time have induced Mr. Shenstone to comply with. He wore his hair, however, almost in the graceful manner which has since generally prevailed; but, as his person was rather large for so young a man, and his hair coarse, it often exposed him to the ill-natured remarks of people who had not half his sense. . . . Mr. Shenstone had one ingenious and much-valued friend in Oxford, Mr. Jago, his schoolfellow, whom he could only visit in private, as he wore a servitor's gown; it being then deemed a great disparagement for a commoner to appear in public with one in that situation; which, by the way, would make one wish, with Dr. Johnson, that there was no young people admitted, in that servile state, in a place of liberal education.

Graves's *Recollections of Shenstone*, 1773.

Powder, Pomatum and Pigtail

WHEN I was an Oxonian, the hand of Time was forestall'd by the fingers of the Barber; and an English stripling, with his hair flowing over his shoulders, was in the course of half-an-hour metamorphosed into a man, by means of powder, pomatum, the comb, the curling irons, and a bit of black ribbon to make a pigtail.

No character is more jealous of the 'Dignity of Man' than a lad who has just escaped from school back to College discipline. This early Lord of the Creation is so inflated with the importance of virility, that his pretension to it is carefully kept up, in almost every sentence he utters. He never mentions any one of his

associates but as a *gentlemanly* or a pleasant *man*; a studious man, a dashing man, a drinking man, etc. etc.: and the *Homunculi Togati* of Sixteen always talk of themselves as Christ Church *men*—Trinity, St. John's, Oriel, Brazennose *men*, etc.—according to their several colleges; I recollect two of them upon the point of settling a ridiculous dispute by *gentlemanly satisfaction* who had, scarcely six weeks before, given each other a black eye, in a fair set-to with fists, at Westminster.

Random Records, by George Colman, 1830.

The Oxford Gown

THE Oxford gown, and perhaps the Cambridge, is a short coat of black alpaca, cut like the chic sac-boléro, ruché at the top behind, and with two streaming ribbons, quilled at the inset and falling to the waist. The scholar's gown is much the same, but longer, and has the now fashionable *balon* sleeves, while the streamers fall to the ground.

Sandford of Merton, by D. F. T. Coke. Alden and Co., 1903.

Canonicals

ROUTH was never seen but in full canonicals of the time of Swift. Some one bet that he would show Routh without canonicals, and thought to win the bet by crying fire (of which the President was horribly afraid) under his window in the dead of night. Routh at once appeared in great alarm and—full canonicals!

PERSONALIA ACADEMICA

An Oxford Bookseller in 1520

JOHN DORNE [the bookseller in question] from his words and phrases is clearly of Dutch nationality. We see him obscurely, seated in his shop, ready for every class of customer, with ballads and almanacks for those of light heart and light purse, portiforiums and missals for the monks, and ponderous commentaries on the Master of the Sentences, for such as could carry them away. He makes shift to settle with his customers in English money, but in his private notes intermixes his native gulden. . . . But his bargains for ready money seem to be usually on the safe side. '*Elegantias* . . . non habet *Elegantias* recepi 3s.'; '*Haymo* . . . recepi 1 nobl., sed non recepit *Haymo*' . . . Occasionally, however, we find, '*Epistole* . . . mester Lupset habet et non solvit,' and 'non recepi—a mocke!' Methodical and detailed as he is, his totals are as often wrong as right, and he shows a disregard of half-pence which is sadly unbusinesslike. The events of the year for him are the Austin Fair and the St. Frideswide's Fair, together with his own journey abroad in June and July. . . .

In connection with the studies of the University, the first striking fact is the number of grammatical works which are sold . . . very common also are the service-books and the ballads, Christmas carols and almanacks. The English books are few compared with the Latin. . . . Latin Theology forms the bulk of the more important volumes sold . . . and next to that Latin classics. But the books actually 'required for the Schools' here found are surprisingly small; it may be remembered, however, that many such could be readily obtained through the licensed stationers and from the various chests of the University. Members of the foundation of a College had in many cases the additional privilege of selecting books from the College Library, once a year. Both Erasmus's and Luther's works readily found their way into Dorne's shop and probably did not wait long for buyers. The productions of the Oxford Press, 1468-1486, and 1517-19, are far from common even in 1520.

'Day Book of John Dorne,' 1520, by F. Madan. Oxford Hist. Soc., *Collectanea*, 1885.

Dr. Kettel's Sermons

Dr. Kettel's brain was like a hasty pudding, where there was memorie, judgement, and phancy all stirred together. He had all these faculties in great measure, but they were all just so jumbled together. If you had to do with him, taking him for a foole, you would have found in him great subtilty and reach; *è contra*, if you treated with him as a wise man, you would have mistaken him for a foole. A neighbour of mine told me he heard him preach once in St. Marie's Church, at Oxon. He began thus: 'Being my turne to preach in this place, I went into my study to prepare myselfe for my sermon, and I tooke downe a booke that had bleue strings and look't in it and 'twas sweet Saint Bernard. I chanced to read such a part of it, on such a subject, which has made me to choose this text——.' I know not whether this was the only time or no that he used this following way of conclusion: 'But now I see it is time for me to shutt up my booke, for I see the doctors' men come in wiping of their beardes from the ale-house.' (He could from the pulpit plainly see them, and 'twas their custome in sermon to go there and about the end of the sermon to returne to wait on their masters.)

Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Clarendon Press, 1898.

The Sleeping Preacher of New College

In the beginning of the reign of James I., Richard Haydock, of New College, in Oxford, practiced Physick in the day and preached in the night in his bed. His practice came by his profession and his preaching (as he pretended) by Revelation; for he would take a text in his sleep and deliver a good sermon upon it; and tho' his auditory were willing to silence him, by pulling, hauling, and pinching, yet would he pertinaceously persist to the end, and sleep still. The fame of this Sleeping Preacher flies abroad with a light wing; which coming to the King's knowledge he commanded him to the Court, where he sate up one night to hear him. And when the time came that the Preacher thought it was fit for him to be asleep, he began with a prayer, then took a text of Scripture, which he significantly enough insisted on a while; but after made an excursion against the Pope, the Cross in Baptism, and the last Canons of the Church of England, and so concluded sleeping. The King would not trouble him that night, letting him rest after his labours; but sent for him the next morning and in private handled him so like a cunning Chirurgeon, that he found out the sore; making him confess not only his sin and error in his act, but the cause that urged him to it, which was, that he apprehended himself as a buried man in the University, being of a low condition, and if something eminent and remarkable did not spring from him,

to give life to his reputation, he should never appear anybody, which made him attempt this novelty. The King, finding him ingenious in his confession, pardoned him. . . .

And upon May Day, the said Haydock came to Lambeth and asked particular forgiveness of the most reverend father in God, Richard Bancroft, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. 'I doe,' he said, 'in the naked simplicity of a thankfull and most penitent hart ingeniously confesse and acknowledge that this use of my nocturnal discourse, seeming to be in a sound and deepe sleepe when in deed I was waking and hadde perfect sense of that I conceived, and spoke; was from the beginning a voluntary thing done with knowledge upon a discovery in myselfe of a greater ability and freedome of invention, memory and speech, in that mild, quiet, and silent repose of the night, than in the day time I found.

Life and Reign of James I., by Arthur Wilson.

[*Note.*—According to Wood, Haydock left New College in 1605 and settled at Salisbury, where he lived always as a physician in good repute. In Howe's continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, Haydock is alleged to have suffered from an impediment in his usual daily speech.]

William of Wykeham

William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester and chancellor of England, the 'munificent and sole founder' of New College, had risen in life as a man of affairs, not as a scholar; and though Wycliffe's growl at the preferment of clerks 'wise in building castles or worldly doing,' who could not well read their psalter, was no doubt an exaggeration as far as Wykeham was concerned, the list of his books does not point to any superfluity of learning. But as a contemporary observed, 'quod minus habuit litteraturae, laudabili compensavit liberalitate'—a liberality which, however conventional on the whole in motive—for he was no innovator—was not only exceptional in its munificence, but showed a consciousness of some of the defects of the school training of his time, his endeavour to correct which bore more fruit than he could have foreseen. That real goodness of heart underlay his generosity there is ample proof. Almost his first act as bishop had been to excuse his poorer manorial tenants' customary payments to the amount of £500; on these occasions he paid his tenants' share of subsidies granted by parliament; in 1377 he paid off the debts of the priory of Selborne out of his own purse. He relieved old and impoverished officers of the bishopric, fed at least twenty-four poor people every day during his long episcopate, and kept open house to rich and poor. At his own cost he repaired bad roads and ruinous

churches, and he increased the demesne of the bishopric by estates yielding a rental of two hundred marks a year. In religious matters he was conservative. . . . Entirely without sympathy with the new ideas which were fermenting within the church, he joined in the repressive measures against Wycliffe and his followers; but his gentle and moderate temper indisposed him to severity and it was he who induced Archbishop Courtenay to pardon Chancellor Rygge of Oxford in 1382. The same qualities made him a more useful adviser to Richard II. when he emancipated himself from the yoke of the lords-appellant than many a more gifted statesman.

Dictionary of National Biography.

Bacon, Grosseteste, and the Brazen Head

THE old dislike of mathematics was of long continuance. Grosseteste's reputation did not escape from the charge, and before long he, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Thomas of Bungay, and several others, had been invested by the credulity of a subsequent generation with the possession of supernatural powers. John Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* says:—

'For of the grete clerk Grostest
I rede how redy that he was
Upon clergy an hede of brass
To make a forge it for to telle
Of such thyngs as befelle;
And seven yeres besinesse
He layde but for the lacknesse
Of half a mynute of an houre,
For fyrst that he began laboure
He lost all that he had to do.'

The making of the brazen head is in most story books ascribed to Roger Bacon, and in the Elizabethan age the idea was worked out by Robert Greene in his *Historie of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. In Greene's play Friar Bacon misses the critical moment much in the same way as Grosseteste misses it in Gower's poem, and allows the brazen head to utter the words 'Time is' and 'Time was' before its third utterance 'Time is past' tells him that the opportunity of obtaining an insight into the hidden nature of things has gone for ever.

Robert Grosseteste, by F. S. Stevenson. Macmillan, 1899.

The Founder of Magdalen

HUMANE and benevolent in an uncommon degree, Waynflete appears to have had no enemies but from party, and to have disarmed even these of their malice. His devotion was fervent without hypocrisy; his bounty unlimited except by his income.

As a bishop, he was a kind father revered by his children; as a founder, he was magnificent and munificent. He was ever intent on alleviating distress and misery. He dispensed largely by his almoner to the poor. He enfranchised several of his vassals from the legal bondage to which they were consigned by the feudal system. He abounded in works of charity and mercy. Amiable and affable in his whole deportment, he was as generally beloved as respected. The prudence, fidelity, and innocence which preserved him when tossed about on the variable waves of inconstant fortune, during the long and mighty tempest of the civil war, was justly a subject of wonder. It is remarkable that he conciliated the favour of successive sovereigns of opposite principles and characters; and that the kings his benefactors were, by his address in conferring obligations on them in his turn, converted from being his creditors into his debtors.

Life of William Waynflete, by Richard Chandler, 1811.

From Exeter Scullery to the Vice-Chancellorship

John Prideaux, D.D., and Lord Bishop of Worcester, was born [1578] at Stowford, in the Parish of Harford, near Ivy Bridge, in this county [Devon]. . . . His father had seven sons and five daughters; and among the sons, John was the fourth by birth; insomuch it could not be expected that their father, out of so slender an estate [£30 per annum] should be able to afford them all a liberal and ingenious education.

The Doctor, therefore, was driven to shift for himself betimes, who being enabled by the care of his parents to write and read, and having also a pretty good tuneable voice he thought himself well enough qualified to be a Parish-Clerk. The Church of Ugborow, a contiguous parish, being destitute of one at that time, John offered himself to the Minister and People there, to serve them, if they pleas'd, in that capacity: But so unhappy was he that he had a competitor for the office. . . . The Parishioners being divided in the matter (so just were they) did at length agree in this, being unwilling to oblige either party, that the Lord's-Day following should be the Day of Tryal; the one should tune the Psalm in the Forenoon, the other in the Afternoon; and he that did best please the People should have the place: which accordingly was done and Prideaux lost it, to his very great Grief and Trouble. Upon which after he became advanced to one of the first Dignities of the Church, he would frequently make this Reflection, saying, If I could have been Clerk of Ugborow, I had never been Bishop of Worcester. . . .

A good gentlewoman of the Parish [Sir Edmund Fowel's mother]

took some compassion on him—and kept him sometime at school until he had gotten some smattering in the Latin Tongue and School learning. Thus meanly furnished, his Genius strongly inclined him to go to Oxford, and accordingly he did so, in very poor habit and sordid (no better than leather Breeches) to seek his Fortune. Being thus come out of the West, a tedious Journey on Foot, to this noblest Seat of the Muses, whither should he first apply himself for succour but to that Society therein where most of his Countrymen resided? I mean Exeter College. Here he is said at the beginning to have lived in very mean Condition and to have gotten his Livelyhood by doing servile offices in the kitchen: yet all this while he minded his Book, and what leisure he could obtain from the Business of the Scullery, he would improve it all in study. . . . Being observed to delight much in Studying, he wanted not any Encouragement, either for Books or Direction, that he could desire, among his Compatriots. Fair Blossoms of Learning promising a future good Encrease, appearing upon this young Man, the College began to take notice of him, and at length admitted him a Member of their House (and placed him under an excellent Tutor, Mr. William Helme, B.D.): this was in Act Trem, A. 1596. Being thus entered, such excellent Progress did he make in his studies, that . . . being now noted for his great learning and profound Divinity he was, in the year 1612, elected Rector of his College. Three years after, A. 1615 . . . he was made Regius Professor of Divinity . . . In which high station he continued with great Honour and Reputation . . . Seven and Twenty Years . . . during which time he did often undergo the office of Vice-Chancellour the highest Honour in the University, being both a Spiritual and a Temporal Judge, next the Chancellour (who is commonly a great nobleman or Prelate) in Academical Causes, and that no less than five times, which he discharged with great Honour and Satisfaction.

In the Rectorship of his College, he carried himself so winning and pleasing by his gentle Government and Fatherly Instruction, that it flourished in his time more than any House in the University, with many Scholars, as well of great as mean Birth; Yea, many Foreigners of illustrious Families led by the fame of his Learning and Wisdom, as if he had been another Solomon, came over purposely to sit at his Feet, and to gain Instruction. So zealous he was also in appointing industrious and careful Tutors that in short time by his means, many were fitted to do Service in the Church and State. . . .

Prince's *Worthies of Devon*.

Shakespeare at Oxford

Sir William Davenant, knight, Poet Laureate, was borne [baptized 3 of March 1606] in . . . street in the city of Oxford at the Crowne taverne. His father was John Davenant, a Vintner there, a very grave and discreet citizen: his mother was a very beautifull woman, and of a very good witt, and of conversation extremely agreable. . . . Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a yeare, and did commonly in his journey lye at this house in Oxon. where he was exceedingly respected. . . . Now Sir William would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glasse of wine with his most intimate friends—*e.g.* Sam Butler (author of *Hudibras*), etc.—say, that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakespeare, and seemed contented enough to be thought his son.

Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Clarendon Press, 1898.

Dr. Wilkins of Wadham

13 July, 1654. We all dined at that most obliging and universally curious Dr. Wilkins's, at Wadham College. He was the first who showed me the transparent apiaries, which he had built like castles and palaces, and so ordered them one upon another, as to take the honey without destroying the bees. These were adorned with a variety of dials, little statues, vanes, etc.; and, he was so abundantly civil, finding me pleased with them, to present me with one of the hives which he had empty, and which I afterwards had in my garden at Sayes Court, where it continued many years, and which his Majesty came on purpose to see and contemplate with much satisfaction. He had also contrived a hollow statue, which gave a voice and uttered words by a long concealed pipe that went to its mouth, whilst one speaks through it at a good distance. He had, above in his lodgings and gallery, variety of shadows, dials, perspectives, and many other artificial, mathematical, and magical curiosities, a way-wiser, a thermometer, a monstrous magnet, conic, and other sections, a balance on a demi-circle, most of them of his own, and that prodigious young scholar Mr. Christopher Wren, who presented me with a piece of white marble, which he had stained with a lively red, very deep, as beautiful as if it had been natural.

Thus satisfied with the civilities of Oxford, we left it, dining at Farringdon, a town which had been newly fired during the wars; and, passing near the seat of Sir Walter Pye, we came to Cadenham.

Evelyn's *Diary*.

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*

The author is said to have laboured long in the Writing of this Book to suppress his own Melancholy, and yet did but improve it.

In an Interval of Vapours, he would be extreamly pleasant, and raise laughter in any Company. Yet I have heard that nothing at last could make him laugh, but going down to the Bridge foot in Oxford, and hearing the Barge-men scold and storm and swear at one another, at which he would set his Hands to his sides and laugh most profusely. Yet in his College and Chamber so mute and mopish that he was suspected to be *Felo de se.*

Kennet's *Register and Chronicle.*

Bishop Sanderson

His memory was so matchless and firm, as 'twas only overcome by his bashfulness: for he alone, or to a friend, could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book: and would say, 'the repetition of one of the Odes of Horace to himself, was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it to themselves or friends.' And though he was blest with a clearer judgment than other men, yet he was so distrustful of it, that he did over-consider of consequences and would so delay and reconsider what to determine, that though none ever determined better, yet when the bell tolled for him to appear and read his Divinity Lectures in Oxford, and all the Scholars attended to hear him, he had not then, or not till then, resolved and writ what he meant to determine; so that that appeared to be a truth, which his old dear friend Dr. Sheldon would often say, namely, 'That his judgment was so much superior to his fancy, that whatsoever this suggested, that disliked and controlled; still considering and reconsidering, till his time was so wasted, that he was forced to write, not, probably, what was best, but what he thought last.' And yet what he did then read appeared to all hearers to be so useful, clear, and satisfactory as none ever determined with greater applause.

Walton's *Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson.*

Dean Aldrich

Dec. 16, 1710. On Thursday last, December 14, about seven o'clock in the evening, died Dr. Henry Aldrich, dean of Christ Church, in the sixty-third year of his age, to the grief of all that knew anything of his great worth. Consider him either as a Christian, a scholar, or a gentleman, he was one of the most eminent men in England. He constantly received the sacrament every Sunday, rose to five o'clock prayers in the morning, summer and winter, visited the chambers of young gentlemen, on purpose to see that they employed their time in usefull and commendable studies. He was a severe student himself, yet always free, open, and facetious. He treated by turns not only those of good stand-

ing in the college, but all the young gentlemen of any note in it. He was a man of admirable natural parts and was versed both in ecclesiastical and humane learning almost beyond compare. He was humble and modest, even to a fault. He had so piercing an understanding that he could tell at first sight the temper and disposition of any person, whether he was good-natured, ingenious and addicted to a virtuous and innocent course of life. He was always for encouraging industry, learning, integrity, and whatever deserves commendation. He was so generous that he spared for no costs to promote or carry on good designs. His death is a publick loss, and those of the college are particularly obliged heartily to lament it and to wish for such another, who may advance their interest and take the same methods for finishing, as this excellent dean did for beginning, Peckwater building; which is about half done. . . . He had a most noble collection of books and prints, all which he has left to the college, leaving it to the liberty of the dean and chapter whether his nephew shall have such of them as they had before in the library; which is a genteel compliment and shows him to have been a very wise, prudent man. . . . He has ordered by his will that all papers whatsoever of his own writing shall be burnt, not excepting his *Harmonia Evangelica* in Greek, done with great accuracy and most neatly written with his own hand. . . .

. . . On Friday, Dec. 22, his body was brought into Oxford at four o'clock in the afternoon, and being met at his lodgings by the college, after it had rested for about a quarter of an hour before the door, it was conveyed to the cathedral and, prayers being ended, was deposited in a grave in the north wing of the quire ('twas in the dormitorie) just by his father, as he had expressly directed. At the same time an excellent speech was made by Dr. Frewin (M.B.), student of Christ Church, who was physician to the Dean during his sickness. No monument or the least mention of his name is to be put over his grave. So himself commanded in his will.

Dec. 14, 1732. Tho' Dr. Aldrich (late dean of Christ Church) forbid any monument to be erected to him, adding that he would not have any since his father (who is buried in the same place) had none, yet I heard last night that a very handsome one is put up at Christ Church to his memory. . . .

Hearne, *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*.

Dick Steele

MARCH 23, $17\frac{13}{14}$. Richard Steel, Esq^{r}., Member of Parl., was on Thursday last about 12 clock at night expelled the House of

Commons for a Roguish Pamphlett called the *Crisis*, and for several other Pamphletts, in w^ch^ he hath abused the Q., etc. This Steel was formerly of Christchurch in Oxford and afterwards of Merton College. He was a rakish, wild, drunken Spark; but he got a good Reputation by publishing a Paper that came out daily called the *Tattler*, and by another called the *Spectator*; but the most ingenious of these Papers were written by Mr. Addison, and Dr. Swift, as 'tis reported. And when these two had left him, he appeared to be a mean, heavy, weak Writer as is sufficiently demonstrated in his Papers called the *Guardian*, the *Englishman* and the *Lover*. He now writes for Bread, being involved in Debt.

Hearne's *Collections*, ed. by C. E. Doble. Oxford Historical Society.

Nick Amhurst

S. JOHN'S in the eighteenth century has suffered from the *chronique scandaleuse* of a personage who had every reason to speak ill of his College. Nicholas Amhurst was admitted on June 20th, 1716, having been elected a Scholar on S. Barnabas's Day. The note *per triennium probationis* did not prove to be a mere form in his case. He went to Oxford, he says, 'when the seeds of the late *unnatural Rebellion* were not yet extinguished'; and continued there till June 1719, during which time he was a witness of that disloyal and treasonable disposition, of those corruptions, follies and vices, which 'he denounced in the two bitter little octavos that made him famous.' *Terræ Filius* he called his paper, which came out in fifty numbers in 1721. It was the name of the licensed jester at the Encaenia, and with all its buffoonery and rudeness it had been borne by many worthy as well as witty sons of S. John's, by Christopher Wren among them. But since the person had been suppressed, Amhurst took the name and more than the licence; and what was declared to be a revelation of the vices and disloyalty of the University was in reality a pouring out of his own spleen against the College which had expelled him for his bad conduct. His resentment against Dr. Delaune (President 1697-1728) is grotesque in its fury.

. . . . . .

Delaune is Amhurst's great butt. No passage of the *Terræ Filius* has been more often quoted than this:—

'One of these academical pickleherrings scurrilously affronted the learned president of S. John's College (in defiance of the statute *de contumeliis compescendis*) by shaking a box and dice in the theatre, and calling out to him by name,' as he came in, in this manner *Jacta est alea*, doctor, Seven's the main, in allusion to a scandalous report handed about by the doctor's enemies, that he

was guilty of that infamous practice, and had lost great sums of other people's money at dice; which story all, who have the honour to be acquainted with that profound divine, know to be most groundless and impudent defamation.'

. . . . . .

'Nicholas Amhurst died at his Bookseller's Mr. Franklyn's Country House at Twickenham in Middlesex on 27th April 1742. The cause of his death was his immoderate drinking of Geneva, which he took to, on the death of a Mistress, with whom he lived alone twenty years, and who died the Xmas before him.'

Rawlinson, *apud S. John Baptist College*, by W. H. Hutton. Hutchinson, 1898.

Wesley in the Pulpit

THE Times of the Day the University go to St. Mary's are at Ten in the Morning and Two in the Afternoon, on Sundays and Holidays; the Sermon usually lasting about half an Hour; but when I happened to be at Oxford in 1742, Mr. Wesley, the Methodist, of Christ Church, entertain'd his Audience two Hours, and having insulted and abus'd all Degrees, from the highest to the lowest, was in a manner hissed out of the Pulpit by the lads.

The Foreigner's Companion Through the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, by Mr. Salmon, 1748.

Johnson of Pembroke

No man had a more ardent love of literature, or a higher respect for it than Johnson. His apartment in Pembroke College was that upon the second floor, over the gateway. The enthusiasts of learning will ever contemplate it with veneration. One day, while he was sitting in it quite alone, Dr. Panting, then master of the College, whom he called 'a fine Jacobite fellow,' overheard him uttering this soliloquy in his strong, emphatick voice: 'Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other places of learning. I 'll go and visit the Universities abroad. I 'll go to France and Italy. I 'll go to Padua.—And I 'll mind my business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all blockheads.'

Dr. Adams told me that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke College, 'was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicksome fellow, and passed there the happiest part of his life. But this is a striking proof of the fallacy of appearances, and how little any of us know of the real internal state even of those whom we see most frequently; for the truth is, that he was then depressed by poverty, and irritated by disease. When I mentioned to him this account as given me by Dr. Adams, he said, 'Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick,

I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority.

'I have heard from some of his contemporaries,' wrote Bishop Percy, 'that he was generally seen lounging at the College gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up to rebellion against the College discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled.'

The Scholar's Life

MR. BATEMAN'S [Tutor of Christ Church] lectures were so excellent that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme that his shoes were worn out and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ Church men and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door he threw them away with indignation.

Boswell's *Johnson*.

An Old College Friend

'IN my return from church,' recorded Dr. Johnson, 'I was accosted by Edwards, an old fellow-collegian, who had not seen me since 1729. He knew me, and asked if I remembered one Edwards; I did not at first recollect the name, but gradually as we walked along, recovered it, and told him a conversation that had passed at an alehouse between us. My purpose is to continue our acquaintance.'

It was in Butcher-row that this meeting happened. Mr. Edwards, who was a decent-looking elderly man in grey clothes, and a wig of many curls, accosted Johnson with familiar confidence, knowing who he was, while Johnson returned his salutation with a courteous formality, as to a stranger. But as soon as Edwards had brought to his recollection their having been at Pembroke-College together nine-and-forty years ago, he seemed much pleased, asked where he lived, and said he should be glad to see him in Bolt-court. EDWARDS. 'Ah, Sir! we are old men now.' JOHNSON (who never liked to think of being old): 'Don't let us discourage one another.' EDWARDS. 'Why, Doctor, you look stout and hearty, I am happy to see you so; for the newspapers told us you were very ill.' JOHNSON. 'Ay, Sir, they are always telling lies of *us old fellows*.'

Wishing to be present at more of so singular a conversation as that between two fellow-collegians, who had lived forty years in London without ever having chanced to meet, I whispered to Mr. Edwards that Dr. Johnson was going home, and that he had

better accompany him now. So Edwards walked along with us, I eagerly assisting to keep up the conversation. Mr. Edwards informed Dr. Johnson that he had practised long as a solicitor in Chancery, but that he now lived in the country upon a little farm, about sixty acres, just by Stevenage in Hertfordshire, and that he came to London (to Barnard's Inn, No. 6), generally twice a week. . . . When we got to Dr. Johnson's house, and were seated in his library, the dialogue went on admirably. EDWARDS. 'Sir, I remember you would not let us say *prodigious* at College. For even then, Sir (turning to me), he was delicate in language, and we all feared him.' JOHNSON (to Edwards): 'From your having practised the law long, Sir, I presume you must be rich.' EDWARDS. 'No, Sir; I got a good deal of money; but I had a number of poor relations to whom I gave a great part of it.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you have been rich in the most valuable sense of the word.' EDWARDS. 'But I shall not die rich.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, sure, Sir, it is better to live rich than to die rich.' EDWARDS. 'I wish I had continued at College.' JOHNSON. 'Why do you wish that, Sir?' EDWARDS. 'Because I think I should have had a much easier life than mine has been. I should have been a parson and had a good living, like Bloxam and several others, and lived comfortably.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.' Here taking himself up, 'O! Mr. Edwards!' all of a sudden, he exclaimed, 'I'll convince you that I recollect you. Do you remember our drinking together at an alehouse near Pembroke gate. At that time, you told me of the Eton boy, who, when verses on our SAVIOUR's turning water into wine were prescribed as an exercise, brought up a single line, which was highly admired,—

"*Vidit et erubuit lympha pudica* DEUM,"

and I told you of another fine line in Camden's *Remains*, an eulogy upon one of our Kings, who was succeeded by his son, a prince of equal merit:—

"*Mira cano. Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.*"'

EDWARDS. 'You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' . . .

EDWARDS. 'I have been twice married, Doctor. You, I suppose,

have never known what it was to have a wife.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife, and (in a solemn tender faltering tone) I have known what it was to *lose a wife*.—It had almost broke my heart.'

EDWARDS. 'How do you live, Sir? For my part, I must have my regular meals, and a glass of good wine. I find I require it.' JOHNSON. 'I now drink no wine, Sir. Early in life I drank wine: for many years I drank none. I then for some years drank a great deal.' EDWARDS. 'Some hogsheads, I warrant you.' JOHNSON. 'I then had a severe illness, and left it off, and I have never begun it again. I never felt any difference upon myself from eating one thing rather than another, nor from one kind of weather rather than another. There are people, I believe, who feel a difference; but I am not one of them. And as to regular meals, I have fasted from the Sunday's dinner to the Tuesday's dinner, without any inconvenience. I believe it is best to eat just as one is hungry: but a man who is in business, or a man who has a family, must have stated meals. I am a straggler. I may leave this town and go to Grand Cairo, without being missed here or observed there.' EDWARDS. 'Don't you eat supper, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir.' EDWARDS. 'For my part, now, I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass in order to get to bed.'

JOHNSON. 'You are a lawyer, Mr. Edwards. Lawyers know life practically. A bookish man should always have them to converse with. They have what he wants.' EDWARDS. 'I am grown old: I am sixty-five.' JOHNSON. 'I shall be sixty-eight next birthday. Come, Sir, drink water, and put in for a hundred.' . . .

This interview confirmed my opinion of Johnson's most humane and benevolent heart. His cordial and placid behaviour to an old fellow-collegian, a man so different from himself; and his telling him that he would go down to his farm and visit him, showed a kindness of disposition very rare at an advanced age. He observed, 'how wonderful it was that they had both been in London forty years, without having ever once met, and both walkers in the street too!' Mr. Edwards, when going away, again recurred to his consciousness of senility, and looking full in Johnson's face, said to him, 'You'll find in Dr. Young,

"O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!"'

Johnson did not relish this at all; but shook his head with impatience. Edwards walked off, seemingly highly pleased with the honour of having been thus noticed by Dr. Johnson. When

he was gone, I said to Johnson, I thought him but a weak man. JOHNSON. 'Why, yes, Sir. Here is a man who has passed through life without experience: yet I would rather have him with me than a more sensible man who will not talk readily. This man is always willing to say what he has to say.'

Boswell's *Johnson*.

A Dissenter's Garden

LORD ELDON has the following reminiscence of a visit paid by Dr. Johnson to Oxford in the autumn of 1773. 'I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden with Dr. Johnson and Sir Robert Chambers [Principal of the Hall]. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly. 'Sir,' said Sir Robert, 'my neighbour is a Dissenter.' 'Oh!' said the Doctor, 'if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can.' He was very absent. I have seen him standing for a very long time, without moving, with a foot on each side the kennel which was then in the middle of the High Street, with his eyes fixed on the water running in it.

Twiss's *Life of Eldon*.

A Poet's Tea Party

WITH an anecdote respecting Collins, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon at a tea-visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member of a certain college,[1] as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition as for his good scholarship: who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel; and though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table and all its contents to the other side of the room. Our poet, tho' of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfall and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly:—

'*Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetae.*'

Gilbert White, *Gent. Mag.*, 1781.

A Pembroke 'Triumvirate

IN each of the above-mentioned parties, except the water-drinkers, I [Richard Graves] had once or twice met Mr. Shenstone, and another young man, a Mr. Whistler, of a gentleman's family, and born to a genteel estate in Oxfordshire. Neither Mr. Shenstone or

[1] James Hampton, scholar of Corpus, the translator of Polybius.

Mr. Whistler, however, seemed quite in their element amidst those sons of Comus, the politer votaries of Bacchus, or with the matter-of-fact society; not from any opinion of superior understanding, but from a difference of taste and pursuits.

Our more familiar acquaintance commenced by an invitation from Mr. Shenstone to breakfast at his chambers, which we accepted; and which, according to the sociable disposition of most young people, was protracted to a late hour; during which, Mr. Shenstone, I remember, in order to detain us, produced Cotton's Virgil Travestie, which he had lately met with; and which, though full of indelicacies and low humour, is certainly a most laughable performance. I displayed my slender stock of critical knowledge by applauding, as a work of equal humour, Echard's *Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy*. Mr. Whistler, who was a year or two older than either of us, I believe, and had finished his school education at Eton, preferred Pope's *Rape of the Lock* as a higher species of humour, than anything we had produced.

In short this morning's lounge, which seemed mutually agreeable, was succeeded by frequent repetitions of them; and at length, by our meeting likewise, almost every evening, at each other's chambers the whole summer, where we read plays and poetry, *Spectators* or *Tatlers*, and other works of easy digestion, and sipped Florence wine. . . .

As I was a scholar of the house, and had some dry studies prescribed to me, which I thought it necessary to pursue with regularity and strict attention the whole morning, I did not like to be interrupted. Mr. Shenstone one day came into my room, and as I could not listen to any conversation, he took up a pen and said he would write my character; this he wrote *impromptu*, and left it on my table; which an impertinent fellow, coming in soon after, saw and read, without knowing who was the subject of it; and immediately retired unnoticed. And now it was discovered that we three shut up ourselves to write the characters of the whole society; and we were thenceforth, for some time, considered in no very favourable light by the rest of the college.

Recollections of Shenstone, by Richard Graves.[1]

'The strong Contagion of the Gown'

'I HAVE been in my gown ever since I came here. It was, at my first coming, quite new and handsome. I have swum thrice, which I had disused for many years. I have proposed to Vansittart,

[1] B.A., Pembroke, 1736.

climbing over the wall, but he has refused me. And I have clapped my hands till they are sore at Dr. King's speech.'

Boswell's *Johnson.*

'Lord Stowell informs me,' wrote Croker, 'that Johnson prided himself in being, during his visits to Oxford, accurately academic in all points; and he wore his gown almost ostentatiously.'

A Critic at Oxford

When Francis Jeffrey was left to himself, for the first time, at a distance from home, it was according to his nature that he should feel a lowness which gave an unfavourable inclination, from the very first, to his Oxford impressions.

This place was not then what it is now. Jeffrey went there eager for improvement, by literary energy; and as he knew it only by the echo of its fame, he thought of it as purely a great seat of learning and of education, and of all the appropriate habits. No wonder that, with such ideas, he was shocked on finding some things in the reality of the place different from what he had expected. This was especially the case at Queen's, the College he entered, which was then not distinguished by study and propriety alone.

However, he neither gave his new comrades, nor his own candour, a very long trial. In a letter to the late Mr. Robertson of Inches, one of his Glasgow companions, dated 23rd October 1791, being within a week of his arrival, he describes his fellow-students as a set of '*pedants, coxcombs, and strangers*'—the last quality, no doubt, being the worst in his sight.

Cockburn's *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, 1852.

Lectures and Chapel

Oxford is no longer so deeply the object of my detestation as it was. I no longer feel the rigour of its exactions; I don't go to lecture more than thrice a week; and for morning prayers, I have not thought of them this half year. That deceitful fellow of a tutor took advantage of my ignorance, and told me nothing but lies.

Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, Letter dated 1792.

President Randolph of Corpus

Dr. Randolph was at that time president of Corpus Christi College. With great learning and many excellent qualities, he had some singularities, which produced nothing more than a smile. He had the habit of muttering upon the most trivial occasions, '*Mors omnibus communis.*' One day his horse stumbled upon Magdalen bridge, and the resigned president let his bridle go, and drawing up the waistband of his breeches as he sat bolt upright, he exclaimed before a crowded audience, '*Mors omnibus communis.*'

The same simplicity of character appeared in various instances, and it was mixed with a mildness of temper, that made him generally beloved by the young students. The worthy Doctor was indulgent to us all, but to me in particular upon one occasion, where I fear that I tried his temper more than I ought to have done. The gentlemen-commoners were not obliged to attend early chapel on any days but Sunday and Thursday; I had been too frequently absent, and the president was determined to rebuke me before my companions. 'Sir,' said he to me as we came out of chapel one Sunday, 'you *never* attend Thursday prayers.' 'I do *sometimes*, Sir,' I replied. 'I did not see you here last Thursday. And, Sir,' cried the president, rising into anger, 'I will have nobody in my college' (ejaculating a certain customary guttural noise, something between a cough and the sound of a postman's horn), 'Sir, I will have nobody in my college that does not attend chapel. I did not see you at chapel last Thursday.' 'Mr. President,' said I, with a most profound reverence, 'it was impossible that you should see me, for you were not there yourself.' Instead of being more exasperated by my answer, the anger of the good old man fell immediately. He recollected, and instantly acknowledged, that he had not been in chapel on that day. It was the only Thursday on which he had been absent for three years. Turning to me with great suavity, he invited me to drink tea that evening with him and his daughter. This indulgent president's good humour made more salutary impression on the young men he governed, than has been ever effected by the morose manners of any unrelenting disciplinarian.

Memoirs of R. L. Edgeworth, 1821.

De Quincey of Worcester

I NEGLECTED my dress habitually and wore my clothes till they were threadbare, partly under the belief that my gown would conceal defects, more from indisposition to bestow on a tailor what I had destined for a bookseller. At length, however, an officious person sent me a message on the subject. This, however, was disregarded, and one day I discovered that I had no waistcoat that was not torn or otherwise dilapidated, whereupon buttoning my coat to the throat and drawing my gown close about me I went into the hall.

De Quincey's *Autobiography*.

Jackson and Parr

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, who matriculated at Christ Church in 1798, was not by any means an enthusiastic admirer of university customs, especially of the tutors, whom he stigmatises

as unmannerly and disgusting in their behaviour. The stately head of Christ Church was in his eyes an 'inspired swine,' who preached exceeding dry sermons with a prodigious degree of snuffling. In fact, mere classical lore, as distinguished from elegant taste in literature, he despised. One of his marginal notes in the *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.*, referring to Dr. Parr, says: 'What a companion for a princess! I have met him at Oxford, the very worst bred brute, composed of insolence and tobacco, that I ever saw or heard of'; and he was just as sarcastic upon the smart young sportsmen, and Irish anti-Unionites who formed a considerable section of the undergraduate world at Christ Church.

C. K. Sharpe's *Correspondence.*

Undergraduate Noblemen

Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, 1783-1809, had a wonderful tact in managing that most unmanageable class of undergraduates, Noblemen. When he was walking in Tom Quadrangle every cap was off the head, even of tutors and noblemen, while he was in sight.

Recollections of Oxford, by G. V. Cox.

Dr. Cyril Jackson

When Markham was selected as preceptor to the two eldest sons of George III., Jackson became sub-preceptor. From this position he was dismissed in 1776 when all the other persons holding similar posts about the princes resigned their posts. His salary was paid for some time afterwards; and Samuel Rogers was told by the Duke of York that Jackson's duty was conscientiously done. In 1783, moreover, when Jackson became Dean of Christ Church, the Prince, afterwards George IV., wrote a letter to Fox expressing his warm affection for his old 'sub-preceptor.'

At Christ Church Jackson soon became famous. He possessed a genius for government and enforced discipline without any distinctions of persons. He took a large share in framing the 'Public Examination Statute,' and always impressed upon his undergraduates the duty of competing for exhibitions and prizes. Every day he entertained at dinner some six or eight members of the foundation, and on his annual travel in some part of the United Kingdom took the most promising pupil of the year for his companion.

De Quincey at Worcester

Joe Preston, the old Worcester Common-room man, whose portrait hangs in the Bursary, was fond of telling how he had been servant to De Quincey who lived on staircase No. 10 in the front quad, up one pair of stairs to the right. He used to say that De Quincey

did not mix much with the other men, who in their turn resented some of his peculiarities. He was always buying fresh books and was sometimes at a loss how to find money for them. In those days men dressed for Hall: and De Quincey having one day parted with his one waistcoat in order to purchase some book or other went into Hall hiding his loss of clothing as best he could. But concealment was in vain; De Quincey was forthwith sconced and Joe had to serve his master with a tankard of ale from the buttery.

Our Memories, Shadows of Old Oxford. Edited and printed by H. Daniel, Oxford, 1893.

Scott at Oxford

Nov. 20, 1826, Oxford.—We reached Oxford by six o'clock and found Charles and his friend young Surtees waiting for us with a good fire in the chimney and a good dinner ready to be placed on the table. We had struggled through a cold, sulky, drizzly day, which deprived of all charms even the beautiful country near Henley. So we came from cold and darkness into light and warmth and society. *N. B.* We had neither daylight nor moonlight to see the view of Oxford from the Magdalen Bridge, which I used to think one of the most beautiful in the world.

Nov. 21. Breakfasted with Charles in his chambers at Brazen-Nose where he had everything very neat. How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted. My poor plant has some storms to undergo, but were this expedition conducive to no more than his entrance into life under suitable auspices I should consider the toil and expense well bestowed. We then sallied out to see the lions. . . . Remembering the ecstatic feelings with which I visited Oxford more than twenty-five years since I was surprised at the comparative indifference with which I revisited the same scenes. Reginald Heber, then composing his Prize Poem and imping his wings for a long flight of honourable distinction, is now dead in a foreign land. Hodgson [Master of B. N. C.] and other able men all entombed. The towers and halls remain but the voices which fill them are of modern days. Besides, the eyes become satiated with sights, as the full soul loathes the honeycomb. I admired indeed, but my admiration was void of the enthusiasm which I formerly felt. I remember particularly having felt, while in the Bodleian, like the Persian magician who visited the enchanted library in the bowels of the mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses, while less eager sages retired in alarm. Now I had some base thought concerning luncheon, which was

most munificently supplied by Surtees, at his rooms in University College with the aid of the best ale I ever drank in my life, the real wine of Ceres and worth that of Bacchus. Dr. Jenkyns, the Vice-Chancellor, did me the honour to call, but I saw him not. Before three set out for Cheltenham.

Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*.

Sheridan at Oxford

In July [1810] Lord Grenville was installed Chancellor of Oxford, and it was thought right that Sheridan should attend with other personages to receive an honorary degree. The notion met with general approval, but at the last moment 'three churlish non-placets of Corpus,' as a lampoon styled the dissentient masters, opposed the resolution, and despite of the university's disgust and Mr. Ingram's Latin harangue on the disgrace of secretly withdrawing so illustrious a name, withdrawn it had to be. No sooner, however, had Sheridan modestly taken an ordinary seat in the theatre than loud cries of 'Sheridan among the Doctors!' transferred him, unrobed though he was, to the seats occupied by the honorary graduates. This voluntary acclaim gratified him more than almost any other ovation.

Sheridan, by Walter Sichel. Constable, 1909.

Sydney Smith of New Colleg

Of Sydney Smith's life at New College, it is strange to write, no personal reminiscences are forthcoming, nor does he himself refer to it. He quotes, however, the saying of a friend of those days: 'Sydney, your sense, wit, and clumsiness always give me the idea of an Athenian carter.' One record is significant: Sydney Smith was steward of the Junior Common Room; a fact which in itself is no small tribute to his capacity, for his means were narrow, and the habits of the day sumptuous. Among the archives of that institution, of which his well-kept accounts form part, is a note in his hand-writing, to the effect that coals should be stored in the summer months when the canal rates are low. Here is the future Treasurer of St. Paul's, of whom Dean Milman writes: 'I find traces of him in every particular of chapter affairs; and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find strong reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship.'

New College, by A. O. Prickard. Dent, 1906.

Dean Mansel

My first acquaintance with Dean Mansel, was made twenty years ago at the University—when he had everything to give, and I had everything to receive. As I think of him, his likeness seems to

rise before me. In one of those picturesque and old-world Colleges—in rooms which, if I remember rightly, on one side looked upon the collegiate quadrangle with its sober and meditative architecture, and on the other caught the play of light and shade cast by trees almost as venerable, on the garden grass; in one of those rooms, whose walls were built up to the ceiling with books, which nevertheless, overflowed on the floor, and were piled in masses of disorderly order upon chairs and tables—might have been seen sitting day after day the late Dean, and here my private Tutor, and the most successful teacher of his time in the University. Young men are no bad judges of the capabilities of a teacher; and those who sought the highest honours of the University in the class schools thought themselves fortunate to secure instruction such as he gave—transparently lucid, accurate, and without stint, flowing on through the whole morning continuously, making the most complicated questions clear.

But if, as chanced sometimes with me, they returned later as guests in the winter evening to the cheery and old-fashioned hospitality of the Common Room, they might have seen the same man, the centre of conversation, full of anecdote and humour and wit, applying the resources of a prodigious memory and keen intellect to the genial intercourse of society.

The life of Old Oxford has nearly passed away. New ideas are now accepted: old traditions almost cease to have a part in the existence of the place; the very studies have greatly changed, and —whether for good or evil—except for the grey walls which seem to upbraid the altered conditions of thought around them, Oxford bids fair to represent modern Liberalism, rather than the 'Church and State' doctrines of the early part of the century. But of that earlier creed, which was once characteristic of the University, Dean Mansel was an eminent type.

Lord Carnarvon,
Lectures on the Gnostic Heresies.

Dr. Jenkyns of Balliol

BALLIOL COLLEGE, to which Henry Smith belonged, was far away the best in the University during the time of his residence (1847-51), and for some years afterwards. A variety of circumstances had contributed to build up its pre-eminence. The first cause was the far-sighted integrity of the old Master, Dr. Jenkyns, who was almost singular among the Heads of his day in regarding it as the first duty of a College to promote intellectual distinction, and who waged an incessant war with privilege, abolishing gentleman-commoners and throwing open close endowments as far as he

legally could. Dr. Jenkyns could not have done much single-handed, but he gradually found or created men, often no doubt abler than himself, who were glad to carry on his work in the same spirit; and the late Master of Balliol, Mr. Jowett, then one of the tutors, was undoubtedly the soul of the college during the whole time of Henry Smith's connection with it. At the time of Henry Smith's election, the college wanted a Mathematical lecturer. There is no doubt, I think, that he was chosen in the well-warranted expectation that he would consent to reside and lecture. In this way began his own life-long union with Oxford, for until then he had been a mere bird of passage. Having once decided to accept the office thrust upon him, he gave himself up heart and soul to doing his work well.

It was a common story in Oxford at that time that Henry Smith, being uncertain after he had taken his degree whether he should devote himself to classics or mathematics, had solved the doubt by tossing up a halfpenny.

Biographical Sketch of H. J. Stephen Smith, by C. H. Pearson. Clarendon Press, 1894.

Dr. Jenkins Master of Balliol

Brooke brought a story of old Balliol days which Jowett had told him *apropos* of Sir John Coleridge. He was a wonderfully vain undergraduate; and little Jenkins, who was then Master of Balliol determined to tell him so. When he came up at Collections—the examination held at the end of the term—Jenkins gravely asked each of the Tutors in turn what was their opinion of Mr. Coleridge. They said flattering things, and then Jenkins turned on the blushing youth. 'Mr. Coleridge! Mr. Tait has a very high opinion of you. Mr. Woolcombe has a very high opinion of you. Indeed all the Tutors seem to have a very high opinion of you.' Then he said meditatively, 'I too have a high opinion of Mr. Coleridge! But there is one person who has a far higher opinion of Mr. Coleridge than either I or Mr. Tait or the rest of the Tutors —and that person is Mr. Coleridge himself!'

Letters of J. R. Green. Macmillan, 1901.

Dr. Routh

Born in 1754 Dr. Routh was to live into his 100th year. It was as a spectacle that he excited popular interest; to see him shuffle into chapel from his lodgings a Sunday crowd assembled. The wig, with trencher cap insecurely poised above it, the long cassock, ample gown, skirts and buckled shoes, the bent form, pale venerable face, enormous pendent eyebrows, generic to antique portraits

in Bodleian Gallery or College Halls, were here to be seen alive :—

> Some statute you would swear
> Stepped from its pedestal to take the air.
>
> Rev. W. Tuckwell, *Reminiscences of Oxford.* Cassell, 1900.

End of Dr. Routh

In 1847, when he was then over 94, a very big book which he had pulled from the shelf unaided proved too many for him. It fell on his leg and grazed the skin. The surgeon wanted him to go to bed. 'No thank you, sir,' said Routh. 'If you once get me to bed I know you will never get me out again.' The injury, however, might have proved dangerous. Dr. Ogilvie called to condole. The old President, after describing the accident minutely, added very gravely in a confidential voice. 'A *worthless* volume, sir, a *worthless* volume.' *This* it evidently was which weighed upon his spirit! Had it been Augustine or Chrysostom or Thomas Aquinas —patience! But to be lamed by a book written by a dunce. . . . His earthly span was brought to a close on the evening of Friday, Dec. 22, 1854. For several days he had been fully conscious that his end was approaching: and on the previous Sunday, though ill and weak, had left orders that the Provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins) should be admitted if he called; explaining that he had done so, 'Because I thought perhaps I might never see you again.' He was singularly talkative on that day (Sunday): but a 'change was observed in him. Still, he had his usual party at dinner, and though he did not join his guests at table he saw them at tea. He was more sleepy than usual then. The next day he was worse; but on Tuesday he revived so much that Bloxam lost all immediate apprehension, and the President himself said—"I think I shall be a little longer with you, sir."' He requested Bloxam, who had called by the President's request, to guide his hand in signing a cheque for some charitable purpose, and to convey it to Dr. Macbride.—'He spoke' (writes Dr. Hawkins) 'with animation and cheerfulness, sometimes with more than his usual felicity of expression. "Richard Heber" (he said), "collected more books than any other person; he had four libraries, one at his own place, Hodnet, another at Paris, another at Brussels, another at Amsterdam. His library at Hodnet sold for 53,000 l.; and his Paris library was very good." "Mr. Heber," said Porson to him, with his usual caustic humour, "you have collected a great many books, pray when do you mean to begin to read them?" But the present Dean of Christ Church, sir, a great authority, told me that he never

asked Mr. Heber about a book without finding him well acquainted with it.' . . . He went to bed very reluctantly on that same night,—Wednesday, Dec. 20th: Went for the last time. He was in a state of great prostration.

He used to sleep in the 'Founder's Chamber' ('King Charles's room,' as he himself called it), the ancient apartment over the College gateway, in which no less than seven royal personages have been entertained; an old banqueting-room therefore. Dr. Jackson, paying an early visit on the morrow, which was Thursday, was informed by his patient, that 'it was the first time that a *physician* had ever seen him in bed. He had been seen by *a surgeon*' (instancing Tuckwell), 'on more than one occasion.' Jackson visited him a second and a third time. On Friday (22nd December) he was clearly sinking; but at 2.30 P.M. spoke a little and was quite sensible. He expressed a wish to see Dr. Ogilvie,—who, as he knew, had his unsigned will in his keeping,—'to-morrow'; a to-morrow he was destined never to know. It was plain to Dr. Jackson that the time for transacting business of any kind was past. 'The President' (he wrote to Dr. Bliss), 'is as ill as he can be to be alive.'

In the evening when Esther Druce, his faithful old servant, was standing at the foot of the bed,—'Now, Esther, I seem better.' He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. She heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer softly to himself. Presently she proposed to give him some port wine, as the doctor had recommended. He drank it, feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and remarked that he had been 'a great deal of trouble'; adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. 'Let me make you a little more comfortable,' said the poor woman, intending to change the dressing. 'Don't trouble yourself,' he replied. Those were the last words he spoke. It was near upon half-past seven in the evening. Folding his arms across his breast he became silent. It was his *Nunc dimittis*. He heaved two short sighs and all was over. . . . In the beautiful chapel of the College of which he had been President for 63 years, Dr. Routh was accordingly buried (Dec. 29th, 1854) on the Friday after his decease; being followed to the grave by a vast concourse of persons, including the principal members of the University, the Fellows, and demies of his own College, and a troop of friends. The funeral *cortège* filled two sides of the cloisters. 'It was the most touching and impressive scene, I think, that I ever witnessed,' wrote one of the fellows a few days after. But the weather was intensely cold,—the wind blowing strong and bitter from the north-

east, as Bodley's librarian (H. O. Coxe) remarked in a letter to a friend. Not a note of the organ was heard; the whole body of the choir chanting the Psalms without music. The open grave was immediately in front of the altar; and on the coffin was recorded the rare circumstance that its occupant was *in his hundredth year.*

Lives of Twelve Good Men, by Dean Burgon. Murray, 1888.

A Voice in St. Mary's

Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him for ever.

Matthew Arnold on Newman.

Cardinal Newman on Oxford

Alas! for centuries past that city has lost its prime honour and boast as a servant and soldier of the truth. Once named the second school of the Church, second only to Paris, the foster-mother of St. Edmund, St. Richard, St. Thomas Cantilupe; the theatre of great intellects; of Scotus the subtle doctor, of Hales the irrefragable, of Occam the special, of Bacon the admirable, of Middleton the solid, and of Bradwardine the profound, Oxford has now lapsed to the level of mere human loveliness, which, in its highest perfection, we admire in Athens. Nor would it have a place, now or hereafter, in these pages, nor would it occur to me to speak its name, except that—even in its sorrowful deprivation—it still retains so much of that outward lustre which, like the brightness on the prophet's face, ought to be a ray from an illumination within, as to afford me an illustration of the point on which I am engaged, viz., what should be the material dwelling-place and appearance, the local circumstances and the secular concomitants of a great University. Pictures are drawn in tales of romance of spirits seemingly too beautiful in their fall to be really fallen; and the holy Pope at Rome, Gregory, in fact and not in fiction, looked upon the blue eyes and golden hair of the fierce Saxon youth in the slave market, and pronounced them Angels, not Angles; and the spell which this once loyal daughter of the Church still exercises upon the foreign visitor, even now, when her true glory is departed, suggests to us how far more majestic and more touching, how brimful of indescribable influence would be the presence of a University, which was planted within, not without Jerusalem,—an influence, potent as her truth is strong, wide as her sway is world-

wide, and growing, not lessening, by the extent of space over which its attraction would be exerted. . . .

There are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient school, and being smit with its splendour and its sweetness, ask wistfully, if never again it is to be Catholic, or whether, at least, some footing for Catholicity may not be found there. All honour and merit to the charitable and zealous hearts who so enquire! Nor can we dare to tell what in time to come may be the inscrutable purposes of that grace, which is ever more comprehensive than human hope and aspiration. But for me, from the day I left its walls, I never for good or bad, have had anticipations of its future; and never for a moment have I had a wish to see again a place which I have never ceased to love, and where I lived for nearly thirty years.

Newman's *Historical Sketches*. Pickering, 1873.

Gladstone on University Reform

ABOUT twenty-five years ago I was asked to dine at the Deanery in Christ Church. On sitting down at table, I found, to my great gratification, that on Mrs. Liddell's right hand sat Lord Selborne, and on her left Mr. Gladstone, so that they could talk across the table. Mrs. Liddell, an admirable hostess, knew how to promote good conversation, and listened with good-will and sympathy. Happily, I sat near enough to hear what they said. When the conversation drifted to the changes lately introduced at College, I pricked up my ears; for Mr. Gladstone, with all the fervour of his strange Toryism, was launching out into a warm denunciation of these measures of reform, much to Mrs. Liddell's amusement and gratification, while Lord Selborne, across the table, tried to hold a brief for the newer state of things. It was a curious and, to our critical Oxford eyes, a delightful spectacle—the Liberal Prime Minister lamenting over the lost old ways, while the ex-Lord Chancellor defended these tremendous changes. It was as if all Oxford were rocking to her foundations; for the matter discussed was an order lately issued by the Dean, that in future all distinctive differences of dress, and all differences of fees, for Noblemen, Gentlemen-Commoners, or Servitors, should cease, and that Undergraduates should be of two classes only: Scholars, wearing their comely gown, and Commoners, condemned to that sorry garment which all Undergraduates naturally despise. The great lawyer mildly defended this move; it was with characteristic vehemence opposed by the statesman. Mr. Gladstone held that the distinctions of the outer world should have their echo in Oxford; that it was a

lesson in the structure of society; that it protected poor men from the temptations to high expenditure.

Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies, by Dean Kitchin. John Murray, 1904.

Keble a very shy bird

MARIA GIBERNE'S[1] interest in the whole circle was insatiable and there was hardly anything she would not do and dare for a sight of one she had not yet seen. With some other ladies she was at breakfast in Oriel Common room. I caught a sight of Keble crossing a corner of the Quad., and unwisely proclaimed the fact. Instantly the table was deserted and the windows manned, if I may say so, with fair faces. They were just in time to see the poet's back as he disappeared into the other Quad. I exclaimed in vain at the impropriety of the movement. But Keble was a very shy bird, often heard of, little seen.

Reminiscences of Oriel, by Thomas Mozley. Longmans, 1882.

ONCE just before Hurrell Froude was leaving, Keble took him aside and said, 'Froude, you thought Law's *Serious Call* was a *clever book*; it seemed to me as if you had said that the Day of Judgment was a pretty sight.'

John Keble, by Walter Lock.

Keble's Influence

KEBLE was without many of the qualities which make a great leader; he was not great as a statesman; he was not an original genius as a thinker; his style has no attractive brilliance about it; his learning, though great, was not to be compared with that of Dr. Pusey. But with all these deductions he had qualities which made him a real leader. He was not a general to plan a campaign and marshal his forces, but he was a leader ready to throw himself into a breach and inspire enthusiasm by the fearlessness with which he led a forlorn hope. He was always, and more and more as time went on, one whose character could solemnize and awe those who were fighting on his side and make them feel the seriousness of the issues; over all the conflict 'he cast the cooling shadow of his lowliness,' and if he could not lead his followers to victory he could and did lead them to that which is a true part of religion—to penitence and deeper holiness. 'Make a few saints,' was once quoted by him as the test of success at which a good education should aim; and his work will stand that test. Dean Church was inclined to attribute to Keble's influence the depths of the ethical

[1] A handsome and devout lady who shortly after Newman joined the Roman Communion.

tone which separated Dr. Arnold from the Oriel school. With less hesitation we may point to those who have confessed the greatness of their debt to him. . . . But we may claim more than the influence over individuals. There were moments when his action was the turning-point of a crisis. It was his influence upon Hurrell Froude, passing through him to Newman, which formed a band of friends at Oxford ready to sacrifice themselves for a higher ideal of the Church; it was his sermon on National Apostasy which gave the signal for action; his mediating influence which drew together the two different elements in the Church party of those days; and when the break came in 1845, it was his influence, combined with that of Dr. Pusey, C. Marriott, James Mozley, and others, which prevented the defeat from being a rout and rallied the forces for further fighting.

John Keble, by Walter Lock. Methuen, 1893.

Buckland of the House

ONE day I met Frank [Buckland] just outside Town Gate. His trowsers pockets were swollen to an enormous size; they were full of glow-worms in damp moss. Frank explained to me that this combination of warmth and moisture was good for the glow-worms, and that they enjoyed it. They certainly were very lively, poking their heads out incessantly, while he repressed them with the palm of his hand. I was in the chapel on that Sunday morning when the eagle came in at the eight-o'clock service. The cloister door had been left open, and the bird found its way into the church, while the Te Deum was being sung, and advanced with its wings nearly spread out. Two or three men left their places to deal with it; Dean Gaisford looked unspeakable things.

There hung an odour of physical science about Buckland's rooms [near the old Meadow Gate of Christ Church] and this increased as you got nearer. . . . One evening, writes a college friend, when I was devoting an hour to coaching him up for his little-go, I took care to tuck up my legs, in Turkish fashion, on the sofa for fear of a casual bite from the jackal which was wandering about the room. After a time I heard the animal munching up something under the sofa, and was relieved that he had found something to occupy him. When our work was finished, I told Buckland that the jackal had found something to eat under the sofa. 'My poor guinea-pigs!' he exclaimed; and sure enough, four or five of them had fallen victims.

Tiglath Pileser, the bear, was about six months old when he entered Christ Church, where he lived in a corner of a court beside Fell's Buildings. He was provided with cap and gown, and in this

costume was taken to wine parties, or went boating with his master, to the wonderment of the children in Christ Church Meadow, who would follow them down the walk leading to the boats, regardless of expostulations and threats, until sometimes the bear was turned loose and shambled after them, whereupon they fled.

Tig, as he was familiarly called, took part in the proceedings of the British Association at Oxford in 1847, attending in cap and gown the garden party at the Botanic Gardens, and receiving a visit from Lord Houghton, then Mr. Monckton Milnes, who attempted to mesmerise him in his corner. This made the bear furious, but he gradually yielded to the influence, and at last fell senseless on the ground.

Of this meeting Sir Charles Lyell wrote: 'In the evening we had an immense party at the Botanic Gardens. Young Buckland had a young bear dressed up as a student of Christ Church, with a cap and gown, whom he formally introduced to me and successively to the Prince Canino (Charles Buonaparte), Milne Edwards, member of the French Institute, and Sir T. Acland. The bear sucked all our hands and was very caressing. Amid our shouts of laughter in the garden by moonlight, it was diverting to see two or three of the dons, who were very shy, not knowing how far their dignity was compromised.'

Tig at last fell under the censure of the Dean of Christ Church. 'Mr. Buckland,' the Dean is reported to have said, 'I hear you keep a bear in the College; well, either you or your bear must go.'

Life of Frank Buckland, by G. Bompas. Smith Elder, 1885.

Charles Reade at Oxford

In the most unpicturesque portion of the most picturesque college in Oxford are the rooms which used to be occupied by Charles Reade. The name 'Dr. Reade' is still painted over the door, and, though there is alteration in the sitting-room, the long looking-glasses, for which, both here and at Albert Gate, the eccentric fellow of Magdalen had an especial fondness, still adorn the walls. In Magdalen College, however, the memorials of Charles Reade are very few. He was nominated for a demyship—it was the time when election depended on nomination—owing to the illness of some favoured protégé whose patron thereupon discovered originality and excellence in young Reade's essay. He was elected Vinerian Scholar in 1835, and obtained a third-class in *Literis Humanioribus* in the same year. In 1844 and 1849 he was Bursar of his college, while in 1851 he became Vice-President, and wrote the Latin record of his year of office in the neatest of hand-writing, and with the most Tacitean terseness. In after years, when his

home was in Bolton Row or at Albert Gate, his visits to Oxford were made generally in the Long Vacation, and the company he entertained was that of Bohemian artists rather than Oxford fellows. There is, indeed, very little trace of Oxford in Charles Reade; he exercised no influence on the University, while the effect of an academic training on him appears more in the characteristics of some of his heroes than in the moulding of his own style and workmanship. Robert Penfold, in *Foul Play*, being an Oxford man, had, we are told, learnt to be versatile and thorough, and there was an indefinable air of Eton and Oxford in Alfred Hardie, which often helped in the vicissitudes of *Hard Cash*. But the author of these creations was himself dramatist, journalist, novelist, Bohemian—anything but an Oxford man of the approved academic type.

Studies New and Old, by W. L. Courtney, 1888.

Pusey at Christ Church

On our return into the city we passed through Christ Church, which, as regards the number of students, is the most considerable college of the University. It has a stately dome; but my memory is confused with battlements, towers and gables, and Gothic staircases and cloisters. If there had been nothing else in Oxford but this one establishment, my anticipations would not have been disappointed. The bell was tolling for worship in the chapel; and Mr. Parker told us that Dr. Pusey is a canon or in some sort of dignity in Christ Church, and would soon probably make his appearance in the quadrangle, on his way to chapel; so we walked to and fro waiting an opportunity to see him. A gouty old dignitary, in a white surplice, came hobbling along from one extremity of the court; and by-and-by, from the opposite corner, appeared Dr. Pusey, also in a white surplice, and with a lady by his side. We met him, and I stared pretty fixedly at him, as I well might; for he looked on the ground, as if conscious that he would be stared at. He is a man past middle life, of sufficient breadth and massiveness, with a pale, intellectual, manly face. He was talking with the lady, and smiled, but not jollily. Mr. Parker, who knows him, says that he is a man of kind and gentle affections. The lady was his niece.

Hawthorne's *English Note Books*. Strahan, 1870.

Scott, Master of Balliol 1854-1870

For elderly men of to-day the term 'Master of Balliol' conjures up two visions. They think of Jenkyns in the Thirties and Forties, of Jowett in the Seventies and Eighties; they do *not* think of Scott, who came between. Overlaid, enveloped, eclipsed by the

two luminaries who 'went behind him and before,' he somehow drops out of sight; his reign is an intervention, and is remembered only with an effort. His was a career of early promise unusual, but unfulfilled. He came from Shrewsbury to Oxford as the best of Butler's pupils, won the Craven and Ireland and the Latin Essay, was First Class man and Fellow of Balliol. His notes to the 'Uniomachia' and his Homerics on the Chancellorship showed rare aptness and resource in the exceptional felicities of Greek and Latin scholarship. In 1834, the year after his degree, Talboys, the leading Oxford bookseller, proposed to him to undertake the translation of Passow's German-Greek Lexicon; he consented on condition that with him Liddell might be associated. The Lexicon appeared in 1843; his share in it cannot be known; the feeling which ranked him below Liddell in its construction was expressed in anecdote and epigram:

'Two men wrote a Lexicon, Liddell and Scott,
One half was clever, one half was not;
Give me the answer, boys, quick to this riddle,
Which was by Scott, and which was by Liddell?'

Tuckwell, *Reminiscences of Oxford.* Cassell, 1900.

A Walk with Mark Pattison

Mark Pattison tried hard to keep up the college tradition of knowing and being friends with all Lincoln men, by the kindly old method of asking men to join him in his afternoon walk. When the invitation came, the freshman's trepidation . . . can be imagined. The walk took place, of course, but often in grim silence, the man afraid to speak and the Don thinking his own thoughts. . . . A timid undergraduate waited at the Lodgings at the appointed hour, followed the Rector across the quadrangle, and then, when the two had stepped out through the wicket, essayed a literary opening to the conversation by volunteering 'the irony of Sophocles is greater than the irony of Euripides.' Pattison seemed lost in thought over the statement, and made no answer till the two turned at Iffley to come back. Then he said 'Quote.' Quotations not being forthcoming, the return and the parting took place in silence.

Lincoln College, by Andrew Clark. Hutchinson, 1898.

An Oxford Latinist

Width of knowledge and largeness of conception, as well as minuteness of observation, are essential to the making of a true student of ancient literature. Conington, without any useful result, chose to limit the range of his classical reading. For Cicero, Cæsar, and Livy he did not care much, nor had he any great sympathy even with Lucretius.

The edition of 'Virgil,' as originally conceived and executed by him, was a characteristic monument both of his strength and his weakness. The essays introductory to the 'Bucolics,' 'Georgics,' and 'Aeneid' are careful and solid, if not exhaustive, pieces of literary criticism. They abound in delicate perceptions, and unquestionably opened up new aspects of Virgil's poetical genius. The commentary was full of ability, subtle analysis, and solid sense. But, unlike his contemporary Munro, at Cambridge, Conington was contented with a side view of the advances which were being made in Latin scholarships on the Continent, and showed at the same time a curious indifference to points of history and antiquities.

It must, however, be said that the general feeling in Oxford, and indeed in England, at this time, was singularly apathetic in regard to such matters. The party of progress in Oxford took more interest in reforms of organisation than in the advancement of knowledge. Conington from circumstances and temperament was essentially one of them. He was anxious always to address the general public, and to interest it in what interested himself. But, making all these deductions, there can be no doubt that during the fifteen years of his professorship Conington based the study of Latin in Oxford on a new foundation. Not only by his written works but by the sympathetic contact which he was careful to keep up with the most promising undergraduates, he gave a powerful stimulus to the progress of learning and literary culture in England.

Dict. Nat. Biog.

Ruskin

We are fortunate in our fine art professor. It is not often that a gentleman commoner sheds such brilliant lustre on the place of his education. The velvet cap has more frequently covered brainless than talented heads. It symbolised pecuniosity, it inculcated, also, the virtue of generosity, for the gentleman commoner of the good old times was invariably a man given to hospitality. He was expected to entertain freely at the *Mitre*, nor as a rule did he ignore the gastronomic claims of society. At his table men did something more than feed—they dined; much more, too, than swallow—they drank. His cigars were simply magnificent, and he paid double for everything. However, to revert to Mr. Ruskin. He has lately purchased a very exquisite *morceau* of Meissonier, which is by his kind permission on view at the Taylor Institution. This work of art cost about a hundred pounds per inch—and it is worth it. We quite hope and pray that the great Mæcenas of art may do something for our picture-

less, poverty-stricken University galleries. In these days of travel, when most men know Munich and Dresden by heart, to say nothing of Florence, a gallery like that in St. Giles seems a bitter jest on Oxford and Oxonians. They manage these things better on the other side of the water.

The Dark Blue. London, 1871.

Ruskin and Road-making

RUSKIN'S school of immediate disciples was small, though enthusiastic; but in many ways his influence over young Oxford reached far. His lectures always riveted the attention by their strangeness, equally with their eloquence. 'I always wish to interest you,' he once said, 'and sometimes to shock you.' . . . One project of his will be often remembered with a smile. He used to deplore the labour wasted on unproductive amusements, such as rowing, and tried to substitute for them the useful exercise of road-making. Under his auspices several men actually commenced repairing a road at Hincksey, two miles from Oxford, and during that time many undergraduates walked out and took a turn at the pickaxe and shovel. But the project came to nothing, and the road is still (1887) a muddy spot in a very miry walk.[1]

Oxford: its Life and Schools,
ed. by A. M. M. Stedman. Bell, 1887.

Green of Balliol

IN October 1855 T. H. Green entered Balliol College, where rooms had already been offered him after the examination for scholarships. Report had given him a favourable opinion of the college, as regards both cheapness of living and excellence of teaching, and to get a fellowship there was already his 'great hope at Oxford.' At first the hope did not seem likely to be realised. What had happened at school was repeated at the university. He admitted the excellence of the lectures, but classical scholarship had little attraction for him, and after two years of comparative idleness interrupted by spasmodic efforts he only obtained a second class in 'moderations.' Stung by the sense of failure, and stimulated by his college tutor, Benjamin Jowett, and by Charles Parker, with whom he read privately, he now worked hard for a year and a half, and in the summer of 1859 gained a first class in the school of *literae humaniores*, impressing the examiners as the ablest among several able candidates. He then read hurriedly for six months for the school of law and modern history, and though he only got a third class, added considerably to his knowledge. In 1860 he

[1] For further details of the road see Taunt's *M. Arnold's Scholar-Gipsy*, etc., and Poulton's *J. V. Jones*, 1911.

was employed to lecture on ancient and modern history at Balliol, and in November of that year he achieved his youthful ambition by being elected a fellow of the college.

R. L. Nettleship's *Memoir of Green*. Longmans, 1906.

R. L. Nettleship

THE *Memoir* of Green was Nettleship's last publication. In Oxford, where his reputation was so great, there is probably an impression that in the way of literary work he accomplished less than might have been expected; and he himself felt that he had done very little. Whatever he had done he would have felt this; and if he wrote comparatively little, there were many causes besides those for which he might take himself to account. Among these it is quite a mistake to reckon a failing which is supposed to be characteristic of gifted Oxford dons. Nettleship was by no means irresolute or overfastidious in composition. Certainly he was not fond of second-rate work, but his dislike of producing it was free from morbidity, and he was untroubled by the dread of committing himself. On the other hand he had no strong impulse to literary composition, and took little pleasure in it; his temperament also was not that of the mere student or author; and, except when there was an obvious need for prompt action, he was perhaps somewhat deficient in the power of 'putting a thing through.' . . . The main reason why he did not write more was that he regarded his College work as his first business, and gave himself to it so ungrudgingly that, although he was on the whole a healthy man little troubled by pain or ailments, the bulk of his energy was exhausted in it.

R. L. Nettleship's Remains, ed. A. C. Bradley. Macmillan, 2nd ed., 1901.

Nettler

NETTLESHIP'S hesitation in beginning to give an opinion, his preliminary disavowals of knowledge, and his qualifications of statement, amused his pupils and formed the grain of truth round which a body of College legends gathered. . . . His diffidence led some people to imagine that he was not only in the best sense humble, but that he had a lower estimate of himself than of them; and in this they were generally mistaken. . . . Still it is true, for good and for ill, that it cost him an effort to assert himself. . . . Though he influenced men greatly, he scarcely set himself to influence them, and was not inclined to direct their lives for them. . . . He hated conflict, and was ready to sacrifice a good deal to avoid the waste caused by friction. . . . He did not care for argument. To 'talk philosophy' meant to him the attempt of two minds to arrive at new results in company, these results being something which

neither of the explorers had foreseen, and in which neither could have distinguished his separate contribution.

R. L. Nettleship's Remains, ed. A. C. Bradley. Macmillan, 1901.

Walter Pater

PATER'S own rooms are approached by a staircase in the south-east corner of the first court, which leads to a little thick-walled panelled parlour, now white, then painted a delicate yellow, with black doors; an old-fashioned scroll round the mantelpiece was picked out in gold. The deeply recessed oriel window looks out upon the Radcliffe. Some trace of Pater's dainty ways lingers in the pretty and fantastic iron-work of the doors, brought by him from Brittany. The room was always furnished with a certain seemly austerity and simplicity, never crowded with ornament. His only luxury was a bowl of dried rose-leaves. He had little desire to possess intrinsically valuable objects, and a few engravings served rather to remind him of the noble originals than to represent them. Thus there exists, now in the possession of the Principal of Brasenose, a little tray of copies of beautiful Greek coins, bearing large heads with smooth and liberal curves, and other dainty devices, on which Pater loved to feast his eyes. Mr. Humphrey Ward writes:—

'I well remember my first visit to his rooms—small, freshly painted in greenish white, and hung with three or four line engravings. All dons had line-engravings then, but they were all after Raphael. Pater had something more characteristic: the "Three Fates," attributed to M. Angelo; a head after Correggio; and I think something of Ingres—a new name to Oxford! The clean, clear table, the stained border round the matting and Eastern carpet, and the scanty, bright chintz curtains, were a novelty and a contrast to the oaken responsibility and heaviness of all other dons' rooms at that day. The effect was in keeping with his own clear-cut view of life, and made, in a small way, "the colours freshen on this threadbare world."'

Walter Pater, by A. C. Benson, 1906.

B. Jowett

FOR years Jowett's sympathetic nature seems to have met with little response beyond his own immediate circle. A few friends found him out on his coming to Balliol; and after the brilliant success of 1838 he was, of course, a known man; but it was with and through his pupils after he became a Tutor in the College that his friendships were chiefly formed. There were, of course, men who never came under his influence, but on the majority he

exercised a powerful attraction, and to many he became the chief friend of their lives. They looked on him with mingled amusement and awe. In lighter moments it was 'dear old Jowler,' whose sayings they repeated 'with a difference,' fixing all kinds of absurd stories upon him, which were handed down from generation to generation. 'How do you propose to deal with the mythology?' asked an old pupil when I told him that I was writing Jowett's life. But underneath this playfulness lay a veneration such as few men have inspired. He was like no other person; one whose life 'retaught what life should be'; a saint without asceticism, moving in a world of truth and purity and wisdom; and in a world of strength too, for with him sympathy did not spell weakness. He never hesitated to speak, and to speak sharply if necessary: 'A man who hangs on you is no good,' he said; and when a friend reproached him with being hard, he replied, 'I have been too soft all my life.' It is true that he sometimes bore with the weakness of men to an extent which was thought unwise, but he did so in the hope of inspiring them with new strength; he never cast a man off so long as he had any hope of him. He did not like to acknowledge a failure on his own part, and his belief in the possibility of improvement, where there was any moral vitality at all, was boundless. In this, as much as in anything, he showed his tenacity.

Campbell and Abbot's *Life of Jowett*. Murray, 1897.

Jowett and Pattison

THIRTEEN years ago, I asked a distinguished Oxonian to tell me whom he thought the foremost man in the University. 'Jowett,' he replied, 'has a touch of genius, which Pattison has not; otherwise, taking him all round, Pattison is the first man in Oxford.'

L. A. Tollemache, *Recollections of Pattison*, 1885.

Bishop Stubbs at Home

THE Bishop of Oxford does not live in the city, but in a country house called Cuddesdon, remote from railways, with gardeners and coachmen, and all the rest of it. To this plain and homely scholar, life in such a place was repugnant. There was, in his opinion, only one thing to be done with Cuddesdon, and that was to sell it. But to this the Ecclesiastical Commissioners would by no means give their consent; and Archbishop Benson, in a letter of remarkable shrewdness, observed that 'the Bishop of Oxford is not wanted in *that* Cathedral. It would be impolitic and not for the good of the University that he should eclipse the Dean in affairs, and worse more widely that the Dean should eclipse him.' The idea of any one eclipsing the magnificent potentate who was at that time Dean of Christ Church is hardly conceivable. But,

Chancellor of the Garter as he was, it is possible that Dr. Stubbs might have been eclipsed by Dr. Liddell. At any rate, as a man who makes his bed must lie on it, he had to live at Cuddesdon. He became restless, hurried, disgusted with trivial engagements, apprehensive of interruptions. The parsons of his agricultural diocese were oppressed by poverty; and he had three glass houses which he would not even look at. He would have given all the glass houses in the world for the chance of reading at the Bodleian. Occasionally, he stayed in the Lollards Tower at Lambeth, as when he attended Mr. George Smith's Dictionary Dinner, and walked home. 'I was quite well, thank you,' he said to Mr. Sidney Lee the next morning, 'but my boots were tight.' Many good things were said at the dinner, but nothing better, or at least funnier than that.

Stray Leaves, by Herbert Paul. Lane, 1906.

Henry Smith of Balliol

It is difficult to give an idea of Henry Smith's conversation. It was gay rather than serious, full of life and chaff, arising naturally out of the circumstances of the hour. If a stranger had come across him in a railway train, or had been his companion on a voyage, he would probably have found that this unknown person was one of the most agreeable men he had ever met. It was a great pleasure to have a *tête-à-tête* with him, for he was not one of those who required a company in which to show off. I have often decoyed him into my room for the sake of having a chat with him, and when once there, he was very willing to stay, for he was one of those who liked to have a talk out and did not hurry away when the clock struck. In society he was ready to talk to every one, and every one was ready to talk to him. He would at times break out into fits of laughter and joviality, which showed that the original Irish nature was not extinguished, but only kept under by him. Stories were repeated of his performances at Meetings of the British Association, which must greatly have enlivened that sedate assembly. He was certainly a wit, but his good sayings were of too delicate a fibre to be transplanted. To use Boswell's expression, his *bons mots* 'would not carry.' But they were the delight and admiration of those who heard them at the time. They possessed also one of the highest qualities of wit and humour, spontaneity. They were made on the spur of the moment with reference to something which was said or done at the time. And this very quality tended to impair their effect on those who were not present when they were first uttered, and did not know the occasion which had given rise to them. A light irony seemed to

be always playing about his mind. It was the form under which he inclined to regard all human things, for he was very unimpassioned. An old school friend would sometimes be the target at which he aimed. The great scholar, Professor Conington, a man so unlike himself that their mutual friends wondered what could be the tie which united them, was often the butt of his humour. But the slight humiliation to which he was subjected was more than made up to him by the constancy and faithful attachment of his friend, who afterwards collected his literary remains and wrote his life. He was a little provoking to some others, especially to those who were of too earnest or too pushing a temper. He knew how, in Aristotle's language, 'to overcome seriousness by laughter,' or in other words, to make such persons appear slightly ridiculous. An enthusiastic friend might have thought him deficient in sympathy, but he was really always kind and considerate.

Recollections of H. J. S. Smith, Collected Papers.
Clarendon Press, 1894.

Obiter Dicta of Henry Smith

I HARDLY venture to repeat some of his good sayings, lest, detached from their surroundings, they should seem not to justify the high opinion which has been expressed of his conversational gifts. They are not of course of the quality of the best sayings of Charles Lamb or Sydney Smith, yet they are such as might have been said by them. The reader is requested to bear in mind their impromptu or occasional character. He who made them could have made many such every day of his life, and never aspired to be a wit, but only to amuse himself and his companions. At any-rate they may serve to remind his friends of pleasant hours which they passed with him, never to return.

A friend told him of a rather ponderous jest made by Sir George Lewis, who, when Minister of War, once proclaimed in the House of Commons in a loud voice that he had ordered experiments to be tried respecting the comparative effect of 'short and long bores.' To this heavy piece of artillery Henry Smith instantly replied by asking whether he was not aware that 'smooth bores' were the most deadly of all. Another friend said to him: 'What a wonderful man Ruskin is, but he has a bee in his bonnet.' 'Yes,' replied Henry Smith, 'a whole hive of them; but how pleasant it is to hear the humming.' The Lectures of a certain College Tutor were reported to be 'cut and dried.' 'Yes,' said Henry Smith, '*dried* by the Tutor and *cut* by the men.' A dispute arose at an Oxford dinner-table as to the comparative prestige of Bishops and Judges.

The argument, as might be expected at a party of Laymen, went in favour of the latter. 'No,' said Henry Smith; 'for a Judge can only say, "Hang you," but a Bishop can say, "D——n you."' The next is of a higher class of wit. Speaking of an eminent scientific man to whom he gave considerable praise, he said: 'Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the editor and not the author of Nature.'

The two remaining ones are autobiographical. He once said to a friend: 'C., I was kept in bed by illness when quite young for six weeks; I then began to study mathematics, and I wish I had remained there ever since.' Speaking to a newly elected Fellow of a College, he advised him, in the low whisper which we all remember, to write a little and to save a little, adding: 'I have done neither.'

These slight jests may perhaps be thought disappointing: it is probable that they are marred in the telling. They were the bubbles which were always rising to the surface of his mind.

Recollections of H. J. S. Smith.

Lord Justice Bowen

ONCE in Oxford, when Lord Bowen, Dean Stanley, the Master of Balliol, W. Y. Sellar, and T. C. Sandars were breakfasting together—all Balliol scholars, and congratulating themselves on being so!—Dean Stanley said if they were to go in for the examination now, he did not believe they would pass. 'Yes, said the Master, 'Bowen would.'

Lord Randolph Churchill

ONE day Randolph Churchill was sent for by the Warden to be rebuked for some delinquency. It was winter, and the interview began with the Warden standing before the fireplace and the undergraduate in the middle of the room. By the time the next culprit arrived Lord Randolph was explaining his conduct with his back to the fire, and the Warden [of Merton] was a somewhat embarrassed listener in a chilly corner. Such are the tales!

Lord Randolph Churchill, by Winston Spencer Churchill. Macmillan, 1906.

University Ideals

HE was one of those men that are to be found in Oxford, in Cambridge, in Lancashire, and elsewhere, who are stirred by the vision of a wiser and a cleaner University. He thought of it as properly the home of learning and science. He adopted the professional point of view, which obtains over the mainland of Europe, rather than the collegiate or tutorial, which is peculiar to England. He therefore was little preoccupied with the Schools,

and wished to see examinations curbed rather than extended. The Bodleian should be a place for organised study and research. The lecture, which administers knowledge ready found, with the least possible reaction of thought on the part of the student, must be subordinated to instruction in the bases and methods of knowledge. How strongly he put this point in regard to the provincial colleges, we have heard; and he believed the same ideal was right, and the only salvation, for Oxford. He did not work alone, and the labours of Powell and his friends and those like them have told. As he used to say, *E pur si muove!* With all his censure of Oxford methods, he always maintained that good work was being done there abundantly, if somewhat in corners. We hear that the unproductive kind of tutor, intent only on prizes for his young men, is dying down, and that the reciprocal shy sensitiveness of Oxford men, which, it was said, made them fear to publish, is less apparent. This improvement, however, can hardly be attributed to the system: has rather come in its despite. As to the myriad young 'passmen,' Powell always felt and said that many or most of them ought not to be there at all; but there they were, helping out the University revenues, and they must have the best provision possible made for them.

York Powell, by O. Elton. Clarendon Press, 1906.

'The British Workman'

Why 'The British Workman'? For there is nothing distinctively British in his ample form and bearded countenance, and little that is reminiscent of the working-man in his short wide trousers, subfusc coat, and Oxford shoes. Yet for many years he has been and for many more (let us hope) he will be 'The British Workman' to all Oxford, except to that small knot of intimates who talk affectionately of him by the endearing diminutive of 'The Britter.'

The Isis, 1st Dec. 1894.

A Don of the House

Colman said 'Good night,' made his way down Bilchester's staircase, and then up another flight of stairs in the meadow buildings. The hour was late, but it was never too late to call on Mr. Bedford Knight, the one don with whom Colman had any unofficial intercourse. A great personality was Bedford Knight—a man of keen scent for all deeds of simple courage and pity, confessing to a frank love of life, and holding vast stores of human knowledge. A remarkable tutor, too, who had been known to sit up all night with a pupil given to heavy drinking, to talk him sober, and leave him with the scanty sermon, 'Don't get drunk—waste of good liquor—

and the dons don't like it.' In Bedford Knight's rooms, Colman and many another undergraduate had learnt more philosophy than the lecture-rooms could impart, had heard more of the message of life and its meaning than could be gleaned from college sermons and university preachers. Colman found Bedford Knight busy at a translation of Persian poetry, but quite willing to put the work aside for a chat.

They sat and smoked till the countless towers of Oxford proclaimed two o'clock. Bedford Knight told of the heroic things taking place in the everyday world done by plain, unaffected people (a favourite theme of his), and of the great compassion often displayed by outcast women. He spoke of the need of fearless men, to keep the fighting spirit alive in the world, and for large-hearted women to be mothers of the race. Exiled revolutionists—men of action, not doctrinaire reformers—and militant agitators of the labour movement were of Bedford Knight's friends. Many an anecdote too of the champions of the old prize-ring he related, anecdotes of the homely kindliness of the great prize-fighters, and how when they left the ring they were wont to retire to some wayside inn and support wife, child, and parents.

Slowly the morning light stole in, the elms in the Broad Walk stood out more boldly, and the greyness disappeared at the coming of dawn with its colours.

Bedford Knight blew out the candles and got up from his chair. 'Good night and good luck to you, my boy. Come and see me in London. Life is full of interesting things, and the world is full of brave people. Fight pluckily, and trust to brains and heart. Remember, I 'm your friend always.'

Colman walked round the quad, before turning in, thinking of Oxford, 'spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages.' It was his last night in this 'home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties.' To-morrow the world would be around him. So be it; he would play his part manfully.

Grace Marlow, by Joseph Clayton. Brown, Langham and Co., 1903.

Tommy Short

Upon a time, in the early forties, the Trinity of influential Oxford Tutors were Short of Trinity, Calcott of Lincoln, and Michell of Magdalen Hall. After '32 Short said that Parliament was past praying for, and vowed he would not use the prayer for Parliament any longer in chapel, but on second thoughts declared it required prayers all the more. . . . He lectured in Aristotle's Rhetoric, and

in time had passed by many years the age at which Aristotle says that man's powers are at their best. It became a great enjoyment of various generations of undergraduates to hear him say on this passage: 'In these hot climates, you know, people come to their acme much sooner than with us.' . . . Another type of old port-drinking and sixpenny point-playing Oxford dons was Joseph Smith. His essential quality was pompousness, Every day he took a sober walk by himself of two miles out and back. Every day he appeared at the high table in Hall with a white waistcoat, just showing its upper roll above his black waistcoat; thence he marched sedately to the common room, and withdrew to his own room. He never knew an undergraduate by sight: was condescending or minatory as occasion required when brought up against the youngsters. 'Now, sir, take care what you say; for remember your existence is hanging by a thread,' was a formula.

Adapted from F. Meyrick's *Memories*. Murray, 1905.

E. A. Freeman

FREEMAN was a man of very singular manners as an undergraduate. He paid no regard at all to what people might think of him, and he was in the habit of repeating poetry to himself as he walked in the streets, and occasionally leaping into the air when the poem moved him to any enthusiasm. He was bitterly disappointed at falling into a second class, but in spite of that he began immediately the examination was over to read history steadily with a view to the future. He gave himself so many pages a day to read, one-half of them being the same that he had read the day before.

Frederick Meyrick's *Memories*. Murray, 1905.

Santo

WHEN I visited Oxford as an aspiring boy, whose ambition it was to become a subject of that city of dons and dreams, the scene which impressed me most was the quad of Oriel, embosomed deep in mouldering stone,—here, if anywhere, the penetralia of the antique city might lie hid. The portrait of Newman in the Hall set the seal upon one's psychological state of exalted devotion. A don of Oriel happened to be passing and caught, it may be, the rapt expression of the mood which makes saints out of sinful men. He took me into a common room within, and showed me another engraved portrait. The weakness and indecision of this was no less marked than the spirituality of the other likeness. The contrast was recalled when, years later, I encountered the entry in Allingham's *Diary*:—'Newman's *Apologia* and his portrait: the narrow, refined, bookish man. Does all this about Oxford and the Fathers, etc. etc., really matter?'

The Oxford Theocritus.

'I AND my friends,' said Arnold, 'lived in Oxford as in a great country house.' . . . The pleasant country still ran up to the College boundaries. No fringe of mean suburbs intruded between the coronal and its emerald setting. It was the Oxford of William Turner's paintings and Ingram's *Memorials*; the Oxford still unspoiled, which Mackail describes in the *Life of William Morris*, where children gathered violets within bow-shot of Magdalen Tower. . . . There were 'our young barbarians all at play,' and Arnold played a good deal with them. 'Bullingdon and hunting' were well known to him—the 'Berkshire hounds,' the 'jovial Oxford hunters.' . . . The 'Hunt in Spring,' the 'lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,' the 'causeway chill,' the 'line of festal light in Christ Church Hall,' seen from the slope of 'green-muffled Cumnor hills,' the 'wide fields of breezy grass' above Godstow, where 'many a scythe in sunshine flames,' the 'wood which hides the daffodil,' the 'frail-leav'd white anemone,' the 'red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet,' the 'Fyfield elm,' and 'distant Wychwood bowers,' —Arnold knew them all. . . . It was now that he became Oxford's poet *par excellence*, though Oxford—most poetical of universities and cities—has produced, strangely enough, few poets.

Extracted from *Essays of Poets and Poetry*, by T. H. Warren. Murray, 1909.

COLLEGES: LIFE AND CUSTOMS

The University and the Colleges

OXFORD is a federation of Colleges. The University is the federal government. The Chancellor, its nominal head, is a non-resident grandee, usually a political leader whom the University delights to honour and whose protection it desires. Only on great state occasions does he appear in his gown richly embroidered with gold. The acting chief is the Vice-Chancellor, one of the heads of Colleges, who marches with the Bedel carrying the mace before him. With him are the two Proctors, denoted by their velvet sleeves, named by the Colleges in turn, the guardians of University discipline. The University Legislature consists of three houses,—an elective Council, made up equally of heads of Colleges, professors, and Masters of Arts; the Congregation of residents, mostly teachers of the University or Colleges; and the Convocation, which consists of all Masters of Arts, resident or non-resident, if they are present to vote. Congregation numbers four hundred. Convocation nearly six thousand. Legislation is initiated by the Council, and has to make its way through Convocation and Congregation, with some chance of being wrecked between the academical Congregation, which is progressive, and the rural Convocation, which is conservative.

Oxford and Her Colleges, by Goldwin Smith. Macmillan, 1894.

College 'Governors' and University Officers

THERE is moreover in everie house a maister or provost, who hath under him a president and certeine censors or deanes, appointed to looke to the behavior and maners of the students there, whom they punish verie severelie if they make anie default, according to the quantitie and qualitie of their trespasses. And these are the usual names of governours in Cambridge. Howbeit in Oxford the heads of houses are now and then called presidents in respect of such bishops as are their visitors and founders. In each of these also they have one or more thresurers whom they call Bursarios or Bursers, beside other officers, whose charge is to see into the welfare and maintenances of these houses. Over each universitie also there is a severall chancelor, whose offices are perpetual, howbeit their substitutes, whom we call vice-chancelors, are

changed everie yeere, as are also the proctors, taskers, maisters of the streates and other officers, for the better maintenance of their policie and estate.

Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577.

Students and the College System under Elizabeth

In all other things there is so great equalitie between these two universities, as no man can imagin how to set down any greater; so that they seeme to be the bodie of our well ordered commonwealth, onlie divided by distance of place and not in freendlie consent and orders. In speaking therefore of the one, I cannot but extoll the latter; and so much the rather, for that they are both so deere unto me, as that I can not readilie tell unto whether of them I owe the most good will. Would to God my knowledge were such, as that neither of them might have cause to be ashamed of their pupill; or my power so great, that I might woorthilie requite them both for those manifold kindnesses that I have received of them.

The manner to live in these universities is not as in some other of forren countries we see dailie to happen, where the students are inforced for want of such houses to dwell in common innes and taverns, without all order or discipline. But in these our colleges we live in such exact order and under so precise rules of government, as that the famous learned man Erasmus of Roterodame being here among us 50 yeres passed, did not let to compare the trades in living of students in these two places, even with the verie rules and orders of the ancient monks: affirming moreover in flat words, our orders to be such as not onlie came neere unto, but rather far exceeded all the monastical institutions that ever were devised.

In most of our colleges there are also great numbers of students of which manie are found by the revenues of the houses and other by the purveiances and helpe of their rich freends; whereby in some one college you shall have two hundred scholers, in others an hundred and fiftie, in diverse a hundred and fortie, and in the rest lesse numbers; as the capacitie of the said houses is able to receive: so that at this present, of one sort and other, there are about three thousand students nourished in them both (as by a late surveie it manifestlie appeared).

Harrison's *Description of England.*

Colleges and Counties

Of the Colleges of Oxford, New College is the most proper for southern, Exeter for western, Queen's for northern, and Brasenose for north-western men.

Fuller's *Worthies.*

Halls or Hostels

THERE are also in Oxford certeine hostels or hals, which may right well be called by the name of college, if it were not that there is more libertie in them, than is to be seen in the other. In mine opinion the livers in these are verie like to those that are of Inns in the Chancerie, their names also are these so farre as I now remember—Brodegates, Hart hall, Magdalen hall, Alburne hall, Postminster hall, St. Marie hall, White hall, New Inn, Edmond hall. The students also that remaine in them are called hostelers or halliers. Hereof it came of late to passe that the right reverend father in God, Thomas late archbishop of Canterburie being brought up in such an house at Cambridge, was of the ignorant sort of Londoners called an hosteler, supposing that he had served with some inholder in the stable, and therefore in despite diverse hanged up bottles of haie at his gate, when he began to preach the gospel, whereas in deed he was a gentleman borne of an ancient house. Besides these there is mention and record of diverse other hals or hostels, that have beene there in times past, as Beefe hall, Mutton hall, etc.: whose ruines yet appeere: so that if antiquitie be to be judged by the shew of ancient buildings, which is verie plentiful in Oxford to be seene, it should be an easie matter to conclude that Oxford is the older universitie. Therein are also manie dwelling houses of stone yet standing that have beene hals for students of verie antike workemanship, beside the old wals of sundrie other, whose plots have beene converted into gardens, since colleges were erected.

Harrison's *Description of England.*

The Colleges

EACH College is a little polity in itself. It has its own governing body, holds its own estates and has its private staff of teachers or tutors. . . . Each College administers its own domestic discipline. The University Proctor, if he chases a student to the College gates, must there halt and apply to the College for extradition. To the College the student immediately belongs; it is responsible for his character and habits. . . .

Oxford life hitherto has been a College life. To his College the Oxford man has mainly looked back. Here his early friendships have been formed. In these societies the ruling class of England, the lay professions and landed gentry mingling with the clergy, has been bred. It is to the College, generally, that benefactions and bequests are given; with the College that the rich and munificent *alumnus* desires to unite his name; in the College Hall that he hopes his portrait will hang, to be seen with grateful eyes. . . .

Oxford and Her Colleges,
by Goldwin Smith. Macmillan, 1894.

College Revenues

THE total sum of the annual revenues of the 18 Colleges in Oxford amounts to £23,190. Out of which may reasonably be abated for quit rents, excises, charity money, bad tenants, etc., £3190. Remains £20,000. From which if we deduct for the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church £2000, remains per annum £18,000.

Question. Whether there be any grounds to envy the University because of this annual revenue? Or whether £18,000 or £20,000 can be alienated to any better uses than the maintenance of these houses of learning? In answer to this it may be observed:

i. How many are maintained in the University out of this £20,000, viz.

25 Heads of Houses.
526 Fellows of Colleges.
362 Chaplains, Scholars, Clerks, Exhibitioners and Choristers.
129 Servitors and other Servants that lodge in Colleges.
301 College Servants, who have generally families, which depend altogether on what they have from Colleges. In all 1343 persons, of whom there are none but what have great part and most their whole subsistence from this £20,000.

ii. What mischief would follow the alienation of College lands to any other use.

1. Almost 1000 persons genteely educated, must be sent into the wide world to beg for their livelihood.

2. Above 600 gentlemen, that live in Oxford on their own charges, must be deprived of their education and consequently of the means of raising their fortunes. By this the kingdom will want fit men to execute the places of trust in church or state, and our English gentry will be forced to send their children to be bred either at St. Omers, Doway, etc., or else at Leyden, Geneva, etc.

3. The colleges and publick buildings, which stately piles are now the glory of our nation, and the envy of foreigners, will soon fall to ruin.

4. The utter decay of trade and the increase of multitudes

of poor people within Oxford occasioned by the undoing of several hundreds of families, viz.

Of Butlers, Cooks, Manciples, etc., . . .	300
Of privileged persons such as Barbers, Apothecaries, Booksellers, Bookbinders, etc., . .	200
Of freemen and others, as Mercers, Taylors, Shoemakers, etc., whose whole trade and employ depend upon scholars, . . .	700
	1200

iii. How far this £20,000 per annum will go, if alienated to any secular uses.

It is not here designed to insist upon the sacrilege or injustice of depriving colleges of their lands; but, supposing their revenues might be lawfully seized on by the King or Parliament, the enquiry is, to what publick advantage they might be employed. Now unquestionably the best of all secular uses to which this £20,000 p. a. might be appropriated is the carrying on of the war and the maintenance of the soldiery. . . .

	£	s.	d.
The maintenance of a regiment of 780 foot with their officers requires per annum, ...	16,145	3	4
A regiment of 410 dragoons with their officers, ...	20,926	13	4
A regiment of 450 horse with their officers, ...	30,398	8	4

So that the revenue of the University, which maintains 1000 persons and keeps almost 2000 others from starving, will scarce pay a regiment of dragoons.

iv. What proportion the allowances of the heads of our Colleges and the Fellows and Scholars bear to the pay of the officers and soldiers of a foot regiment.

1. No Head of a College has Colonel's pay.

2. That there are not above four that have the pay of Captain.

3. . . .

4. Subtracting the value of the Headships (£2340) out of £20,000, there will remain but £17,660 to be

divided among almost 1200 Fellows, Scholars, Chaplains, Exhibitioners, Clerks, College Servants, which (one with another), will amount but to very little more than foot soldiers pay. So that no Gentleman has any ground to envy Scholars for their revenues, when any of their meanest servants may, when they please, have the proffer of an equivalent.[1]

Collectanea Curiosa, 1781.

Old Customs and Learning

WHEREAS the university disputations on Ash Wednesday should begin at one o'clock, they did not begin this year [1722-23] till two or after, which is owing to several colleges having altered their hours of dining from eleven to twelve, occasioned from people's lying in bed longer than they used to do. . . . It hath been an old custom in Oxford for the scholars of all houses, on Shrove Tuesday, to go to dinner at ten o'clock (at which time the little bell, called pancake bell, rings or at least should ring at St. Maries), and to supper at four in the afternoon; and it was always followed in Edmund Hall, as long as I have been in Oxford, till yesterday, when they went to dinner at twelve, and to supper at six; nor were there any fritters at dinner, as there always used to be. When laudable old customs alter, 'tis a sign learning dwindles.

Reliquiae Hearnianae.

Bad and good Colleges

BUT just as may be the picture that we shall thus raise before ourselves of Magdalen College, just as may be the picture that we shall raise of the University of Oxford as a whole, we shall wander very far from the truth if we go on to infer that every one of the numerous colleges and halls was a second Magdalen. Had Gibbon been entered at some other college, the University of Oxford would not, to her great and lasting disgrace, have been disclaimed by one of the greatest of her sons. There were bad colleges and indolent tutors in his time as there are bad colleges and indolent tutors now. Though doubtless there were many more bad colleges and many more indolent tutors in those days, when the University, neither by examination nor by any other way, exercised the slightest control over the studies of the students. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who entered Corpus Christi College eight

[1] It is a pity that this paper is not dated. We can, however, approximately assign a date to it, as the numbers and amount of revenue on which the argument is based are set out in a tabulated statement, furnishing details concerning the different colleges and halls. The inclusion of Pembroke, founded in 1624, limits the date in one direction, while that of Gloucester Hall instead of Worcester, which in 1714 rose from its ashes, bars us at the other end.

years after Gibbon left Magdalen, and who was not likely to have loved a place merely because it was venerable, bears high testimony to the merits of his college. 'I applied assiduously not only to my studies,' he writes, 'under my excellent tutor, but also to the perusal of the best English writers. Scarcely a day passed without my having added to my stock of knowledge some new fact or idea; and I remember with satisfaction the pleasure I then felt from the consciousness of intellectual improvement.'

Dr. Johnson, His Friends and His Critics, by G. Birkbeck Hill. Smith, Elder, 1878.

Distinction of a College

THE distinction of a college in the opinion of the public is made up of three elements—the intellectual calibre of the Head and Fellows; the efficiency of the tuition; and the social rank and behaviour of the students. Any one of these three constituents of eminence may be possessed by a college without the other two, as Christ Church at the present day (1883) is, and always must be, the resort of the aristocracy, while the two other qualifications for ἡγεμονία are conspicuously wanting. (The present dean, whose name is immortalised in the annals of English scholarship by his Lexicon, is the same age as myself, and belongs to the past age.) For about the first thirty years of this century Oriel fulfilled all the three conditions of renown. It contained all there was of original intellect at the time in the University; it was usually tutored by energetic and well-qualified (according to the narrow standard of qualification then known) tutors; and an entrance examination sifted the commoners. An examination did not directly bring in youths from good families, but as soon as it is understood that a college chooses to be 'select,' good families are anxious to get their sons into it. And as Oriel could only lodge some sixty men, it very soon became matter of favour and showing cause of preference to get a son in.

Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*. Macmillan, 1885.

Pattison's Idea of a College

[MARK] PATTISON'S idea of the College was to get rid of the undergraduates and undergraduate tuition and to have in their place a few genuine students whose lives should be given up to research . . . and his perverse way of bringing it to pass was to discourage other energies. He had invented a Cardinal Morton's fork for the benefit of the tutors, which he publicly applied. It was the custom, a relic of the old 'deductio Rectoris,' for the Fellows, two and two, to follow the Rector and Sub-Rector from the

Chapel to his own door. On the morning after the class-list appeared, if by chance there was no Lincoln first, he would turn round as he crossed the quadrangle, and joyously exclaim: 'What's the College coming to? Another class-list, and no first from Lincoln!' But if there was a Lincoln name in the position of honour, he applied the other prong: 'What's the University coming to? Why, there's so-and-so has got a first!'

Lincoln College, by Andrew Clark. Hutchinson, 1898.

Esprit de Collège

THERE is no political power in England like a College in the Universities; it is not a mere local body, as a corporation or London company; it has allies in every part of the country. When the mind is most impressible, when the affections are warmest, when associations are made for life, when the character is most ingenuous and the sentiment of reverence is most powerful, the future landowner or statesman, or lawyer, or clergyman comes up to a college in the Universities. There he forms friendships, there he spends his happiest days; and whatever is his career there, brilliant or obscure, virtuous or vicious, in after years, when he looks back on the past, he finds himself bound by ties of gratitude and regret to the memories of his College life. He has received favours from the Fellows, he has dined with the Warden or Provost; he has unconsciously imbibed to the full the beauty and the music of the *locale*. The routine of duties and observances, the preachings and the examination and the lectures, the dresses and the ceremonies, the officials whom he feared, the buildings or gardens that he admired, rest upon his mind and his heart, and their shade becomes a sort of shrine to which he makes continual silent offerings of attachment and devotion. It is a second home, not so tender, but more noble and majestic and authoritative. Through his life he more or less keeps up a connection with it and its successive sojourners. He has a brother or intimate friend on the foundation, or he is training up his son to be a member of it. When then he hears that a blow is levelled at the Colleges, and that they are in commotion,—that his own College, Head and Fellows, have met together, and put forward a declaration calling on its members to come up and rally round it and defend it, a chord is struck within him, more thrilling than any other; he burns with *esprit de corps* and generous indignation; and he is driven up to the scene of his early education, under the keenness of his feelings to vote, to sign, to protest, to do just what he is told to do, from confidence in the truth of the representations made to him and from sympathy with the appeal. He appears on the

scene of action ready for battle on the appointed day, and there he meets others like himself, brought up by the same summons; he gazes on old faces, revives old friendships, awakens old reminiscences, and goes back to the country with the freshness of youth upon him.

The Idea of a University, by J. H. Newman. Macmillan, 1873.

The College Hall

Un peu avant huit heures, l'étudiant est debout. S'il est très fervent, il assiste d'abord au service dans la chapelle; puis, vers les neuf heures, il se trouve assis devant les nombreux plats du déjeuner dans la salle commune, le *hall*,—sorte d'immense réfectoire monastique, sur les murs duquel sont appendus les portraits des fondateurs du collège, des illustres élèves, ou des donateurs généreux. Certaines de ces toiles, attachées là du vivant ou aussitôt après la mort des personnages dont elles perpétuent le souvenir, datent de plusieurs lustres. La pinte d'argent, où l'étudiant boit la bière et le cidre, est aussi le plus souvent un cadeau fait au collège par un élève. Un *ex dono* des armes et le chiffre d'une lointaine année rappellent au possesseur d'aujourd'hui qu'il n'est que le dépositaire d'un bien-être et d'une richesse qui le précédaient et qui lui survivront. Même le plus mince détail contribue ainsi à redoubler l'impression de travail successif et continu qui se dégageait déjà des pierres des murailles. Et quels noms que ceux de ces anciens élèves! Il traîne cinq ou six siècles de gloires anglaises dans tous les corridors de ces cloîtres laïques.

Bourget's *Études et Portraits*. Paris, 1889.

College Traditions

Old traditions have died hard in Oxford—St. John's used to have a masque and other festivities at Christmas. So too had Trinity. St. John's used to feast upon frumenty in mid-Lent. At New College the custom obtained of summoning the Fellows to dinner and supper by a choir boy, who went from the chapel door to the garden gate, calling '*À manger tous seigneurs*' and the singing of the Mirabilia Mundi on special occasions. The Fellows are still summoned to College meetings by blows of a wooden mallet on the foot of the staircase. At All Souls twice yearly, on All Souls' Day and at the Bursar's Gaudy, is sung the song of the Mallard. At Queen's College on New Year's Day the Bursar gives to each person present at the dinner on that day a needle and thread of silk (*aiguille et fil*)—a far-fetched punning reference to the founder Robert Eglesfield, saying as he makes the gift, 'Take this and be thrifty.' The colour of the silk varies in accordance

with the degree of the recipient. For seventy years a Christmas festival has been observed at Magdalen. On Christmas Eve selections from Handel's *Messiah* are sung in the Hall, together with several carols, among them a modern setting of *In dulci Jubilo*. Shortly before midnight *Adeste Fideles* is sung. The College bells then clang out their greetings to all on Christmas morn, while the guests before departing drink from the silver grace cup the toast of the season. So ends the Magdalen Choristers' 'Heilige Nacht.' On St. David's Day it is believed that the Welsh scholars of Jesus have recently revived the good old custom of wearing the leek in the High.

College Expenses

I DO not insinuate that Baliol College is a more expensive House of education than Hart-Hall, for their economy I do not know, and I do know there have been young men in Hart-Hall who have spent their fathers' money too much. I am moreover very willing that Baliol College should be esteemed as cheap a house of learning as any in either university; but I am not willing that either Baliol or any other college whatsoever, should be thought a cheaper place than Hart-Hall, because I do not think it possible. . . . After this manner[1] did the Commoner live in Hart-Hall; and after this manner, within a trifle over or under have other Commoners lived and do still live in Hart-Hall; and after this manner, whenever my Family are not with me, which sometimes they are not for a fortnight or three weeks together, do I myself live in Hart-Hall. Upon these occasions I hardly ever dine or sup out of the common Refectory; I neither vary the meat, nor exceed the proportion, that is set before the lowest Commoner. Ten-pence a day hath paid for my breakfast, dinner, and supper, even when there was all in the society which now there is not. I have, I thank God, as good health as any man in England; and as good an appetite as any member of the Community; and for a constancy, had rather live in this manner in Hart-Hall, so far as it relates to eating and drinking, than at any nobleman's table in Europe.

University Education, by R. Newton, D.D.[2]

Heads of Expenses in College

(*a*) ROOM rent and hire (or purchase for the time being 3 or 4 years, subject to depreciation charges) of furniture. [Furnished rooms in college average from 10 shillings to 20 shillings per week, or roughly six guineas per term.]

[1] The exact account of a commoner's expenses for Michaelmas Quarter, 1723, from June 21 to September 27, amounts to £7 17s. 1d., whereof £3 16s. 11d. represents Commons and Battels. [2] Principal of Hart Hall, 1710-1740.

(*b*) Weekly bills for meals in rooms and in hall, coals, stores and the like, called 'Battels.' [These amount to not much less than forty guineas per term at most colleges.]

(*c*) A terminal tip to the scout, and possibly underscout as well (£1, 10. to £1, 0. 0.).

(*d*) A terminal subscription to College Clubs, athletic or otherwise (£2, 2. 0.).

(*e*) Tuition Fees. (£7, 0. 0. per term.)

With strictest economy it is estimated that one hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty guineas may be made to cover the charges of a student residing in college for the 25 weeks or so of the academic year.

College Chronology

In 1249 William of Durham left a legacy 'for the purchase of annual rents unto the use of ten or more Masters of Arts to study theology,' a foundation which developed into University College, the Society's first statutes dating from 1280. Some time between 1263 and 1268 Balliol College was founded for poor students in Arts by John Balliol and Dervorgilla his wife, though the Society did not receive its statutes till 1282. In 1264 Walter de Merton, by founding Merton, did for the College system what Simon de Montford was doing for Parliament. He erected a model, for though University and Balliol may be a little earlier in their endowments, yet Merton sprang forth from the first, a college equipped with statutes. The foundation of Exeter by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of that See, followed in 1314. Oriel, named after some salient architectural feature, was founded by Adam de Brome, Edward II.'s Almoner, in 1326. Queen's was founded and named after the good Philippa of Hainault by her chaplain, Robert Eglesfield, in 1340. William of Wykeham's splendid foundation of 1386, still known as New College, marked a new era in collegiate construction. Three Oxford colleges date from the long reign of Henry VI., the pious founder of King's, Cambridge; Lincoln in 1429, All Souls' in 1438, and Magdalen in 1458. The first founded by Bishop Flemming of Lincoln, the second by Archbishop Chichele, and the third by Bishop Waynflete, both these last Wykehamists and imitators of Wykeham. Brasenose was founded in 1509 by Sir Robert Sutton, the second lay founder (John Balliol being the first), and Corpus Christi, designed to foster the New Learning, by Bishop Fox in 1516. Christ Church was begun under the name of Cardinal College by Wolsey and completed by

Henry VIII. in 1546. Trinity (1554), which occupies the site of an earlier college for students from the Benedictine monastery at Durham, and St. John's (1555) are the offspring of the Marian reaction; both colleges owing their foundation to laymen, Sir Thomas Pope, a wealthy lawyer and trusted official, being the founder of Trinity, and Sir Thomas White, twice Lord Mayor of London, of St. John's. Jesus, the first post-Reformation college, had for its real founder Hugh Price, though Queen Elizabeth, who granted its charter in 1571, is the nominal founder of the college. Two colleges were founded in the reign of James I.: Wadham in 1612, by Dorothy Wadham, carrying out the scheme of her dead husband, Nicholas Wadham, and Pembroke in 1624, continuing the flourishing society of Broadgates Hall, by James I., at the cost and charges of Thomas Teesdale and Richard Wightwick. Worcester, on the site of Gloucester Hall, a school for Benedictine Monks, which dated from 1283, received its present name and foundation in 1714 under the will of Sir Thomas Cooke. Keble, founded in 1870, is the monument of the Oxford movement. In 1874 the ancient Magdalen Hall, which in 1822 had been transferred from its site near Magdalen College, was incorporated by Act of Parliament as Hertford College and endowed by Charles Baring, the banker, reviving the eighteenth-century college of the same name, itself continuing the existence of Hart Hall (1282).

Of the Halls—societies without a governing body of fellows and whose principals are nominated by some outside authority—St. Edmund Hall is the only surviving example of an older life before the college system became the rule at Oxford. Besides these constituent members of the University, there are various private halls and other educational institutions, such as Somerville (1879) for women students, Mansfield (1886), an Oxford centre for orthodox nonconformists, and Manchester New College (1893), a Unitarian foundation on unsectarian lines.

Merton a Haven of Rest to the Gentle and Studious

In general, the stringency of collegiate regulations, the comparative severity of collegiate discipline, and the preference given to candidates already grounded in letters, contributed to make the colleges examples of industry and good order to the extra-collegiate mass of university students. Merton was especially distinguished in this respect, and as most of its inmates were probably entirely dependent on the foundation for their means of subsistence, the security for their orderly behaviour was as strong as possible. It is stated that after the sanguinary tumult on the Feast of St. Scholastica in 1354, when there was a general rustication of students to avoid

further bloodshed, those of Merton were specially excepted. To young men of gentle nature and studious habits, such a home in such a place must indeed have offered a welcome haven of rest.

Memorials of Merton College, by Hon. G. C. Brodrick. Oxford Historical Society, 1884.

Under-graduate High Life

THE two years of my life [1763-65] I look back to as most unprofitably spent were those I passed at Merton. The discipline of the University happened at this particular moment to be so lax, that a Gentleman Commoner was under no restraint, and never called upon to attend either lectures, or chapel, or hall. My tutor, an excellent and worthy man, according to the practice of all tutors at that moment, gave himself no concern about his pupils. I never saw him but during a fortnight, when I took into my head to be taught trigonometry. The set of men with whom I lived were very pleasant, but very idle fellows. Our life was an imitation of High Life in London; luckily drinking was not the fashion, but what we did drink was claret, and we had our regular round of evening card parties, to the great annoyance of our finances. It has often been a matter of surprise to me, how so many of us made our way so well in the world and so creditably. Charles Fox, Lord Romney, North, Bishop of Winchester, Sir J. Stepney, Lord Robert Spencer, William Eden (now Lord Auckland), and my good and ever esteemed friend the last Lord Northington were amongst the number.

Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, 1844.

University College in 1764.

I THINK I have pretty well disposed of my young friend George [Strahan], who, if you approve of it, will be entered next Monday a Commoner of University College and will be chosen next day a Scholar of the House. The Scholarship is a trifle, but it gives him a right, upon a vacancy, to a Fellowship of more than sixty pounds a year if he resides, and, I suppose, of more than forty if he takes a Curacy or small living. The College is almost filled with my friends, and he will be well treated. The Master is informed of the particular state of his education and thinks that for Greek he must get some private assistance, which a servitor of the College is very well qualified and will be very willing to afford him on very easy terms. . . . I depend on your proposed allowance of a hundred a year, which must the first year be a little enlarged, because there are some extraordinary expenses, as:

Caution (which is allowed in his last quarter), .	£7	0	0
Thirds (he that enters upon a room pays two-thirds of the furniture that he finds and receives from his successor two-thirds of what he pays; so that if he pays £20, he receives £13, 6s. 8d.), this perhaps may be, ...	12	0	0
Fees at entrance, matriculation, etc., perhaps, .	2	0	0
His gown (I think), ...	2	10	0
	£23	10	0

If you send us a Bill for about thirty pounds we shall set out commodiously enough. You should fit him out with cloaths and linen and let him start fair, and it is the opinion of those whom I consult, that with your hundred a year and the petty scholarship he may live with great ease to himself and credit to you.

Johnson Letters. Clarendon Press, 1892.

Expenses of a Gentleman Commoner

THE expenses of a Gentleman Commoner at Magdalen might be reckoned as moderate from £500 to £600 per annum if he did not keep horses. Those of a Gentleman Commoner at Christ Church would be rather more, for he would be brought into constant intercourse with the sons of Peers or of men of very large fortune. The expenses of a Commoner at Oxford at a good College, such as Christ Church or Oriel, need not have exceeded £300. The Gentlemen Commoners used to be solely the eldest sons of great landed proprietors or the younger sons of Peers, and at the end of the last century or the beginning of the present, it would not have been befitting a young man in that position to have entered college as a Commoner. Even in the year 1818 the feeling was that an eldest son, heir to a good fortune, ought to be a Gentleman Commoner.

Autobiography of the Rev. J. H. Gray.

College Chapel

IF there was little positive encouragement, there were various negative inducements to acquire learning; there were no interruptions, no secular cares; our wants were well supplied without the slightest exertion on our part, and the exact regularity of academical existence cut off that dissipation of the hours and the thoughts which so often prevails where the daily course is not pre-arranged. The necessity of early rising was beneficial. Like the Pythagoreans of old, we began with the gods; the salutary attendance in chapel every morning not only compelled us to quit our bed betimes, but

imposed additional duties conducive to habits of industry. It was requisite not merely to rise, but to leave our rooms, to appear in public, and to remain long enough to destroy the disposition to indolence which might still linger if we were permitted to remain by the fireside. To pass some minutes in society, yet in solemn silence, is like the Pythagorean initiation, and we auspicate the day happily by commencing with sacred things.

T. J. Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858.

Superstition in Balliol

Dr. George Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed Vice-Chancellor in 1600. In the same year he caused various superstitious pictures to be burned in the market place at Oxford, and among them there was one in which the figure of the Father was placed over a crucifix, as ready to receive the spirit of the divine Son. It also happened that certain young men were observed to kneel and beat their breasts before a painting of the Crucifixion in a window of Balliol College. This was removed by the master and fellows and was replaced by a window of plain glass at the instance of vice-chancellor Abbot.[1]

Balliol in 1637

On 10 May 1637 I was admitted a Fellow-Commoner of Balliol College, Oxford . . . my father sent me thither to one George Bradshaw (*nomen invisum!* yet the son of an excellent father beneficed in Surrey). I ever thought my tutor had parts enough; but as his ambition made him much suspected of the College, so his grudge to Dr. Lawrence, the governor of it (whom he afterwards supplanted), took up so much of his time, that he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars. This I perceiving, associated myself with one Mr. James Thicknesse (then a young man of the foundation, afterwards a Fellow of the House)

[1] 'Abbot,' says Aubrey, 'was the son of a sherman. His mother, with child of him, longed for a jack, and dreamt that if she c^d eat a jack her son s^d be a great man. The next morning, goeing to the river which runs by the house with her payle to take up some water, a good jack came into her payle. Which she eat up all her selfe. His godfather and godmothers sent him to Balliol College, Oxford, his father not being able. On 24 July 1621, being then primate, while shooting with a crossbow at a buck he killed a gamekeeper. The man, Peter Hawkins, had already been warned to keep out of the way, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by mischance. But a great scandal was caused in the church by this homicide in the hunting field. Laud, who had a grudge against Abbot, declined to be consecrated by a man-killing archbishop. The Sorbonne discussed the case—adversely to Abbot, and the primate never recovered from the effects of this 'unfortunate irregularity.' Aubrey mentions his servant, Old Nightingale, who wept always when he spoke of him, 'cholerique though his master sometimes was.'

by whose learned and friendly conversation I received great advantage. On my first arrival Dr. Parkhurst was Master; and after his decease Dr. Lawrence, a chaplain of his Majesty's and Margaret Professor, succeeded, an acute and learned person, nor do I much reproach his severity, considering that the extraordinary remissness of discipline had (till his coming) much detracted from the reputation of that College.

Evelyn's *Diary*.

Balliol

But for the business of quiet reading Adam Smith seems to have been happily situated at Balliol. Balliol was not then the reading college it is now. A claim is set up in behalf of some of the other Oxford colleges that they kept the lamp of learning lit even in the darkest days of last century, but Balliol is not one of them. It was chiefly known in that age for the violence of its Jacobite opinions. Only a few months after Smith left it a party of Balliol students celebrated the birthday of Cardinal York in the college, and rushing out into the streets, mauled every Hanoverian they met: for this same grave offence the Master of the College, Dr. Theophilus Leigh, and the other authorities, had thought the culprits entitled to indulgence on account of the anniversary they were celebrating, and had decided that the case would be sufficiently met by a Latin imposition!

Snell Exhibitions

There is reason to believe that Balliol College was in Adam Smith's day a stepmother to her Scotch sons, and that their existence there was made very uncomfortable, not merely at the hands of the mob of young gentlemen among whom they were obliged to live, but even more by the unfair and discriminating harshness of the college authorities themselves. Out of the hundred students then residing at Balliol, eight at least were Scotch, four on the Snell foundation and four on the Warner, and the Scotch eight seem to have been always treated as an alien and intrusive faction. The Snell exhibitioners were continually complaining to the Glasgow Senatus on the subject.

Life of Adam Smith, by J. Rae.
Macmillan, 1895.

The Balliol Rooks

The winter is dead, and the spring is a-dying
And summer is marching o'er mountain and plain,
And tossing and tumbling and calling and crying
The Balliol rooks are above us again;

And watching them wheel on unwearied wings,
I question them softly of vanished things:
Oh rooks, I pray you, come tell me true
Was it better the old? Is it better the new?

Caw, Caw, says every rook,
To the dreamer his dreams, to the scholar his book;
Caw, Caw, but the things for me
Are the windy sky and the windy tree!

Balliol Song.

Ball : Coll : Graffiti

FOUR mystic words on a mouldering wall,
Where the sunlight sleeps and the shadows crawl,
In clear-cut characters—that is all:
Verbum non amplius Fisher.

So runs the rune as it ever ran,
And the freshman stops and the senior man
In puzzled amaze those words to scan:
Verbum non amplius Fisher.

O is it a broken hexameter verse?
Or is it a blessing, or is it a curse?
A sign cabalistic, or anything worse—
Verbum non amplius Fisher?

Was Fisher a master of olden time,
Or a promising scholar cut off in his prime?
O why has he left this mysterious rhyme—
Verbum non amplius Fisher?

Or was he, as others are wont to instil
An elderly Fellow who drew up his will,
And wrote at the bottom with quivering quill—
Verbum non amplius Fisher?

And when he had written, he took to his bed,
And was dumb as a stone till as stone he was dead,
And the mourners about him all softly said
Verbum non amplius Fisher.

And now is it laid upon him as a doom,
At midnight to rise as a ghost from his tomb,
And murmur while flitting from room to room—
Verbum non amplius Fisher?

Ah! so may we ask, yet we ask all in vain,
There is no one to tell us of what we are fain,
And the echoes but mockingly answer again—
Verbum non amplius Fisher.[1]

Balliol Songs, ed. by J. Farmer.

The best College History

JOWETT was never weary of listening when anything good was said of Balliol or Balliol men; for that was 'the best history of the college.'

The Balliol System

EVER since the beginning of the century the first aim and object of the College [Balliol] has been to provide what is called 'a liberal education.' To this object all others have been subordinated and it has never been called in question by any member of the governing body. At no time in this century has Balliol been the headquarters of a sect or a party. Learning, scholarship, criticism have always found a welcome there, but they have been welcomed less for their own sake than as instruments of education. More honour, perhaps, has been paid to philosophy, but even of the philosopher the demand has been made that he should justify his theories by proving them of value to the immature mind.

. . . . . .

The years 1830-70 cover a momentous crisis in the history of English thought. Our insular theology and metaphysics were cast into the fierce fire of Continental criticism; under this test, ideas which had been treasured as pure gold were exposed as dross and burnt away. There was urgent need of men who had the courage to face the results of destructive criticism and the power to inspire a like courage in others; still, more of those who were sanguine enough to hope that a creed more comprehensive, more satisfying than the old was still within the range of possibility. Fortunately for Balliol she possessed such men at the time when they were most needed; and this is the secret of her practical success. The first lesson which they have taught has always been this: that men are greater than theories, that practice is the end of life, and that all practice must be grounded on the faith which is innate in the human mind; the second, that this faith is not bound up with the dogmas of any sect and in no way depends upon the truth of

[1] The donor of the Fisher Buildings at Balliol was the Rev. Henry Fisher, Vicar of Bere Regis, Dorset, who died in 1773. In the fine church at Bere, on the north wall, is a small brass plate with the same inscription, 'Verbum non amplius · Fisher.' together with a death's head and an hourglass.

so-called historic facts; the third, that, within the limits prescribed by faith, reason is the only trustworthy guide.

It is in this teaching much more than in the fortuitous intercourse of gifted and inquiring spirits that we find the origin of a mental attitude which was at first acknowledged by friends and enemies as peculiar to Balliol, but now tends more and more to be characteristic of Oxford men at large. Whatever may be thought of that attitude, the Balliol system, to which it is due, claims our respect, as the fruit of much unostentatious self-sacrifice and much thankless labour. The men who made the system knew well what they were doing and counted no price too high to pay for success. They did not take the pose of oracles or prophets. They did not become teachers in the belief that this was the highest of all professions or that in which they were most likely to make a reputation. They taught because they had ideas to impart and this was the most obvious opportunity of imparting them; because the College had need of them and they knew what a power the College might become. It was something more than a jest when Jowett confessed his desire 'to inoculate the world with Balliol.' For this end he and his colleagues were prepared to give every available hour of their time, to renounce fair hopes of literary reputation and to spend the whole of the scanty emoluments which were their rightful due. We may fairly apply to them all the words of the epitaph which was written for the youngest of them [R. L. Nettleship]: 'He loved great things and thought little of himself. Desiring neither fame nor influence he won the love of men and was a power in their lives; and seeking no disciples he taught to many the greatness of the world and of man's mind.'

Balliol College, by H. W. C. Davis. Hutchinson, 1899.

The Oriel Common Room in 1812

It was about 1812 that Mr. Copleston took the office of Dean of Oriel. Those who examine the Oxford calendar in this period, as well as the class lists, may trace the effect of the combined action of two men of such a standard as Davison and Copleston in promoting an improved style of composition in their college: and also infer with truth that the common room of Oriel uniting as it did their society with that of Whately, Arnold, and other congenial spirits, might fairly rival the conversational reputation of that of Trinity College in the sister university.

Memoirs of Edward Copleston, 1851.

The Oriel Style

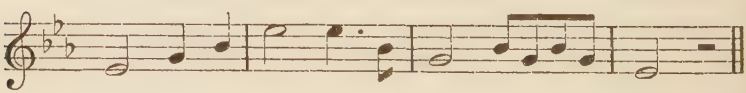
Oxford men used to talk very much in those days, and have talked more or less ever since, about the Oriel style. Perhaps the

best example of it is Church, the accomplished Dean of St. Paul's. Church does not rival Newman and Froude at their best. But he never, as they sometimes do, falls into loose and slipshod writing. He was the fine flower of the old Oxford education, growing in hedged gardens, sheltered from the winds of heaven, such as Catullus painted in everlasting colours long centuries ago.

Life of Froude, by Herbert Paul.
Longmans, 1905.

The Boar's Head at Queen's

THE hall is prettily dressed with greenery; holly, and ivy, and laurel are festooned all round, and from picture to picture, whilst in the centre at the end over the Provost's chair, a larger garland is hung with a bunch of mistletoe below. A bright fire blazes in the great open fireplace in the side of the hall, and the incandescent burners furnish enough brilliancy to light up the scene and reveal the delighted faces of the visitors. Soon, a procession headed by the Provost, followed by the Fellows of the College who are in residence, makes its way up the hall and takes the places behind the high table, when, all standing, the Provost recites the College Grace: '*Benedic Nobis, Domine Deus, et his donis quae liberalitate Tua sumpturi sumus, per Jesum Christum Dominum Nostrum. Amen.*'

Outside the Hall and in the Buttery, another procession is forming, consisting of the Taberdar appointed to sing the Solo of the Carol, the choristers belonging to the college, with the men-singers, and the servitors bearing the Boar's Head on its massive silver salver upon their shoulders. The trumpeter with its silver trumpet sounds the following call twice, for this is another old custom of the college, instead of the usual bell or gong to announce dinner:—

The murmur of the crowd in the Hall now dies into silence, and every face is turned to the door when the sound of the Chorus:

Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino

is heard outside, and making their way between the throng of spectators, the Taberdar in front, with the bearers of the Boar's Head and choir following, they sing the Carol as they slowly walk up the Hall, each verse of the song being taken up and followed by the chorus.

At the end of the Carol the dish with the Boar's Head is lowered and placed on the centre of the table in front of the Provost, while the choir and others crowd around; the Provost then takes the ornaments and embellishments one by one from the head before him and presents them to the choir boys and visitors, the solo singer of the year receiving the orange from the boar's mouth. When the ornaments are exhausted the crowd gradually diminishes, and the Provost, Fellows, and their favoured guests are left to enjoy their dinner . . .

The Boar's Head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

H. W. Taunt, *The Boar's Head at Queen's College.* Taunt and Co., 1905.

The Service at B.N.C.

THE service at Brasenose retains several peculiar little ceremonies: the candles are lit at celebrations. The Junior Fellows bring in the elements with solemnity from the ante-chapel. When the procession leaves the altar, the dignitaries who carry the alms and the vessels bow at the lectern to the altar, and to the Principal as they pass his stall. The Vice-Principal bows to the altar on leaving his stall, and to the Principal as he passes out. These little observances date from Laudian or even pre-Reformation times.

Walter Pater, by A. C. Benson. Macmillan, 1906.

Oriel Badges

NEWMAN'S dress—it became almost the badge of his followers—was the long-tailed coat, not always very new. There is a strange tendency in religious schools to express themselves in outward forms. It was said that the long-tailed coat—the same morning and evening—which predominated at Oxford sixty or seventy years ago, and which Jowett was one of the last to uphold, was a tradition of the Eton Oppidans. The Oxford Movement kept it up so long that it was almost as distinctive a garb as the broadbrim of a Quaker.

Froude and Newman induced Oriel Fellows to discontinue wine in common room. When I came up at Easter 1825, writes Mozley, one of the first standing jokes all over the University was the Oriel teapot, supposed to be always ready: the centre of the Oriel circles and its special inspiration. Wherever I went, when I passed the wine, I was asked whether I would not prefer some tea.

Adapted from Mozley.

Winchester and New College

'THE College of Oxford stands first, that of Winton second,' says the epitaph engraved on Wykeham's tomb in Winchester Cathedral. But, indeed, each was required to complete the other, and the two ideas seem to have ripened together in Wykeham's mind. 'Our two colleges,' he says in the Winchester Statutes, 'though situate in different places, spring from one root, and issue from one fountain.' Winchester, in the more copious language of the New College statutes, is to be 'the first principle and germ of our Oxford College, the watered garden and quickening vineyard from whom the buds are to be passed on, to ripen into fruit and flowers for the service of God and His Church.'

New College, Oxford, by A. O. Prickard. Dent, 1906.

Life in New College

THE men lived three or four in a room. The rooms on the ground-floor had three windows and held three scholars; the upper rooms had four windows and four occupants. At each window was a 'study' (*i.e.* a sort of bureau), perhaps rather larger than the old Winchester 'toys' which contained a shelf or two for books, a backless seat, and a desk to read or write at. The windows, of course, were unglazed, but were possibly provided with linen shutters. There was no fire, possibly some straw on the floor. The beds stood in the middle of the room. In Wykeham's comparatively luxurious college there was to be a separate bed for each scholar. To promote 'love, amity, and charity,' the Jurists were to be mixed up with other men in the chamber; and in each there was a Fellow 'more advanced than his other chamber-fellows in maturity, discretion, and knowledge, who was to be responsible for their diligence and good conduct, and report periodically to the Warden, Sub-warden, and Deans. The chaplains, clerks, and choristers lived very thick together in the dark, gloomy chambers beneath the hall. There is an express provision that no inhabitant of an upper chamber in 'washing his head, feet, or hands,' or otherwise, should upset 'water, wine, or beer, or any other liquors whatever . . . to the annoyance of those in the lower.' . . . The beds were made and other such service performed by the choristers. But there were other servants besides the choristers. . . . A Doctor of Divinity might be allowed to keep a private servant at his own expense. As in all medieval statutes the employment of women servants is sternly forbidden. If a 'lotor' cannot be found, the dirty linen might be sent through one of the servants of the College to a 'lotrix,' but even so she must be 'of such age and condition that no sinister suspicion can, or ought to fall on her.'

New College, by H. Rashdall and R. S. Rait. Hutchison, 1901.

Life in New College

DURING dinner-time, or part of it, the Bible was read by one of the clerks or an undergraduate scholar. The rest were first to listen to the reading in silence, and then to speak only—alike at table and elsewhere within the College walls—'in modest and worthy mode,' and in Latin, except when compelled to speak some other tongue, by the presence of strangers or laymen. . . .

It was the founder's melancholy conviction (though such words are almost 'common form' in mediæval statutes) that 'after bodily refection by the taking of food and drink, men are commonly rendered more prompt to scurrilities, turpiloquy, and (what is worse) detraction and strife, and the perpetuation of very many other evil and dangerous acts, and, shrinking less than on an empty stomach from such excesses, excite simple persons to strifes, contumelies, and other excesses.' Hence there was to be no lingering in Hall after dinner or supper, but after grace and the passing round of the loving-cup (*potus caritatis*) all were to retire to their studies 'or other places.' . . . Only at great festivals, on which the Warden dined in Hall, when there were *epulae autiores* in his honour, was fire ministered to the Fellows in the hall, and only then were the scholars allowed to sit round the great central brazier after dinner or supper [at five] and indulge in 'songs or other solaces,' or listen to 'poems, chronicles of the realm, wonders of the world, or other things which befit the clerical state.'

. . . . . .

For poor scholars amusement was not supposed to be necessary . . . partly because they were scholars, partly because they were clerks, partly because they were comparatively poor. Most of the amusements which might naturally have occurred to them are prohibited. . . . Wykeham held that it was 'not meet for the poor, and especially those living on alms, to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs for them to eat.' He recalls also the text: 'Woe unto those who to their sin play with the birds of heaven,' and therefore prohibits any scholar of his from 'keeping a harrier or any other dog whatever, ferrets, *sive nisus*, or any other hawk whatsoever.' . . . Games of dice, chess, hazard or ball, and every other 'noxious, inordinate, unlawful and unhonest' game are similarly forbidden, especially any game 'ministering cause or occasion of loss of money, things, or goods whatsoever, and also that most vile and horrid sport of shaving beards . . . which is wont to be practised on the night preceding the Inception of the Master of Arts.' There was to be no hurling or shooting of stones, balls, or other missiles within the College walls (not even in the

garden) by which damage might be done to the buildings. There are to be 'no wrestlings, dances, jigs, songs, shoutings, tumults, or inordinate noises, effusions of water, beer, or other liquor, or tumultuous games,' in Hall, lest they should incommode the chaplains and choristers in the room below. . . . The scholars were to walk abroad only two and two, for walking alone in the Middle Ages was considered 'bad form,' partly, perhaps, as dangerous, partly as exposing a man to moral suspicion . . . and still more as '*infra dig.*' in persons of the slightest pretensions to gentility or respectability. All through the statutes there is a great dread of quarrelling, always a prominent amusement with people who have no other, particularly when living in very close quarters. There is, for instance, a prohibition . . . of comparisons of family to family, nobility to nobility, or ignobility,' as well as of other 'injurious, tedious, scandalous, or opprobrious language.'

New College, by Rashdall and Rait.

William of Wykeham's Crozier

New College is happy in the possession of the Founder's crozier, his own bequest. After the Reformation it was suffered to fall into decay. In 1753 the constituent parts were put together, and it now rests in a recess at the east end of the chapel. The crozier is made of iron, overlaid with silver gilt and enamel, and is an example of very elaborate Gothic tabernacle-work. It was thus described in the catalogue of the South Kensington Exhibition in 1862: 'The stem has two ridged circular bosses, and is covered with oblong plaques of silver repoussé, with a pattern of a stem and leaves, originally covered alternately with a green and blue translucent enamel, of which only traces now remain. The head is of Gothic architectural design, octagonal in plan, ornamented by a series of statuettes of saints under canopies; above these is a battlemented projection resting on brackets, with four winged angels and lilies (?) sustaining a series of pinnacles, with niches occupied with statuettes and filled in with backgrounds of blue and green enamel. The finials are surmounted with an ornament of lapis enamel; above these rises another battlemented projection or gallery, supporting a small gable-ended structure, in front of which have been statuettes of angels, only one of which, holding a musical instrument, remains. The curve of the crozier is richly crocketed, and has on both sides a series of translucent enamels representing angels playing on various musical instruments. A portion of the work within the curve of the crozier has been lost; a kneeling statuette of the Bishop remains, as if praying before a shrine, above which is a small figure of the Saviour, and an angel

bearing a scroll. The curve of the crozier is sustained by a winged angel resting on a bracket formed of a bearded head. . . . The crozier resembles a pastoral staff, of work almost equally skilful and artistic, preserved in the treasury of the Cathedral of Cologne. . . . The form of these pastoral staves is wholly symbolical, the crooked head indicating the pastoral office—the gathering the faithful together. The centre is the emblem of royal power; the sharp point, the weapon of judgment. Length 6 ft. 9 in.; diameter of head, 8 in.'

New College, by Rashdall and Rait (slightly abridged).

Manners makyth Man

THE celebrated motto which William of Wykeham added to his Arms, . . . I imagine was intended by him to intimate something of this kind: Manners Makyth Man; the true meaning of which, as he designed it, I presume to be, though it has commonly been understood otherwise, that a man's real worth is to be estimated, not from the outward and accidental advantages of birth, rank and fortune, but from the endowments of his mind and his moral qualifications. In this sense it bears a proper relation to his Arms, and it contains a just apology for those ensigns of his newly acquired dignity. Conscious to himself that his claim to honour is unexceptionable, as founded upon truth and reason, he in a manner makes his appeal to the world; alleging, that neither high birth to which he makes no pretension, nor high station, upon which he does not value himself, but

'Virtue alone is true nobility.'

Lowth's *William of Wykeham*, 1777.

A New College Custom

AT New College the Fellows used to be summoned to a college meeting by striking the door with a mallet,[1] the old monastic way of waking men in the morning. Even now before the quarterly 'Stated General Meeting' the porter goes round and knocks at the bottom door of each staircase on which a Fellow lives.

New College, by H. Rashdall and R. S. Rait.

Singing at St. Bartholomew's

THERE was sometime an ancient custome belonging to New College fellows, viz.: on Holy Thursday every year some of the fellows of New College (with some of their acquaintance with them) did goe to St. Bartholomew's Hospitall, and there in the chappell sing an anthem of 2 or 5 parts. After that, every one of them

[1] A somewhat similar custom was, and probably is still, in practice at University College.

would offer up money in a bason, being sett for that purpose in the middle of the Chappell. After that, have some refreshment in the house. Then going up to a well or spring in the grove, which was strew'd with flowers round about for them, they sung a song of 5 parts, lately one of Mr. Wilbye's principium, "Hard by a christall fountaine." And after that come home by Cheyney Lane and Hedington Hill, singing catches. The choristers and singing men of New College did about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning sing an anthem on the tower; and then, from thence to St. Bartholomew's.[1]

Wood's *Life and Times.*

A College Progress

Once a year the Warden and Fellows of New College elect a young gentleman to serve as Outrider to the Warden upon his Annual Progress round the college estates . . . who is expected to represent the body of Fellows upon the Progress and to keep the purse. For one brief week it is permitted to him to enjoy the subtle and gratifying sensation of being a . . . part of a corporate landlord, older than the oldest inhabitant, older than the line of elms which rims the lane, old as the grey church itself which peals out a pleasant chime as the Warden's carriage sweeps into sight. . . . When the Warden arrives at the Manor Farm he takes possession. The Steward will hold his court in the drawing-room or kitchen: the Warden, the Steward and the Outrider will lunch solemnly in the dining-room with the Warden's servant to wait on them. The farmer and his wife and family will receive the Progress, will prepare the meal, deck the table with flowers, load the invaders with every delicate attention, and then, when the hour of lunch is at hand, they will suddenly vanish. The college authorities consume the cold salmon and chicken and currant tart in solitary state, only occasionally reminded by the rustle of a dress in the passage as the door opens that some country Hebe is attending to their wants.

Let us follow the Steward into the sitting-room of the farmhouse and sit by him as he holds his court. Imagine some low square room with brown wainscoting, hung with engravings of prize cattle, and a pleasant bow-window giving on the lawn. A chubby, red-

[1] The origin of the custom dates back to pre-Reformation times, when crowds had been wont to make pilgrimage, on St. Bartholomew's Day, to the Hospital, bestowing alms on the brothers. When the Reformation put an end to the custom, the singing, which Wood describes, was devised to relieve the pensioners from want. Naturally, too, after the massacre, another day was substituted for St. Bartholomew's. In Hearne's time the custom had long died out. See Rashdall and Rait's *New College.*

faced peasant, with little sleepy eyes and a shining black coat, stands at the Steward's elbow in a high state of nervous discomfort. He is the Bailiff of the Manor who collects the quit-rents of the copy-holders and advertises the holding of the court. Four aged rustics sit round the wall, as far as they can get from the Steward and his terrible big books. These are the Homage of the Manor. Then the Bailiff pays in the quit-rents to the Steward, and the Steward hands a paper to the Bailiff, who reads or rather gabbles out its contents, leaping wildly over commas, slaughtering syllables wholesale. . . . He is opening the court in due form.

'O yes, O yes, O yes! All manner of persons who are suit and service to the Court Baron of the Warden and Scholars of Saint Mary's College, Winchester, commonly called New College in Oxford, now to be holden, or have been summoned to appear at this time and place, draw near and give your attendance, every man answering to his name.' Then the names of the Homage are called over, and the foreman is sworn in upon the Testament in the following manner: 'You as Foreman of the Homage with the rest of your Fellows, shall enquire and true presentment make of all such things as shall be given to you in charge, and of all such other matters as shall come to your knowledge presentable at this court without fear, favour, affection, hatred or malice to the best of your understanding. So help you God.' . . .

When the Steward has finished his enquiries, he hands to the Bailiff the form for closing the Court, which the Bailiff forthwith proceeds to read as follows: 'O yes, O yes, O yes! All manner of persons who have appeared this day at the Court Baron of the Warden and Scholars of St. Mary's College of Winchester in Oxford, commonly called New College, may now depart, keeping their day and hour on a new summons. God save the Queen and the Lords of this Manor!' Then the Homage sign the proceedings and are rewarded for their judicial toil by a present of a sovereign.

Macmillan, Nov. 1896, 'A College Progress.'

New College in 1856

In 1856 I found myself one of a society of barely twenty undergraduates, all but one or two of whom were Winchester men, holding Fellowships actual or probationary according to the Founder's original scheme. The line of demarcation between us and the Senior Fellows was by no means strongly marked. . . . There were about a dozen seniors in residence, men, that is to say, who had reached M.A. standing. Most of them were merely making the College their home for the time being and lived their own lives. They were friendly to the undergraduates when they

encountered us, some of them very hospitable; but only the tutors concerned themselves at all with undergraduate life. . . . It would be exaggeration to say that we were as a body idle: . . . there was seldom a year in which one of our small number did not win high distinction in the class or prize lists. But the majority took life easily; and seeing that each of us already possessed the Fellowship which is now the final prize of a very successful undergraduate 'career,' this was perhaps natural. Possibly for the same reason, we were not boyish. Mischief done or noise made at night, out of mere schoolboy exuberance, was unknown in New College, and was, I think, much less common in the University generally than it has been since. There were no sumptuary laws, and the ordinary scale of living was undoubtedly more expensive than it has become since, though there was no serious extravagance. In fact, there were few rules of any kind. . . .

New College was on the whole more self-contained than other Colleges, partly from the very smallness of our numbers, but chiefly no doubt because practically all came from one school. No one dreamed of belonging to the Union. . . . We were far too small to have an eight on the river. We maintained a game of Winchester football, to which all Wykehamists were welcome: but this rather marked than diminished our isolation, for these were old schoolfellows whom we knew already. Cricket matches were the only occasions on which we were brought into much contact with the rest of the world.

New College, by Hereford B. George. Frowde, 1906.

All Souls' Mallard

TRADITION tells how Archbishop Chichele dreamed that he was to establish a home of learning in the High Street. As witness that his dream was no vain phantasy, he would on first digging the ground 'of a suretye finde a swapping mallarde imprisoned in the sink or sewere, wele fattened and almost ybosten. Sure token of the thrivaunce of his future college.' The dream was of course fulfilled to the letter. Before he and his assistants had dug far, they heard 'horrid strugglinges and flutteringes, and anon violent quaakinges of the distressyd mallarde.' Henceforth the 'finding of the mallard' became an annual institution.

Temple Bar, Oct. 1899, 'Old College Customs at Oxford.'

All Souls' Mallard Feast

As touching the first institution of the All Souls' Mallard Feast (which is very ancient) I cannot give any account of it; but when they have a mind to keep it, the time is always within a night or two of All Souls, then there are six Electors which nominate the

Lord of the mallard, which Lord is to beare the expences of the ceremony. When he is chosen he appoints six officers, who march before him with white staves in their hands, and meddals hanging upon their breasts tied with a large blew ribbond; upon the meddals is cut on the one side the Lord of the mallard with his officers, on the other the mallard as he is carried upon a long pole.

When the Lord is seated in his chair with his officers of state before him, they carry him thrice about the quadrangle and sing this song:—

Griffin Turkey Bustard Capon
Let other hungry mortalls gape on
And on their bones with stomacks fall hard
But let All Souls men have the mallard
Hough the bloud of King Edward, by the bloud of King Edward
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

Stories strange were told I trow
By Baker, Holinshead, and Stow
Of Cocks and Bulls and other quere things
That were done in the reignes of their kings
Hough the bloud, etc.

Swapping he was from bill to eye
Swapping he was from wing to thigh
. . . . .
Ho the bloud, etc.

The Romans once admir'd a gander
More then they did their chief Commander
Because it sav'd if some don't foole us
The place call'd from the head of Tolus
Ho the bloud, etc.

The poets fained Juno turned a swan
But let them prove it if they can
As for our profe 'tis not at all hard
That 'twas a swapping, swapping mallard
Ho the bloud, etc.

Then let us sing and dance a galliard
To the remembrance of the mallard
And as the mallard does in poole
Let's dabble, dive and duck in bowle
Ho the bloud, etc.

The mallard song being sung by one man, all the rest that are present bearing the chorus, when that is done they knock at all the middle chambers, where most the seniors lodge, of whome they demand crowns apiece (I suppose a forfeiture for not assisting at the ceremony) which is readily given, then they go with 20 or 30 torches (which are allways carried before them) upon the Leads of the Colledge where they sing their song as before. This ended,

they go into their common rooms where they make themselves merry with what wine every one has a mind to, there being at that time great plenty of all sorts. When they have there sufficiently refresh'd themselves, to conclude all they go into the Buttery where every one has his tumbler of canary or other wine. Then he that bore the mallard chops off his head dropping some of the bloud into every tumbler which being drunk off every one disposeth of himselfe as he thinks fit, it being generally day-brake.

Reminiscences of Oxford. Oxford Hist. Soc., 1892.

I WRITE under the bondage of a very severe cold, which I caught by getting out of bed at four in the morning, to see the celebration of the famous All Souls' Mallard Feast. All Souls is on the opposite side of Ratcliffe square to Brazen Nose, so that their battlements are in some degree commanded by my garret. I had thus a full view of the *Lord Mallard* and about forty Fellows, in a kind of procession on the library roof, with immense lighted torches. I know not if their orgies were overlooked by any uninitiated eyes except my own; but I am sure that all who had the gift of hearing, within half-a-mile, must have been awakened by the manner in which they thundered their chorus, 'O by the blood of King Edward.'

Life of Bishop Heber.

A College Visitation, 1507

MAGDALEN COLLEGE in 1507 had fallen into great disorder. The President, Mayew, since 1504 when he had been appointed Bishop of Hereford, had been generally non-resident, in violation of the Statutes, and the Fellows were engaged in violent disputes. A visitation of the College, held on January 20-30 by the Commissary of Fox the Bishop of Winchester, reveals the Society divided into rival factions for and against the President, torn by bitter personal animosity, and given to universal tale-bearing. The inquiry, divided into fifty-one heads, travelled over every conceivable offence, great and small, ranging from charges of neglected lectures and other college duties to adultery and theft. Fellows had, it was alleged, slept out at night; one Fellow had even cooked eggs at the Tabard in the middle of the night! Another had climbed the great gate of the tower bringing a stranger into College who stayed till the morning. They had played cards, worn unsuitable dress, stayed in hall after the loving-cup had passed, been quarrelsome, and guilty of tale-bearing. Moreover, one of the Fellows is even charged with having baptized a cat with a view to the discovery of hidden treasure. It is a relief to learn, however, that Stokesley, who was accused of this last-named horrible offence, cleared him-

self, and afterwards became a Bishop of London and an active agent in Henry VIII.'s policy, concurring in antipapal measures but condemning Protestants and opposing the translation of the Bible into English. To take perhaps one of the less heinous charges investigated at the visitation, Number 18 deals with the question whether any Fellow has kept dogs, ferrets, sparrow-hawks, or any bird for hawking or even for singing. Ten Fellows allege that Morcott, another Fellow, kept and keeps a harrier in College. Another Fellow charges Heycock with the same offence, and states that these two with Wythers and Smyth went on to the land of the Abbot of Dorchester, stealing rabbits, and also in Woodstock Park, stealing game; and that Morcott with Heycock and Smyth had stolen and killed a calf in the garden of one Master Court. Another Fellow bears witness that these last three have hunted at Berkley and Woodstock, and that Dalacourt hunts rabbits; another that Morcott and Balkly have kept dogs in College; and another that on account of keeping of dogs the alms which should be given to the poor are diminished. Other charges are that Morcott, Thompson, Smyth, Parkyns and Wilkins have in most disorderly wise frequently hunted hares and deer by night, the first three in the week before Easter last having carried off a tame stag from the house of a certain nobleman eight miles from Oxford called Courte; that Morcott, Thompson, Smyth and Wilkins have hunted and killed deer in Woodstock Park by night and carried them off.

Thirteen Fellows are accused of keeping dogs, Smyth a ferret, Lenard (a clerk) a sparrow-hawk, and Parkyns a weasel; while Balkley, Thompson, Wythers and Smyth, and especially Morcott have urged the younger bachelors and scholars to hunt by day and night. In the end almost all the Fellows seem to have cleared themselves of the more serious charges, and after an exhortation from the Bishop's Commissary towards diligence in their duties and forbearance one to the other, it may be hoped that they settled down to a more even tenour of quiet College life under a resident president in place of Mayew who resigned.

Register of Magdalen College, by W. D. Macray, 1894 (summarised).

The Monks of Magdalen

THE college of St. Mary Magdalen was founded in the fifteenth century by Waynefleet, bishop of Winchester; and now consists of a president, forty fellows, and a large number of inferior students. It is esteemed one of the largest and most wealthy of our academical corporations, which may be compared to the Benedictine abbeys of Catholic countries; and I have loosely heard that the

estates belonging to Magdalen College, which are leased by those indulgent landlords at small quit-rents and occasional fines, might be raised, in the hands of private avarice, to an annual revenue of nearly thirty thousand pounds. Our colleges are supposed to be schools of science as well as of education; nor is it unreasonable to expect that a body of literary men, devoted to a life of celibacy, exempt from the care of their own subsistence, and amply provided with books, should devote their leisure to the prosecution of study, and that some effects of their studies should be manifested to the world. The shelves of their library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the editions of the fathers, and the collections of the middle ages, which have issued from the single abbey of St. Germain de Prez at Paris. A composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind; but such works of industry as may be divided among many hands, and must be continued during many years, are the peculiar province of a laborious community. If I inquire into the manufactures of the monks of Magdalen, if I extend the inquiry to the other colleges of Oxford or Cambridge, a silent blush or a scornful frown will be the only reply. The fellows or monks of my time were decent, easy men who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder; their days were filled by a series of uniform employments—the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman commoner, I was admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be the amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal; their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover. A general election was now approaching: the great Oxfordshire contest already blazed with all the malevolence of party zeal. Magdalen College was devotedly attached to the old interest; and the names of Wenman and Dashwood were more frequently pronounced than those of Cicero and Chrysostom. The example of the senior fellows could not inspire the undergraduates with a liberal spirit or studious emulation; and I cannot describe, as I never knew, the discipline of college. Some duties may possibly have been imposed on the poor scholars whose ambition aspired to the peaceful

honours of a fellowship; but no independent members were admitted below the rank of a gentleman commoner, and our velvet cap was the cap of liberty. A tradition prevailed that some of our predecessors had spoken Latin declamations in the hall, but of this ancient custom no vestige remained: the obvious methods of public exercises and examinations were totally unknown; and I have never heard that either the president or the society interfered in the private economy of the tutors and their pupils.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

Magdalen Choir

When the pious Bishop of Winchester, William of Waynflete, founded his College of St. Mary Magdalen, in the University of Oxford, 'for the exaltation of the Christian Faith, the advancement of the Church, the increase of Divine worship and the liberal arts, sciences and faculties,' he ordained that there should be four Chaplains, eight Clerks, and sixteen Choristers, in daily attendance in the College Chapel, in order that 'the Divine offices might by God's grace be performed with the greatest devotion, honour and perfection.'

A Register of the Presidents, Fellows, Demies, etc., of St. Mary Magdalen College in the University of Oxford, by John Rouse Bloxam, D.D. Parker, 1853.

Magdalen Anniversaries

At Magdalen College two dinners during the year are held in special honour. On the 29th May the members of this college celebrate the return of those who were ejected from their fellowships during the Commonwealth. The 'Restoration Cup,' engraved with the names of those who suffered, is handed round, and the toast, 'Jus suum cuique,' is given. Five months later, on the 29th October, the same cup and the same toast are made use of, this time to commemorate the restoring to Magdalen of the President and Fellows, who were expelled by James II.

Temple Bar, Oct. 1899, 'Old College Customs at Oxford.'

May Day, Magdalen

Half-past four arrives and with it the Choir, some of them with their surplices comfortably wrapped round their throats, but these are soon donned, and the tower is thronged with their white robes and square caps. The bridge, too, is beginning to swarm with a darkly clothed crowd of either sex, among whom bicyclists, singly or in groups, are fairly conspicuous. The discordant noise of horns increases, and forms a weird accompaniment to the chimes which now sound the quarter before the hour. The tower is fast filling now. . . . As the hour strikes, the conductor raises his wand, and as it finishes, he gives the signal. The Choir respond; their

sweet-toned voices are now heard in charming modulation this lovely still morning, as they raise the beautiful hymn taken from the College 'Grace.' On the bridge below, the crowd is nearly as dense as on the tower, in places scarcely room to move. As the chimes proclaim the hour, the noise, which till then has been considerable, dies away, and complete silence reigns, while the hymn as follows, is sung:

Te Deum Patrem colimus
Te laudibus prosequimur
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Coelesti mentem gratia.

Te adoramus, O Jesu!
Te fili Unigenite,
Te, qui non dedignatus es
Subire claustra Virginis.

And now the bells ring out a merry peal. . . . College caps are thrown in fun over the battlements from the midst of the crowd on the tower, and skim through the air until they alight at the bottom of the greensward by the side of the Chapel, a worse throw than usual being hailed by a derisive laugh. 'You can take that to seven cloisters, one pair left,' shouts one of the throwers. A few gowns follow, taking a longer and more erratic course than the heavier caps, and the crowd on the tower slowly melts away. . . .

Magdalen Tower on May Morning, by H. W. Taunt. Taunt and Co., 1905.

Cardinals at Oxford

Dr. Bloxam was fond of relating how, when shortly after 1848 he took Henri Montalembert into Magdalen College Hall, the Comte exclaimed, looking at the portraits of Wolsey and Pole, 'What, you have cardinals in your Hall. I thought this was a Protestant college!' 'Yes, we keep our cardinals, and are very proud of them,' said Dr. Bloxam. 'Ah,' replied Montalembert, 'in England you do not destroy the past!'

Magdalen College, by T. Herbert Warren. Dent.

Magdalen under Dr. Routh

My 'Recollection' of Dr. Routh and Magdalen College begins in 1794. For many successive Gaudy-days I saw him seated in the chair of state, made from the famous Magdalen oak. So great was the impression made upon boyish minds by his awful wig, his overhanging shaggy eyebrows, and solemn carriage, that though he was then only a little more than forty, he seemed to me and my school-fellows quite as old as he eventually lived to be. His introit and exit at chapel were very peculiar, owing to his gliding, sweeping *motion*, I can hardly call it *gait*; for he *moved along* (as the heathen deities were said to move) without seeming to divaricate or take alternate steps. This effect was of course produced by his long gown and cassock, and his peculiar movement. His gestures

during the service were remarkable, his hand being much in motion, and often crossed upon his breast. His seat or pew being large and roomy, he was wont to move about in it during service, generally joining aloud in his responses, but without any relation to the right tone.

Recollections of Oxford, by G. V. Cox.

The Brazen Nose

THE origin of College names in Oxford is a chapter not yet fully written, but when the author begins to class them he will find two which stand apart from the others as being derived each from a former Hall which stood on its site. They are Oriel and Brasen Nose; the former word is rather uncertain in its origin, perhaps some version of *Oratiolum*, a small oratory, or some Hebrew title of earlier days; the latter is from a brass knocker once fixed to the portal of a Hall in School Street, transported to Stamford in one of the most important migrations (A.D. 1334) of the Students, riveted to the gateway of a Hall there, staying there for centuries, always mentioned in the leases of the same, and finally purchased by the College, in 1890, at the sale of the house, the premises, and the 'celebrated knocker.' Till the present day the house still bears the ancient title, and a lane contiguous is still called Brasenose Lane.

The knocker is now harboured safely in the College Hall; its calm complacent smile still beams over the brotherhood of Bishop Smith and Sir Richard Sutton, and long may it abide in its new home, distant perhaps scarcely thirty yards from the spot where it first exchanged its office as a sanctuary knocker for domestic scholastic, or aulic duties.

The Four Noses, by Herbert Hurst. H. W. Taunt, 1904.

Green of B. N. C.

BRASENOSE was certainly the college of 'Verdant Green,' though that sportive author confuses matters by talking of the chance of Brazenface bumping Brasenose, and of rejoicings in the former College because the Brasenose bow had been seen with a cigar in his mouth and also eating pastry in the Hall. But Verdant's supposed rooms are still pointed out; two sets, one on the kitchen staircase and one on No. VI., being rivals for the honour. The latter looks out both on the old Quadrangle and on Radcliffe Square, but apparently the former have the better claim, for the hero's window was said to look with a sunny aspect down upon the quad, while over the opposite buildings were seen the spires of the churches, the dome of the Radcliffe, and the gables, pinnacles and turrets of other colleges.' 'You could not find a much better

college than Brazenface,' was the advice of Mr. Larkyns, the rector. 'It always stands well in the class-list and keeps a good name with its tutors. They are a nice, gentlemanly set of men there.'

Brasenose College, by John Buchan. Hutchinson, 1898.

Jewel, Reynolds and Hooker of Corpus

No one county in England bare three such men (contemporary at large) in what College soever they were bred; no College in England bred such three men, in what county soever they were born.

Thomas Fuller's *Church History*, 1655.

Chambers and Hall

PASSING to the domestic arrangements [under the Corpus Christi College Statutes] the Fellows and Scholars were to sleep two and two in a room, a Fellow and a Scholar together, the Fellow in a high bed and the Scholar in a truckle-bed. The Fellow was to have the supervision of the Scholar who shared his room, to set him a good example, to instruct him, to admonish or punish him if he did wrong, and (if need were) to report him to the disciplinal officers of the College. . . . There can be little doubt that the beds were made and the rooms kept in order by the junior occupant. . . . No Fellow or Scholar was 'to take his own clothes or those of others to the wash,' but the laundresses are to fetch them on Monday or Tuesday from the Porter's Lodge, going no further into the College, and to return them at the same place on the Saturdays.

In the hall there were two meals in the day, dinner and supper, the former at eleven A.M., the latter about five or six P.M. During dinner a portion of the Bible was to be read by one of the Fellows or Scholars under the degree of Master of Arts; and when dinner was finished, it was to be expounded by the President or by one of the Fellows (being a theologian). While the Bible was not being read, the students were to be allowed to converse at dinner, but only in Greek or Latin, which languages were also to be employed exclusively except to those ignorant of them or for the purposes of the College accounts, not only in the chapel and hall but in the chambers and all other places of the College. As soon as dinner or supper was over, at least after grace and the loving-cup, all the students, senior and junior, were to leave the hall. . . . Exception, however, was made in favour of those festivals of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, on which it was customary to keep up the hall fire. For, on the latter occasions, after refection and potation, the Fellows and Probationers might remain in the hall to sing or employ themselves in any other innocent recreation, such

as became clerics, or to recite and discuss poems, histories, the marvels of the world, and like subjects.

Corpus Christi College, by Thomas Fowler. Hutchinson, 1898.

Eating Mice at Zurich

As for Mr. Cole (who was the first married President that Corpus Christi Coll. ever had) being settled in his place, he acted so fouly by defrauding the College, and bringing it into debt that divers complaints were put up against him to the Bishop of Winchester, Visitor of that College. At length the said Bishop in one of his quinquennial Visitations, took Mr. Cole to task and after long discourses on both sides, the Bishop plainly told him,—'Well, well, Mr. President, seeing it is so, you and the College must part without any more ado, and therefore see that you provide for yourself.' Mr. Cole therefore being not able to say any more, fetcht a deep sigh and said—'What, my good Lord, must I then eat mice at Zurich again?' meaning that must he endure the same misery again that he did at Zurich, when he was in exile in Queen Mary's reign, where he was forced to eat carrain to keep life and soul together. At which words the Bishop being much terrified, for they worked with him more than all his former oratory had done, said no more, but bid him be at rest and deal honestly with the College. Yet means were afterwards found that he should resign his Presidentship for the Deanery of Lincoln.

Wood's *History and Antiquities*.

Corpus in 1809

Arnold and I were undergraduates of Corpus Christi, a college very small in its numbers, and humble in its buildings, but to which we and our fellow-students formed an attachment never weakened in the after course of our lives. . . . It was not so much by the authorities of the college that Arnold's character was affected as by its constitution and system, and by the residents whom it was his fortune to associate with familiarly there. Corpus is a very small establishment — twenty fellows, and twenty scholars, with four exhibitioners from the foundation. No independent members were admitted except gentlemen commoners, and they were limited to six. Of the scholars several were bachelors, and the whole number of students actually under college tuition seldom exceeded twenty. But the scholarships, though not entirely open, were yet enough so to admit of much competition; their value and, still more, the creditable strictness and impartiality with which the examinations were conducted (qualities at that time more rare in college elections than now) insured a number of good candidates for each vacancy, and we boasted a more than proportionate share

of successful competitors for university honours. . . . We were then a small society, the members rather under the usual age and with more than the ordinary proportion of ability and scholarship; our mode of tuition was in harmony with these circumstances; not by private lectures, but in classes of such a size as excited emulation and made us careful in the exact and neat rendering of the original, yet not so numerous as to prevent individual attention on the tutor's part, and familiar knowledge of each pupil's turn and talents. In addition to the books read in lecture, the tutor at the beginning of the term settled with each student upon some book to be read by himself in private and prepared for the public examination at the end of the term in Hall; and with this book something on paper, either analysis of it, or remarks upon it, was expected to be produced, which insured that the book should have really been read. It has often struck me since that this whole plan . . . was well devised for the tuition of young men of our age. We were not entirely set free from the leading-strings of the school; accuracy was cared for; we were accustomed to *viva voce* rendering, and *viva voce* question and answer in our lecture-room, before an audience of fellow-students, whom we sufficiently respected; at the same time the additional reading, trusted to ourselves alone, prepared us for accurate private study and for our final exhibition in the schools.

One result of all these circumstances was, that we lived on the most familiar terms with each other: we might be, indeed we were, somewhat boyish in manner, and in the liberties we took with each other; but our interest in literature, ancient and modern, and in all the stirring matters of that stirring time, was not boyish; we debated the classic and romantic question; we discussed poetry and history, logic and philosophy; or we fought over the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them. Our habits were inexpensive and temperate: one break-up party was held in the junior common room at the end of each term, in which we indulged our genius more freely, and our merriment, to say the truth, was somewhat exuberant and noisy; but the authorities wisely forebore too strict an inquiry into this.

It was one of the happy peculiarities of Corpus that the bachelor scholars were compelled to residence. This regulation operated very beneficially on the undergraduates; with the best and the most advanced of these they associated very usefully.

Letter from Mr. Justice Coleridge, 1843, contributed to Dean Stanley's *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold*, 1844.

Undergraduates and Bachelors under the Corpus Statutes

UNDERGRADUATES (described as 'sophisti et logici') were to be lectured in logic, and assiduously practised in arguments and the solution of sophisms by one or two of the Fellows or probationers assigned for that purpose. These lecturers in logic were diligently to explain Porphyry and Aristotle, at first in Latin and afterwards in Greek. Moreover, all undergraduates, who had devoted at least six months and not more than thirty to the study of logic, were to frequent the argumentative contest in the University schools, as often as it seemed good to the President. Even on festivals and during the holiday times, they were not to be idle, but to compose verses and letters on literary subjects, to be shown to the Professor of Humanity. They were, however, to be permitted occasional recreation in the afternoon hours, both on festival and work days, provided they had the consent of the Lecturer and Dean, and the President raised no objection. Equal care was taken to prevent the Bachelors from falling into slothful habits during the vacations. Three times a week at least during the Long Vacation, they were, each of them, to expound some astronomical or mathematical work, in the hall or chapel, and all Fellows and probationers of the College, not being graduates in theology, were bound to be present at the exercises. In the shorter vacations one of them selected by the Dean of Arts as often as he chose to enjoin the task, was to explain some poet, orator, or historian to his fellow-bachelors and undergraduates. . . . These hard-worked students were also bound according to their various standings and faculties, to take part in or be present at frequent disputations in logic, natural philosophy, metaphysics, morals, and theology.

Corpus Christi College, by T. Fowler. Hutchinson, 1898.

Christ Church under Dean Markham

OXFORD, July 27, 1769. . . . Since the accession of our present Dean, Dr. Markham, late Master of Westminster School, the independent members (*i.e.*, all such as are not of the foundation) have been put upon the same footing precisely in respect of the exercises required of them; these are a quarterly examination in certain authors, and an essay upon a given subject in their turn. There is, I must own, a way of shuffling in these performances too often successful, but at the same time they may be and often are done with credit. Their attendance is required indiscriminately in the Hall and Chapel, and the Dean is very strenuous in support of this rational plan of government. By the constitution of the University every man not having a degree in it is required to have one of the college tutors; from him very little is to be expected.

He does not interfere at all with the expense of his pupil, not a great deal with his Latin and Greek, far less with his progress in the sciences. These advantages and disadvantages are common to all independent members. The difference in their expense is owing to this. The Gent. Commoner pays his Tutor 20 guineas per annum. The Commoner eight; the one stands to a higher ordaining [? ordinary] in the College Hall than the other by about £15 or £20 a year at the utmost, and the College fees are all more considerable to the former than the latter, so that the necessary differences in expense may be about £50 or £60 a year. But these are not the great sources of expense, it is the Cook's shop and the Coffee House (which are here in the nature of Taverns) that consume so large a sum of money; together with many other *Voluntary* extravagancies. These last it is the continual object of our governors to restrain, but to little purpose; all ranks of people give into such expenses, Commoners as well as Gentlemen Commoners. It so happens in this place that what is called the best company consists of the most expensive people, of those who entertain most and are most extravagant in their amusements. Whoever keeps their company is obliged to share in their expenses, let his gown be of what shape he pleases. I speak at present of Christ Church only. In short, it seems to be the general opinion that the difference of the expense of these orders, admitting that they live much together, consists chiefly in the difference of their necessary expense. This you must take along with you, that a young man is left to his own discretion as much in the one order as the other. There are, in fact, two different sorts of Commoner in this College, one that enjoys a considerable exhibition left to the natives of certain counties; the other, differing in nothing that I can distinguish from a Gent. Commoner, but in the necessary addition to the College fees which I have stated above.

My own situation was the most advantageous possible. I was elected from Westminster School in a capacity correspondent to a fellow in other colleges; which fashion has rendered one of the genteelest things in the University. Our order consists of 101 and is filled by the younger sons of people of fashion in a great degree; our College expenses are all paid by Queen Elizabeth, and a small balance divided among us. In this situation I partook of the advantages of both orders; and could keep the best company upon a smaller income than will be necessary for one of any other order, and still I spent little less than £200 a year. The £50 I state as the necessary expense added to this £200 will with common attention be a genteel allowance for any Gentleman; and as a

Commoner keeping the best company I really believe his expense will be full two hundred pounds a year; though many of that order live retiredly for the half of it; the expense of this place being regulated more by the company one keeps than by any other circumstance I know. . . .

Upon the whole the advantages and disadvantages are in this society common to both orders. The College expense differs in about £50 or £60 and a little more the first year. The unnecessary expense of the same set is nearly the same to every individual composing that set, the most reputable and genteelest is the most extravagant; in this set you would wish him to be, so that it is reduced to this, whether for the sake of an appearance somewhat genteeler, you would wish him to spend a third more than is absolutely necessary, from which he reaps no other benefit but that of dining with his old friends upon a better dinner, and having the use of a very fine library from which the Commoners are excluded.

In this College few people enter Commoners but such [as] are designed for a profession. In others it is more common. But if Christ Church is set aside, the College of all others the most attractive to its young members is University College, the Master an illiberal man, the tutor, I am informed, a very useful ingenious man. His name is Scott [afterwards Lord Stowell]. Ours being the largest Society affords of course a greater choice of company, which gives it a preference in the eyes of many over every other, especially for men of fortune.

The expense of a Commoner keeping the best company is certainly near £200, that of a Gent. Commoner at least £250.

Letter from Archibald Macdonald, brother of
Sir James Macdonald of Skye, to Hume.

Letters of Johnson, edited by G. Birkbeck Hill. Clarendon Press, 1892.

Scouts and Bedmakers

THE retainers in my establishment, at Christ Church, Oxford, were a scout and a bedmaker. My two mercenaries, having to do with a perfect greenhorn, laid in all the articles for me which I wanted, —wine, tea, sugar, coals, candles, bed and table linen,—with many useless *et cetera*, which they told me I wanted; charging me for everything full half more than they had paid, and then purloining from me full half of what they had sold. Each of these worthy characters, who were upon a regular salary, introduced an assistant (the first his wife, the second her husband), upon no salary at all; the auxiliaries demanding no further emolument than that which arose from their being the conjugal helpmates of the stipendiary despoilers.

Hence I soon discovered the policy of always employing a married scout and bedmaker, who are married to each other; for, since almost all the college menials are yoked in matrimony, this rule consolidates knavery and reduces your ménage to a couple of pilferers instead of four.

Your scout, it must be owned, is not an animal remarkable for sloth; and, when he considers the quantity of work he has to slur over, with small pay, among his multitude of masters, it serves, perhaps, as a salve to his conscience, for his petty larcenies. He undergoes the double toil of Boots at a well-frequented inn, and a waiter at Vauxhall, in a successful season. After coat-brushing, shoe-cleaning, and message-running in the morning, he has, upon an average, half-a-dozen supper parties to attend, in the same night, and at the same hour, shifting a plate here, drawing a cork there—running to and fro, from one set of chambers to another—and almost solving the Irishman's question of 'how can I be in two places at once, unless I was a bird?' A good and really honest drudge of this description is a phenomenon at Christ Church; and even then, his services are scarcely worth the purchase; he is so split into shares, that each of his numerous employers obtains in him something like the sixteenth of a twenty-pound prize in a lottery.

Random Records, by George Colman, 1830.

Trinity ἦθος

THE set of twelve scholars elected 1840-3 was famed in the University for a 'Trinity ἦθος,' which one of the survivors [Prebendary F. Meyrick] has defied as 'a combination of manliness and gentleness, spiritualised by a most true and abiding sense of religion. . . . Chiefly it resulted from our loyally accepting and realising the true idea of College life. We loved to regard each other, Fellows and Scholars, as members of one family, our Founder's; not as isolated individuals, who by superior cleverness had earned money prizes involving no duties and responsibilities, and creating no relations with others—we were a family of brothers, emulating not envying one another, gladly learning from each other, without jealousy one of another, and possessing for the time a common family character.'

Dean Church, who knew them well, speaks of a keen appreciation of scholarship and of accurate learning for its own sake, with a 'judicial and balanced thoughtfulness' as characteristic of his friends in Trinity, and Clough recalls their interest in æsthetic subjects in an allusion to the talk 'at Trinity wines about Gothic buildings and Beauty.'

Trinity College, by H. E. D. Blakiston. Hutchinson, 1898.

Newman in Trinity College

FISH, flesh, and fowl, beautiful salmon, haunches of mutton, lamb, etc., fine strong beer, served up in old pewter plates and misshapen earthenware jugs. Tell Mamma there were gooseberry, raspberry, and apricot pies. And in all this the joint did not go round, but there was such a profusion that scarcely two ate of the same. Neither do they sit according to their rank but as they happen to come in.

Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman. Longmans, 1891.

Trinity in 1841

THERE was probably no College in Oxford where Freeman would have found himself in such thoroughly congenial society as at Trinity. The Scholars of Trinity, twelve in number, were at this period [1841] generally distinguished by singular purity and simplicity of life, by a very high standard of religious thought and feeling, by a remarkable combination of manliness and refinement, and by a genuine love of learning for its own sake. They were, for the most part, excellent Greek and Latin scholars, and not a few of them gained the Ireland and Hertford Scholarships, the highest prizes for Greek and Latin learning which the University has to bestow. They were not always so successful in obtaining the highest honours in the Schools, as many of them disdained to adhere strictly to the course of study most necessary to that end and diverged into paths of their own choosing, some in the direction of theology, others of modern history or general literature or art and archæology. Most of the scholars were drawn more or less within the influence of the Tractarian Movement and touched by the magic spell of Newman's genius; nor indeed could the College ever forget that he had once belonged to it. . . . The scholars of Trinity had the reputation of being exceedingly High Churchmen and in politics they were generally strong Tories. They lived on terms of free and friendly intercourse with the younger Fellows of the College, while amongst themselves they formed a close brotherhood united by the bonds of common interests, tastes, and habits of life; and although many of them in later years drifted into opposite schools of opinion, both political and religious, yet in most instances the tie of friendship formed in the old happy Oxford days survived all differences. . . . 'Religion,' writes the Rev. F. Meyrick, 'was recognised by all as having a right to the dominant control over our acts, words, and thoughts. Never once during my undergraduate career did I hear an oath from one of the Trinity set; never once did I hear a word uttered or a subject discussed, which might not have been spoken or discussed in a lady's drawing-room. Never once did I see one of the set the worse for wine; never did I know one of them commit any of

these transgressions of the rules of morality or of College discipline which are young men's temptations.'

As a rule, to which there were few exceptions, they all attended College Chapel twice daily, at 7.30 in the morning and at 5 in the evening. During the season of Lent some were in the habit of breakfasting before Chapel and withdrew from dinner in Hall on Wednesdays as well as Fridays. Many also attended the weekly celebrations of Holy Communion which were instituted at St. Mary's by Newman on Sunday mornings at 7 o'clock.

Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman,
by W. R. W. Stephens, Dean of Winchester. Macmillan, 1895.

Leeks at Jesus

Up to quite recent years—I do not know whether it was a primæval institution—a green leek was attached to the tassel of the College cap of every member of the College on the morning of St. David's Day by his servant. With this appendage he was supposed to go to chapel and to lecture, while the more patriotic Welshmen would even display this mark of their nationality in the High. It is to be regretted that this custom has almost disappeared, entirely I believe, among the Welsh members of the College, though a gallant attempt is from time to time made by some of the foreign element to revive it. When I was a Probation Fellow twenty-five years ago the custom was universal. . . .

Another custom, not as far as I can discover a very ancient one, connected with the Welsh traditions of the College, is that of having a Welsh service in the chapel twice a week. At one time a Welsh Reader was one of the regular College officers, whose duty it was not only to hold these services, but to give instruction in Welsh to those members of the College who desired it. Since the abolition of Tests, the members of the Welsh Church have perhaps ceased to be a majority in the College, and partly owing to this, partly perhaps to the establishment of the Celtic Professorship, the office of Welsh Reader was not continued by the Second Commission. The services in the chapel, however, were continued by Llewelyn Thomas till his death in 1897, as a labour of love, and since his death the College has taken the first opportunity of again providing for these services; but naturally their continuation must depend on how far they are appreciated by the Welsh members of the College. It has already been pointed out that at the present time there are over thirty who can and do speak the language.[1]

Jesus College, by E. G. Hardy. Hutchinson, 1899.

[1] The number of undergraduates actually in residence [1899] is about eighty, of whom forty-four are Welshmen.

Pembroke in the Time of the Commonwealth

I was not, I bless God! all this time I continued in the University, negligent of my precious soul, neither did I forget my God, but took proper and competent time for my discharge of secret duties. I constantly attended upon Chappel Devotions, spent a great deal of time in reading of practical writings and examining myself by them. I frequented Dr. Conant's Lectures on Fridays in the morning, and Dr. Harris's Catechetical Lecture on Tuesdays, which that excellent and grave Divine read in his Catechising of young lads. I also attended on the Lecture of the Canons of Christ's Church, on Thursdays, in their own Chappel. So that I thank my God from the Bottom of my heart that I went to Oxford when there were so many Sermons preach'd, and so many excellent orthodox, and practical Divines, to preach them.

We had also many very good Sermons preach'd at St. Mary's, by the Doctors and Masters of Arts. Then Religion was in its Glory in the University, and was a Qualification for respect and advancement. Most of our Halls and Colleges had religious Governours; so had ours [Pembroke], who was Dr. Langley, a person greatly favouring and encouraging such as lived in the Fear of God. He frequently administered the Lord's Supper to a select number of his collegiates. . . . In our College-Hall every Lord's Day in the Evening before Supper, we had a repetition of Sermons and solemn Prayer, by the Vice-President, or some one or other of the Fellows. By which means the College was kept in very good order on that day. Beside which, after Supper, all Collegiate Duties having been dispatch'd, three or four hopeful religious lads came to my chamber; and with them I was wont to repeat and pray.

But when King Charles II. came in, and a change was made in the University and our Doctor turn'd out, all Repetitions in the Hall were put down, and my private one in my chamber could not be endured, neither could these few young men be permitted to come near me. A Reformation this, which did not well deserve that name!

Life of the Rev. George Trosse, 1714.

Pembroke Gawdy

Nov. 1, 1721.—A Great Gawdy this day in Pembroke College when the Master dined in Publick and Mr. Beale, Mr. Clayton, etc., went round the Fire in the Hall (an ancient custom the Juniors are obliged to comply with).

Nov. 5.—Mr. Francis Peyne, Batch. of Arts, made an Oration in Pembroke Hall suitable to the Day.

Nov. 17.—Brought an Essay on Pride to Dr. Panting, who then desired me to declaim publickly in the Hall on the following Thesis, 'Virtutem amplectimur ipsam praemia si tollas.'

'Diary of Erasmus Philipps,' *Notes and Queries*, 1860.

Pembroke in 1736

THE young people of the college [Pembroke] at that time, were divided into different small associations according to their different tastes and pursuits. Having been elected from a public school, and brought with me the character of a tolerably good Grecian, I was invited by a very worthy person, now living, to a very sober little party who amused themselves in the evening with reading Greek and drinking water. Here I continued six months, and we read over Theophrastus, Epictetus, Phalaris's Epistles, and such other Greek authors as are seldom read at school. But I was at length seduced from this mortified symposium to a very different party, a set of jolly, sprightly young fellows, most of them West-country lads, who drank ale, smoked tobacco, punned, and sung bacchanalian catches the whole evening. . . . I own with shame that being then not seventeen, I was so far captivated with the social disposition of these young people (many of whom were ingenious lads and good scholars) that I began to think them the only wise men, and to have a contempt for every degree of temperance and sobriety. Some gentlemen-commoners, however, who considered the above-mentioned a very low company (chiefly on account of the liquor they drank) good-naturedly invited me to their party; they treated me with port wine and arrack-punch; and now and then when they had drunk so much as hardly to distinguish wine from water, they would conclude with a bottle or two of claret. They kept late hours, drank their favourite toasts on their knees, and in short were what were then called 'bucks of the first head.' This was deemed good company and high life; but it neither suited my taste, my fortune, or my constitution.

There was, besides, a sort of flying squadron of plain, sensible, matter-of-fact men, confined to no club, but associating with each party. They anxiously enquired after the news of the day and the politics of the times. They had come to the University on their way to the Temple, or to get a slight smattering of the sciences before they settled in the country. They were a good sort of young people, and perhaps the most rational of the college.

Recollections of Shenstone, by Rev. Richard Graves, 1788.

Pembroke revisited

WHEN Johnson came to Oxford in 1754, the long vacation was beginning, and most people were leaving the place. This was the first time of his being there, after quitting the University. The next morning after his arrival, he wished to see his old College, Pembroke. I went with him. He was highly pleased to find all the College servants which he had left there still remaining, particularly a very old butler; and expressed great satisfaction at being

recognised by them, and conversed with them familiarly. He waited on the master, Dr. Radcliffe, who received him very coldly. Johnson at least expected that the master would order a copy of his *Dictionary*, now near publication; but the master did not choose to talk on the subject, never asked Johnson to dine, nor even to visit him while he stayed at Oxford. After we had left the lodgings, Johnson said to me, '*There* lives a man, who lives by the revenues of literature, and will not move a finger to support it. If I come to live at Oxford, I shall take up my abode at Trinity.' We then called on the Reverend Mr. Meeke, one of the fellows, and of Johnson's standing. Here was a most cordial greeting on both sides. On leaving him, Johnson said, 'I used to think Meeke had excellent parts, when we were boys together at the College: but, alas!

"Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!"

I remember, at the classical lecture in the Hall, I could not bear Meeke's superiority, and I tried to sit as far from him as I could, that I might not hear him construe.'

As we were leaving the College, he said, 'Here I translated Pope's Messiah. Which do you think is the best line in it?—My own favourite is,

"*Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica nubes.*"'

I told him I thought it a very sonorous hexameter. I did not tell him it was not in the Virgilian style. He much regretted that his *first* tutor was dead; for whom he seemed to retain the greatest regard. He said, 'I once had been a whole morning sliding in Christ-Church Meadow, and missed his lecture in logick. After dinner, he sent for me to his room. I expected a sharp rebuke for my idleness, and went with a beating heart. When we were seated, he told me he had sent for me to drink a glass of wine with him, and to tell me, he was *not* angry with me for missing his lecture. This was, in fact, a most severe reprimand. Some more of the boys were then sent for, and we spent a very pleasant afternoon.' Besides Mr. Meeke, there was only one other Fellow of Pembroke now resident: from both of whom Johnson received the greatest civilities during this visit, and they pressed him very much to have a room in the College.

In the course of this visit (1754), Johnson and I walked, three or four times, to Ellsfield, a village beautifully situated about three miles from Oxford, to see Mr. Wise, Radclivian librarian, with whom Johnson was much pleased. . . . One day Mr. Wise read to us a dissertation which he was preparing for the press, intitled,

'A History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages.' Some old divinities of Thrace, related to the Titans, and called the CABIRI, made a very important part of the theory of this piece; and in conversation afterwards, Mr. Wise talked much of his CABIRI. As we returned to Oxford in the evening, I out-walked Johnson, and he cried out *Sufflamina*, a Latin word which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say, *Put on your drag chain.* Before we got home, I again walked too fast for him; and he now cried out, 'Why, you walk as if you were pursued by all the CABIRI in a body.' In an evening, we frequently took long walks from Oxford into the country, returning to supper. Once, in our way home, we viewed the ruins of the abbies of Oseney and Rewley, near Oxford. After at least half an hour's silence, Johnson said, 'I viewed them with indignation!' We had then a long conversation on Gothick buildings; and in talking of the form of old halls, he said, 'In these halls, the fireplace was anciently always in the middle of the room, till the Whigs removed it on one side.' —About this time there had been an execution of two or three criminals at Oxford on a Monday. Soon afterwards, one day at dinner, I was saying that Mr. Swinton, the chaplain of the gaol, and also a frequent preacher before the University, a learned man, but often thoughtless and absent, preached the condemnation-sermon on repentance, before the convicts, on the preceding day, Sunday; and that in the close he told his audience, that he should give them the remainder of what he had to say on the subject the next Lord's Day. Upon which, one of our company, a Doctor of Divinity, and a plain, matter-of-fact man, by way of offering an apology for Mr. Swinton, gravely remarked that he had probably preached the same sermon before the University: 'Yes, sir (says Johnson), but the University were not to be hanged the next morning.'

Thomas Warton *ap.* Boswell's *Johnson.*

Johnson's Love of Pembroke

I DO not find that Johnson formed any close intimacies with his fellow collegians. But Dr. Adams told me that he contracted a love and regard for Pembroke College which he retained to the last. A short time before his death he sent to that college a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library; and he had thoughts of leaving to it his house at Lichfield; but his friends who were about him very properly dissuaded him from it, and he bequeathed it to some poor relations. He took pleasure in boasting of many eminent men who had been educated at Pembroke. Being himself a poet, Johnson was peculiarly happy in mentioning

how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets; adding, with a smile of sportive triumph, 'Sir, we are a nest of singing birds.'

He was not, however, blind to what he thought the defects of his own College: and I have, from the information of Dr. Taylor, a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which he ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's consent to be entered at Pembroke, that he might be with his school-fellow, Johnson, with whom, though some years older than himself, he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he could not, in conscience, suffer him to enter where he knew he could not have an able tutor. He then made enquiry all round the University, and having found that Mr. Bateman of Christ Church was the tutor of highest reputation, Taylor was entered of that College. Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. How must we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel Johnson!

Boswell's *Johnson*.

Scots Fallacies

Mr. Carlyle has of course made more than one pathetic picture of Johnson at Oxford, and painted with his own inimitable colours. I think these pathetic pictures are all pathetic fallacies, but one must discuss with respect what one man of genius says of another. The first passage refers to Johnson's food, suggesting that he went hungry. 'Meat,' says Carlyle, 'he has probably little.' The Rev. Doctor Hall (the Master of Pembroke forty years ago) remarks, 'As far as we can judge from a cursory view of the weekly account in the buttery books, Johnson appears to have lived as well as other commoners and scholars.' 'Alas!' continues Carlyle plaintively, 'such cursory view of the buttery books now from the safe distance of a century in the safe Chair of a College Mastership is one thing; the continued view of the empty or locked buttery itself was quite a different thing.' This passage makes me doubt whether Carlyle knew what a buttery was or is. I doubt whether the buttery at Pembroke has ever been empty since the College was founded. The place where all the bread and butter and beer is given out for the College is never likely to be empty. If it were, more people than Johnson would have had

something to say to it. And again, what is the meaning of the 'locked buttery'? The buttery is locked up at certain times to all, and is open at certain times to all the College. It would never be locked to Johnson when it was not locked to any one else. I should have thought the most moving picture to draw would have been the picture of an open buttery with Johnson looking at it wistfully, unable to buy either bread or butter or beer. But the whole thing is quite absurd, and is based on Carlyle's ignorance of Oxford. Oxford Colleges don't allow young men to remain with them and starve. Bills made up from the buttery books which Carlyle despises, are delivered to the men once a week, and the College, when an undergraduate comes up, has security in the shape of 'caution money,' which has to be deposited. We know that Johnson's caution money of £7 was still in the hands of the College in 1740, having been set against £7 worth of 'battels,' or charges for food supplied to Johnson. And as the College books record what Johnson paid for, we may assume that he ate what he paid for. I should have thought that these buttery books were absolutely conclusive evidence that Johnson lived like other people. In fact, in a College it is very difficult to do otherwise. It is surprising how little the necessary expenses of an undergraduate can be made to vary.

Mr. Carlyle's next picture refers to the celebrated incident of the shoes. 'One always remembers,' says Carlyle, 'that story of the shoes at Oxford; the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned College servitor stalking about in winter season with his shoes worn out; how the charitable gentleman-commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the raw-boned servitor lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts—pitches them out of window.' Dr. Hill has pointed out that Johnson was never a servitor, and that both the gentleman-commoner and the window are apocryphal and merely pictorial. But I am rather concerned to question the tone of the picture altogether. I don't think Carlyle has got it right. No doubt a shy, self-conscious Scotch student might have acted the same as Carlyle suggests, partly being rather sorry for himself, and partly inclined to bring in the theatrical touch. But the man who made other boys' backs his carriage when a boy, who did not allow the other men at Pembroke to say prodigious, and who kept them lounging in the gateway to hear him talk, was cast in another mould; and I believe that if he thought anything about the matter his thought was: 'Who dares to offer me shoes?' We know what he said to Lord Chesterfield's emissary, who avowed that if he had had the means, he would

have settled £500 a year upon the lexicographer: 'And who are you to talk thus liberally?' 'I am,' said he, 'Sir Thomas Robinson, a Yorkshire baronet.' 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'if the first peer of the realm were to make me such an offer, I would show him the way downstairs.' I think the shoes went the way the Duke would have gone. There was no mawkish sentiment in Johnson's pride of poverty.

Gentleman's Magazine, July 1906.

A 'Sea-green' Freshman

CARLYLE's third effort in pathos is as follows: 'At College we see little of him; yet thus much that things were not well. A rugged wild man of the desert, awakened to the feeling of himself; proud as the proudest, poor as the poorest; stoically shut up, silently enduring the incurable; what a world of blackest gloom, with sun-gleams and pale tearful moon-gleams and flickerings of a celestial and an infernal splendour, was this that now opened for him! His muddy features grow of a purple and sea-green colour, a flood of black indignation mantling beneath.' One does not like to say disagreeable things about such a great man as Carlyle. But there is something almost offensive about this patronising declamation. What would Johnson have said if he had been told that a Scotchman had described his face as muddy, and then purple and sea-green? And what sort of truth is there in the picture? The central idea is in the sentence, 'stoically shut up, silently enduring the incurable.' What does Dr. Adams of Pembroke say? 'Johnson while at Pembroke was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicksome fellow, and passed there the happiest part of his life.' What is Johnson's comment on this? 'Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and authority.' Sad words and strong words, but words which could never have been uttered by the rainbow-coloured savage of Carlyle's pantomime.

Gentleman's Magazine, July 1906.

His old Rooms at Pembroke

WHEN Mr. Fowler [librarian of the Union Society in 1837] entered Pembroke as Exhibitioner in 1833, an old superannuated porter of the College was alive, who told him that on Dr. Johnson's last visit to Pembroke in 1784 he had expressed a wish to see his old rooms again, but that, being then unwieldy, asthmatic, and infirm, he was obliged to invoke the aid of the janitor, who lived at the bottom of the narrow stair, to push him up it from behind.

Pembroke College, by D. Macleane. Hutchinson, 1900.

A Pembroke Vice-Chancellor

Dr. Hall, Master of Pembroke College, on his being admitted Vice-Chancellor (in 1820), gloried not a little (in his Latin admission-speech) as being 'primus, qui *fasces* in Collegium suum introduxerat,' *i.e.* the first Vice-Chancellor whom Pembroke had produced. Indeed it had not, since its foundation in 1624, figured much in the University annals; sharing, perhaps, in the difficulties which seem to have attended ambitious Halls, which aspired to become Colleges. Of late years, indeed, it has effectually recovered from the possible effects of such a transition-state, and has grown in size, and still more in reputation, into one of our most successful and influential societies. But to return to Dr. Hall, as Vice-Chancellor; he held the office the full time (four years) and glided through it so quietly (at the same time most amiably and considerately) that my memory (as in the case of Dr. Lee) brings back to me *nothing particular* of his administration. He had an interesting family, and the close of his Vice-Chancellorship seemed to be hailed by him as a happy restoration to a fuller enjoyment of domestic quiet and Collegiate duties.

Recollections of Oxford, by G. V. Cox.

Wadham's Whiggism

Wadham was undoubtedly a Whig College; it shared this honour (or dishonour) with All Souls', Exeter, and Merton. A permanent memorial of this phase of opinion is furnished by the portraits of William iii. and George i., which hang in the College hall; no other College certainly has both these kings among its pictures, nor do I know of any that has even one of them.

Wadham College, by J. Wells. Hutchinson, 1898.

Worcester, near Oxford

The chief characteristic of the life of the College may be described by the Aristotelian term αὐτάρκεια. To a marvellous extent it finds itself and its own society sufficient for itself. The remote position of the College has always had an influence on its history. In the seventeenth century when the grace for his degree was asked for Matthew Griffith, his absence from St. Mary's was excused on the ground that 'ob distantiam loci et contrarios ventos campanae sonitus audiri non potuit.'

At a later date this remoteness earned for the College the name of 'Botany Bay.' . . . That name has fortunately disappeared, unfortunately to be replaced in recent years by one less euphonious and less reasonable. But the facts which gave it the name are still in existence. The Worcester undergraduate hardly participates at all in anything except the athletic life of Oxford. It has had only

three officers in the Union Society in the ninety years the Society has existed. . . . Its absence in the political, literary, and social clubs of the University is quite as conspicuous, and it takes almost as little part in the struggle for the intellectual honour of the University, though its position in the class lists is nearly always respectable, and often honourable.

It certainly compensates for these disadvantages—if disadvantages they are to be called—in a strong sense of corporate unity. A small college that is self-centred is necessarily social, and Worcester has probably surpassed all other colleges in the number and variety of its institutions. At times its clubs have seemed to be almost as numerous as its members. There have been wine clubs, breakfast clubs, literary clubs, debating clubs, socialist clubs, individualist clubs, church clubs, and aesthetic clubs, within the very short memory of the present writer. It has had clubs called after all the literary heroes the College has produced. It has had a club named after its founder; it has had clubs named after philosophers of antiquity; and not satisfied with these it has had recourse to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, and the days of the week to typify the infinite variety of its social life.

Worcester College, by C. H. O. Daniel and W. R. Barker. Hutchinson, 1900.[1]

[1] Worcester began as Gloucester College, dating from 1283. Originally an assemblage of hostels for students from the greater Benedictine monasteries, it naturally decayed after the dissolution. From 1541 it lay derelict till 1560 when it was bought by Sir Thomas White of St. John's and became Gloucester Hall. At first it was a common lodging-house frequented by Roman Catholics, but Philip Stubbes the Puritan author of the *Anatomie of Abuses*, was also an inmate. Degory Wheare, principal in 1626, raised the character of the place, and the names of Lovelace, Catesby, Coryate and Kenelm Digby appear as members, and Thomas Allen a reputed Wizard and successor of Friar Bacon. During the Commonwealth the Hall rapidly declined. In 1678 it was almost deserted, and in 1692, Woodroffe, the then principal, endeavoured to constitute it a college for the education of Greek youths in connection with a scheme for the reunion of Christendom, but this scheme miscarried, and, after long and troublesome negotiation, the Hall became Worcester College by Charter in 1698 on the endowment by Sir Thomas Cookes.

Before the formation of Beaumont St., Worcester was curiously remote and its history uneventful. Amongst its more distinguished members are De Quincey, Francis Newman, Bonamy Price, Henry Kingsley, and H. O. Coxe. Richard Greswell, fellow and tutor, laid out the beautiful gardens, drained Port Meadow, and was largely responsible for Gladstone's parliamentary connection with the University. The hall and chapel have been well restored, and the formation of cricket and tennis grounds adjoining the garden have added greatly to the attractions of the College.

(Note kindly supplied by Mr. W. G. Waters.)

The Tavern

BUILT on a site called 'The Seven Deadly Sins,' the tavern opened her Lais-like arms to the most desperate refugees and offered the hope of redemption and a degree to the most criminal of statute-breakers. It was her only means of subsistence, for she has never been popular. . . . There was no quadrangle and only one room for the Hall and the Chapel, and at times when suppers were kept up very late, the one scout who combined the offices of porter, shoeblack, messenger, chapel-man, and probably Bible-clerk, would come in at five or six in the morning and say, 'Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you, but I must open the windows to let out the smoke, for chapel will be at eight this morning.'

Choice dinners, gentlemanly wines, a superb indifference to discipline, once distinguished the Halls, before their days of the decadence. . . . Now they say the cook at Skimmery, a mute inglorious Vatel of Oxford, is meditating suicide, and the butler who used to pocket £800 a year is actually dunning his old customers.

Almae Matres, by Megathym Splene, B.A., Oxon. Hogg, 1859.

College Plate

ONE of the oldest and choicest specimens of Oxford Plate is the famous gilt-mounted horn at Queen's College presented by the Founder, which is possibly the finest, as well as the oldest, drinking vessel of the kind in England. Then we have the curious Giant Salt at All Souls', the Warden's Grace Cup (1480), and Hill Salt at New College, and the splendid cups of C. C. C. But perhaps the most beautiful and notable of early specimens among the Oxford Colleges are the croziers of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester from 1367 to 1404, and of Foxe, Bishop of Exeter 1487, and subsequently of Winchester 1501 to 1528, bequeathed by them to the Colleges which they had respectively founded. No illustration can do justice to these croziers, which are unsurpassed in this or probably any country. Bishop Waynflete's crozier also was preserved at Magdalen College until 1646, when it was abstracted by a messager of the House of Lords, and the College never recovered it in spite of several efforts after the Restoration.

Other famous items of Oxford Plate are the Kyrle Tankard (1669), and Sanderson Chalice (1515), at Balliol; the Monkey Salt and Ambassadors' Cup (1680), at New College; the cup of the Restored Fellows (1660), at Magdalen; the Steeple Cup (1610), at B. N. C.; Dr. Kettell's Cup at Trinity, the Wadham Porringer, Pakington's Cup at St. John's, the Mazers[1] at Oriel and All Souls'.

Oxford Plate, by H. C. Moffat. Constable, 1904.

Ladies' College

Every Saturday the head of Somerville—the most important of the three ladies' colleges—held a reception, assisted by her pupils. From the moment of my entry my astonishment was only equalled by the surprise I had felt in first seeing one of the Oxford palaces; there was the same impression of happiness and comfort. No barrack-like *lycées*, no grated convent, but villas covered with creepers and separated by flower-decked lawns. Graceful young girls walked to and fro in the gardens. The modern ideal is to give to women an education as solid as that of young men, but, in order to counteract the masculine tendencies which such an education might engender, to convert the College into a home as beautiful as it is happy. . . .

The lady student who showed me over Somerville Hall hardly troubled to conceal the disdain my astonishment caused her. As we went up a delightful staircase she asked me who was the most famous French geometrician. I stammered out the name of M. Poincaré, but admitted a categorical ignorance. My guide's disdain became more marked. After showing me one or two rooms, regular nests covered with rugs and hangings, strewn with pictures and artistic objects, the student handed me over to the care of one of her friends, who hastened to speak to me about the chief manuscript of the 'Chanson de Roland.' I made my escape, sufficiently dumbfounded, but deeply interested by all I had seen.

Souvenirs d'Oxford, par Jacques Bardoux, 1899.

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[1] One of the oldest and also the simplest and plainest of the ancient mazer bowls is to be seen at All Souls', where a unique complete set of these bowls is preserved. Antiquaries have busied themselves to collect every possible note relating to these curious vessels, used in early England for drinking and also for domestic purposes. Doubt has been raised both as to their use, and as to their name. But there can be little question that the word mazer is derived from the Flemish *maeser*, which means a knot of the maple-tree. They are made out of veined maple-wood. Cf. Cripps, *College and Corporation Plate*, 1881.

OXONIANA: ODDS AND ENDS

Oxoniana

Academical Dress.
Alehouses.
Assize of Bread and Ale.
Batels.
Bell-ringing.
Bicycling.
Bidding Prayer.
Bocardo.
Boxing.
Caricatures.
Clericus (the term as applied to any Oxford Scholar).
Drunken habits (*temp.* Charles II.).
Facetiae.
Fairs.
Famines.
Floods.
Horse-Racing.
Language (University Slang).
Mythical History.
Old Lanes.
Pig market.
Plagues.
Play-Acting (The Vice and Strolling Players).
Proclamation by Vice-Chancellor against wearing wigs.
Reasons why a B.A. at All Souls' cannot be M.A. under 4 years standing.
Ratting.
Riots.
Scholars (a proposal to elect them by lot).
Servitors.
Smoking.
Terrae Filius.
Toshers.
Town and Gown.
Wines.

Subjects indexed in F. Madan's MS. Materials relating to *History of Oxford*, 1887.

Burton's Epitaph in the Cathedral

Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus
Hic jacet
Democritus Junior
Cui vitam dedit et mortem
Melancholia.[1]

Mediæval Latin

It is not easy for us to conceive what the difficulty must have been in acquiring and teaching [in the mediæval university] what was

[1] I have always thought the most fortunate man in the history of English letters to be Robert Burton; for he lived all his days in Oxford and he wrote the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Professor Saintsbury
(Introduction to Whittaker's *Sights and Scenes in Oxford City*).

taught of the Latin language without books. The Master lecturing, or, as we should say, giving the lesson, had of course a book, or portion of one, from which to dictate to the boys; the latter had none, the instruction was wholly oral. Without dictionaries or grammars, and in their Halls and Inns, crowded together as they certainly were without privacy or necessary quiet for preparation, it is difficult to conceive what must have been the discomfort, or worse, of the poor scholar in the long dark evenings of the autumn and winter terms, and what the labour of instruction during the hours of daylight. And it will be remembered that the Latin to be acquired was never considered at this time as an exercise of scholarship, a means to a cultured style, a classical education, but as a language, first for current use in disputations, chiefly logical and theological; and for those who, after attaining the M.A. degree, proceeded to the higher steps, as an instrument for opening the treasures of a student's life, and moving freely in a literature of which such Latin was the only source.

Epistolae Academicae Oxon. (1421-1509), ed. by Rev. Henry Anstey. Oxford Historical Society, 1898.

Scholarship Jobbing

THEODORUS.—Be there not universities, colleges and free schools, where youth may be brought up in learning *Gratis* without any charges to their parents?

AMPHILOGUS.—There are such places indeed. But alas they are abused and perverted to other ends than was intended. . . . For whereas these places had great livings, rents, revenues and possessions given them, it was to this only end and purpose, that these poore children whose parents were not able otherwise to maintaine them at learning, should be brought up upon the charges of the house. But now we see the contrarie is true, and whereas they were given to maintain none but the poore only, now they maintaine none but the rich onely. For except one be able to give the regent or provost of the house a peece of mony, ten pound, twentie pound, fortie pound, yea, a hundred pound, a yoke of fatte oxen, or a couple of fine geldings, or the like, though he be never so toward a youth, nor have never so much need of maintenance, yet he comes not there I warrant him.

Philip Stubbes, *The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583.

From Sparta to Capua

OFTEN have I wondered whether a Spartan system be really well for youths who are bound mostly for Capuan Universities. It is true, certainly, that this system makes Oxford or Cambridge doubly delectable. Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense

which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford or Cambridge. And the discipline to which they are subject is so slight that it does but serve to accentuate their real freedom. The sudden reaction is rather dangerous, I think, to many of them.

Max Beerbohm, 'Going Back to School,' in *More*. Lane, 1899.

All that glitters is not gold

THE world at large, who hear of colleges like palaces devoted to learning, of princely estates bequeathed for the support of professors, of public libraries and schools for every science, are disposed to view the consecrated place in which they abound with peculiar veneration. Accidental visitors also, who behold the superb dining-halls, the painted chapels, the luxurious common rooms, the elegant chambers, and a race of mortals, in a peculiar dress, strutting through the streets with a solemn air of importance, when they see all the doctors, both the proctors, with all the heads of colleges and halls, in solemn procession, with all their velvet sleeves, scarlet gowns, hoods, black, red and purple—cannot but be struck with the appearance, and are naturally led to conclude, that here, at length, wisdom, science, learning and whatever else is praiseworthy, for ever flourish and abound.

Without entering into an invidious and particular examination of the subject we may cursorily observe, that after all this pompous ostentation and this profuse expense, the public has not, of late at least, been indebted for the greatest improvements in science and learning, to all the doctors, both the proctors, nor to all the heads of colleges and halls laid together. That populous university, London, and that region of literary labour, Scotland, have seized every palm of literary honour and left the sons of Oxford and Cambridge to enjoy substantial comforts in the smoke of the common or combination room. The bursar's books are the only manuscripts of any value produced in many colleges: and the sweets of pensions, exhibitions, fines, fellowships and petty offices, the chief objects of academical pursuit.

Essays, Moral and Literary, by Vicesimus Knox, 1782.

Slymaker, no 'tis Lyemaker

I CANNOT forget a story that Robert Skinner, lord bishop of Oxford, has told us:—One Slymaker, a fellow of this College long since, a fellow of great impudence, and little learning—the fashion was in those dayes to goe, every Satterday night (I thinke), to Joseph Barnes' shop, the bookseller (opposite to the west end of St. Mary's), where the newes was brought from London, etc.—this impudent clowne would alwayes be hearkning to people's

whisperings and overlooking their letters, that he was much taken notice of. Sir Isaac Wake, who was a very witty man, was resolved he would putt a trick upon him, and understood that such a Sunday Slymaker was to preach at St. Mary's. So Sir Isaac, the Saterday before, reades a very formall lettre to some person of quality, that Cardinal Baronius was turned Protestant, and was marching with an army of 40,000 men against the Pope. Slymaker hearkned with greedy eares, and the next day in his prayer before his sermon beseeched God 'of his infinite mercy and goodnesse to give a blessing to the army of cardinall Baronius, who was turned Protestant, and now marching with an army of forty thousand men' and so runnes on: he had a stentorian voice, and thunderd it out. The auditors all stared and were amazed. . . . Abbot (afterwards bishop of Sarum) was then Vice-cancellor, and when Slymaker came out of the pulpit, sends for him, and asked his name: 'Slymaker,' sayd he; 'No,' sayd the Vice-canc., '*'tis Lyemaker.*'

Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Clarendon Press, 1898.

The University nod

THACKERAY describes a meeting between Pen and an 'Oxbridge' friend. They had met for the first time since they had been at the University together and given each other that exceedingly impertinent and amusing demi-nod of recognition, which is practised in England only; and only to perfection by University men—and which seems to say—'Confound you, what do you here!'

Thackeray's *Pendennis*.

Puseyism and Cigars

I AM but just returned from Oxford, where I spent ten days. The minds of the young men are perplexed with *Puseyismo y la Santa Iglesia Catholica y Romana*. That evil, and a tremendous habit of smoking cigars, seem to be the features of the place, and perplex the tutors and heads of colleges. . . . This Oxford is indeed changed since my time. The youths drink toast and water and fast on Wednesdays and Friday. They have somewhat of a priggish, macerated look; *der Puseyismus* has spread far among the rising generation of fellows of colleges. Pusey, the archheretic, has indeed the true Jesuit look. I sang an anthem out of his book and *with* him last Sunday, having been placed in a stall at Christ Church between him and Gaisford of Greek fame; but I have not yet joined Rome, being still rather of the school of the æsthetics than of the ascetics.

Letters of Richard Ford. Murray, 1905.

University Sermons

BEFORE I came to be a tutour, curiosity and a natural share of thoughtfulness made me observe the tempers of the youth of the

university, such as either necessity or accident had brought me acquainted with, and I found one too common an humour, which from the beginning I did lament, foreseeing even then a very unhappy consequence of it. You should see young gentlemen mighty forward to hasten to St. Mary's, and happy the man who could get the foremost place in the gallery; but if the preacher who came up did not please either with his looks, his voice, his text, or any whimsey else, immediately a great bustling to get out; neighbours of each side disturbed to make the gentleman room (who sometimes drags half a score along with him) especially if he had a pointed band and a silk suit and kept a brace of geldings. Well when they had fought their way out into the streets, they were for venturing their fortunes at another church; but there the minister was practical, dull and plain, and being uncertain what to doe, it being not yet dinner time, they resolved to stumble in at one holy threshold more, and what with staring about on the auditours, talking aloud of, and censuring the preacher, they made a hard shift to hold out till the little greezy bells began to ring to veal and mutton, and then by the modest admonition of going out, put the minister in the mind of being civil to the rest of the hearers. Coming home they talk as big as bull beef of each man they heard, though if you ask the very text (alas!), he talked so low they could never remember that.

Penton's *Guardian's Instruction*, 1688.

Excavations

THE ground in which it was proposed by the Architectural Society to trace out a bastion of the old city wall was an oblong space between the Sheldonian and the Lady Chapel. The Sheldonian on the left, Hertford on the right and the quadrangle of the Old Schools behind. . . . Think of the tales the stones we uncovered could tell. To go back no further than the middle of the 16th century, on the walls of this bastion, which we have unearthed, may have stood a crowd, watching the thick cloud of smoke, rising from the City ditch, where, not four hundred yards away, Ridley and Latimer were gasping out their lives in defence of the Protestant faith.

Here, too, while the bells of St. Mary's and Carfax clang out the good tidings, Town and Gown laid down, for the night at least, their old rivalries, and tossed caps, and drank deep to the health of Queen Bess and her fleet, which had scattered like chaff the Spanish Armada.

Along these ramparts may have paced Charles the 1st, his brow knit, and his face darkened by those 'coming events which cast

their shadows before.' Here, half a century later, may have strolled Antony à Wood, the historian, just returned to Oxford on that Autumn evening, fretting and fuming, for only a few days ago his *magnum opus*, the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, the work of his life, had been consigned to the fire by 'the order of the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, Proctors and Masters, in Congregation assembled.'

Buried Oxford Unearthed, by Fraser H. Penny. Parker, 1899.

Dr. Johnson at High Table

My venerable friend, Dr. Fisher of the Charter-house . . . informs me (says Mr. Croker) that he was one of the party who dined with Dr. Johnson at University College, Oxford, in March, 1776. There were present, he says, Dr. Wetherell [the Master of the College], Johnson, Boswell, Coulson, Scott [Lord Stowell], Gwynn, Dr. Chandler the traveller, and Fisher, then a young Fellow of the College. He recollects one passage of the conversation at dinner:—Boswell quoted '*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*'; and asked where it was. After a pause Dr. Chandler said in Horace,—another pause; then Fisher remarked, that he knew no metre in Horace to which the words could be reduced: upon which Johnson said dictatorially 'the young man is right.' Dr. Fisher recollects another conversation during this visit to Oxford, when there was a Mr. Mortimer, a shallow, vulgar man, who had no sense of Johnson's superiority and talked a great deal of flippant nonsense. At last he said, that 'metaphysics were all stuff—nothing but vague words.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'do you know the meaning of the word metaphysics?' 'To be sure,' said the other. 'Then, Sir, you must know that two and two make four, is a metaphysical proposition.'—'I deny it,' rejoined Mortimer, ''tis an arithmetical one; I deny it utterly.' 'Why then, Sir,' said Johnson, 'if you deny that we arrive at that conclusion by a metaphysical process, I can only say, that *plus in unâ horâ unus asinus negabit, quam centum philosophi in centum annis probaverint.*'

Croker's *Boswell*.

Not Scholars but educated Men

We do not produce, and do not wish to produce, scholars, but educated men, furnished with so much of liberal culture as will enable them to win and to maintain their position in life and in society, or to succeed better in any practical pursuit in which they may engage.

Henry Nettleship.

Undergraduate Abbreviations

THE propensity of our Undergraduates to *abbreviate* all academic names and phrases (as well as their hours of study and their Commoners'-Gown) began to show itself about this period [1838]. 'Little-go,' the established but slang name for Responsions, was found too fatiguing, and so became 'Smalls.' The High Street, with all its beauty, was put upon short allowance, and became 'the High.' Of course, though somewhat later, Magna Vacatio became 'The Long,' and Moderations became Mods. By-the-bye, the term 'Moderations' is itself a misnomer; really and statutably it is 'The First Public Examination.' The Examiners for it being called Moderators (an old title connected with Disputations), the Examinations soon began to be called 'Moderations.' But altogether (without dwelling on the term Responsions and the probable reason for its adoption mentioned elsewhere) the nomenclature of our Examination system is clumsy and unfortunate; 'The *First* Public Examination' being really the *Second* (for is not what is called 'Little-go,' or Responsions, a bonâ-fide Examination?); and the *Second* or Final one (which, however, is not now the Final one) being really the Third. This abbreviating process being applied to venerable Colleges (for instance, 'New College' is shortened into a monosyllable—'Are you going to New?') it is no wonder that the Halls should suffer in similar way. I cannot bring myself to write the vulgarized form of St. Mary Hall.

Recollections of Oxford, by G. V. Cox, 1868.

St. John's *Gardens and Road*

I WALKED yesterday afternoon round St. John's gardens and found them, as they always are in spring time, almost an ideal of earthly Paradise,—the St. John's students also disporting themselves therein in games preparatory to the advent of the true fairies of Commemoration. But, the afternoon before, I had walked down St. John's Road, and, on emerging therefrom to cross the railway, found on my left hand a piece of waste ground, extremely characteristic of that with which we now always adorn the suburbs of our cities, and of which it can only be said that no demons could contrive, under the earth, a more uncomfortable and abominable place of misery for the condemned souls of dirty people, than Oxford thus allows the western light to shine upon—'nel aer dolce, che dal sol s'allegra.' For many a year I have now been telling you, and in the final words of this first course of lectures in which I have been permitted again to resume work among you, let me tell you once more, and, if possible, more vehemently, that neither sound art, policy, nor religion, can exist in England, until neglecting, if it must be, your own pleasure

gardens, pleasure chambers, you resolve that the streets which are the habitation of the poor, and the fields which are the playgrounds of their children, shall be again restored to the rule of the spirits, whosoever they are in earth, and heaven, that ordain, and reward, with constant and conscious felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure.

Ruskin, *The Art of England, Lectures given in Oxford.* George Allen, 1883.

Drawbacks of an Oxford career

To put it concisely Oxford is a luxury, a luxury in truth of so insistent a character that any one who has had the vivid pages of that chapter written into the volume of his existence cannot thereafter regard his biography as conceivable with these pages torn out, and that not merely on account of the friendships he has formed and cemented, the personal associations he has thus so variedly encountered, but because of a certain flavour that is thereby set upon the palate, a certain colouring, in the prismatic hues of which he never ceases henceforth to view the world, and above all a certain substance which Oxford communicates to the mind whereby its whole webb and woof is shot through and through with the silken threads of her philosophies. Yes, Oxford is a luxury, and like all luxuries exacts the payment of no paltry price, the equivalent of no inconsiderable sacrifice. The drawbacks of an Oxford career may be tabulated as follows :—

(1) It absorbs from three to four most critical and valuable years.

(2) It affords no direct practical compensation for the loss of those years.

(3) It engenders defects of character that are a handicap in the battle of the world.

The first two disabilities hang together, in fact all the disabilities hang together though they may be taken categorically.

It is clearly essential that any starter in the race of a career should as soon as possible get into his stride, or should at any rate submit himself as soon as posible to the training that is to prepare him for the track. The incipient competitor has no warrant for expending four years in marking time, no margin available for devoting so prolonged a period to unremunerative diversion. It is therefore entirely regrettable that Oxford fails to qualify for practically a single one of the professions that attend the aspirations of youth.

Montagu Wood in *National Review*, June 1909.

Oxoniana.

MEDLEY, or Midley, was the large house pleasantly situated by the

river between Oxford and Godstowe, to which nunnery it was affiliated. Here, it is said, came fair Rosamond with the nuns to make merry, and here came the others of whom Wither wrote in 1620:—

> In summer time to Medley
> My love and I would goe
> The boate-men there stood ready,
> My love and I to rowe;
> For creame there would we call,
> For cakes, for pruines too,
> But now alas she 's left me,
> Falero, lero, loo.

THE bells of Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were very famous: their several names were Douce, Clement, Austin, Hautclere, Gabriel and John.

Near old Windsor is a public house, vulgarly called the Bells of Bosely: this house was originally built for the accommodation of bargemen, and others navigating the river between London and Oxford. It has a sign of six bells, *i.e.*, the bells of Osney.

ARCHBISHOP WARHAM, Chancellor of the University, at his feast of enthronisation in 1503 bid the confectioners introduce a structure in which were exhibited the eight towers of Oxford. These were those of Merton, Magdalen, and New College, and the monastic towers of Osney, Rewley, and the Dominican, Augustinian and Franciscan Friars.

THERE were still some relics of the Oxford before the flood of Reform in 1860. Among them 'Mo' Griffith of Merton and Frowd of Corpus. Each was slightly *non compos*. Frowd, a fellow of Corpus, was annoyed at the trampling of grass under his window. He set a man-trap, and watching for the result, presently heard a scream, rushed down and found he had caught the Professor of Moral Philosophy. By way of penance he condemned himself to attendance at the Professor's lectures for the rest of the term.

Reminiscences, by Goldwin Smith.
Macmillan, 1910.

THE first Coffee House[1] in Oxford was opened in 1650 by Jacob a Jew at the Angel in the Parish of St. Peter in the East. In 1654 another Jew called Jobson, who was also a Jacobite, and was said to have been born near Mount Lebanon, sold 'Coffey in Oxon in an house between Edmund Hall and Queen's College Corner.'

[1] Cf. *In Praise of Oxford*, vol. i. p. 119; vol. ii. p. 383.

In 1655 Arthur Tillyard, apothecary, a great Royalist, sold coffee publicly in his house against All Souls' College, encouraged so to do by certain so-called virtuosi or wits of the honest party.

The venerable oak which stood at the entrance to the Water Walk, and nigh which the founder of Magdalen ordered his college to be built in 1448, fell on the 29th of June 1789 at about 4 o'clock in the morning. Out of the timber a handsome chair was made for the President.

During the Great Rebellion when the Oxford organs were sequestrated, that at Magdalen was ordered by Cromwell to be carefully conveyed to Hampton Court. It was there placed in the great gallery and one of Cromwell's pleasures was to hear it played. In 1660 it was returned to its original owners, and remained at Magdalen until 1737 when it was sold to Tewkesbury, where it now stands in the choir. It was built by John Harris, restored by his grandson, Renatus Harris, in 1690, when it was described as the best old organ in England, and the story is that in Cromwell's time it was played upon by John Milton.

When Henry VIII. debased the coinage by an alloy of copper it was a common remark or proverb 'the testons were gone to Oxford to study in Brasen Nose,' suggesting it would seem that the conscious tanners blushed for shame at the thought of their own corruption. So Jasper Heywood in his *Five Hundred Epigrams*:—

> 'Of testons 63,—
> Testons be gone to Oxford, God be their speed:
> To study in Brazen nose, there to proceede.'

Extract from Sir Thomas Bodley's first draught of the statutes of the public library, written with his own hand:—'Be it alwaies therefore provided, yat for ye greatr securitie of ye timber workes and bookes, no frequenter of ye place graduat or other, nor ye keeper himself or any deputie for him, upon any pretext or colr shall enter there by night, with a torche, linke, lampe, candel or other kind of fire light, upon paine of deprivation from his office for ever.'

In early times there were divers noted crosses up and down near Oxford. In the statutes of All Souls' the Warden and Fellows of that college are enjoined upon holy days to go in their statutable habits *usque ad crucem super pontem versus Eagle.*

Sir John Falstaff was a benefactor to Magdalen College. He bequeathed estates to that society, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior Demies. But this benefaction, in time, yielding no more than a penny a week to those who received the liveries, they were called by way of contempt, 'Fallstaff's buckram-men.'

There was no palace for the Bishop of Oxford before 1634. Laud says in his diary under date 2nd September 1635:—

'I was in attendance with the King at Woodstock, and went thence to Cudsden, to see the house which Dr. Jo. Bancroft, then Lord Bishop of Oxford, had there built to be a house for the Bishops of that see for ever, he having built that house at my persuasion.'

The palace was burned down by the Royalist Governor of Oxford in 1644, and rebuilt by Dr. Fell in 1680.

In the computus of the Bursars of Trinity College for 1631 the following article occurs:—

Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis. Scented gloves after the fashion of those sold by Autolycus, 'sweet as damask roses,' were annually given to college tenants and to guests of distinction, between 1573 and 1640, after which the practice of perfuming gloves fell into disuse.

The figures of Charles I. and his Queen in niches in the quadrangle of St. John's College were cast by Virgilio Fanelli, a Florentine; they were the gift of Archbishop Laud, and, like the statue at Charing Cross, were buried for security during the Civil War. In the library of the same college is a picture of Charles I. done with the pen, the lines of which contain all the Psalms in a legible hand.

The Oxford Almanac

The first Oxford Almanac was drawn up by Maurice Wheeler, one of the petty canons of Christ Church for 1673. It was adorned with hieroglyphic figures by Dean Aldrich. There was no almanac for 1675, but from 1676 the Almanac has appeared regularly. From 1676 to 1723 the engravings were mainly allegorical. From 1723 to 1725 the subjects are mainly historical or biographical. From 1752 onwards architecture and architectural history has supplied most of the subjects. Among the artists have been

Michael Burghers, George Vertue, Edward and Michael Rooker, E. Drayes, H. O'Neill, J. W. M. Turner, and Joseph Skelton.

Abridged from the Preface to *Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata*, 2nd ed. 1843.

Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head

FRIAR BACON is discovered in his cell, lying on a bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him; and the Brazen Head and Miles [his poor scholar] with weapons by him.

. . . . . .

BACON. Miles,
Thou know'st that I have divèd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneelèd at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And gird fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest;
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
. . . For ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glistre on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I 'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now for thy life,
Be watchful, and— [*Falls asleep.*]

MILES. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; . . . Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! . . . Now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber . . .

[*A great noise.*] Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bil in your hand; here 's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

THE BRAZEN HEAD. Time is.

MILES. Time is! Why, Master Brazen-head: is this all my master's cunning to spend seven years' study about 'Time is'? [*A great noise.*] Up, Miles; list how they rumble.

THE BRAZEN HEAD. Time was.

MILES. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, 'Time was.' Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen-Head . . . [*A great noise.*] What! a fresh noise? Take thy pistol in hand, Miles.

THE BRAZEN HEAD. Time is past.

[*A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears that breaks down the Head with a hammer.*]

MILES. Master, master, up! hell 's broken loose: your head speaks; and there 's such a thunder and lightning that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms.

[*Bacon rises and comes forward.*]

When spake the head?

MILES. When spake the head! did you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

BACON. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

MILES. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

BACON. As how?

MILES. Marry, sir, the first time he said, 'Time is,' as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounced a sentence; the second time he said 'Time was'; and the third time with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, 'Time is past.'

BACON. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:

My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—
Bacon,
The turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave,
That watch'd, and would not when the head did will.—

What said the head first?

MILES. Even, sir, 'Time is.'

BACON. Villain, if thou had'st call'd to Bacon then,
If thou had'st watch'd and wak'd the sleepy friar,

The Brazen Head had utter'd aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass:
But, proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match;
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast.
But now the braves of Bacon hath an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven yeares' practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.

Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay.*

A FRIEND of mine of great practical ability told me that Jowett has laid down for himself three rules of conduct. *Never retract. Never explain. Get it done and let them howl.*

Benjamin Jowett, by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Arnold, 1899.

Collections and Recollections

ROUTH'S deafness at ninety, increased by his wig, combined with his old-fashioned ultra-Oxford regard for rank, to produce a funny incident. A gentleman-commoner, son of a baronet, beyond measure extravagant and outrageous, was being reprimanded pretty sharply by his tutors at Collections. The President—who had been looking in another direction, lost in the reverie of old age—suddenly heard the sound of plangent voices. Turning round he saw a baronet's son on the opposite side of the table, and, taking it for granted that the tutors were paying him compliments, chimed in: 'I 'm very happy, Mr. B—— to hear what the tutors say of you. Pray tell Sir Charles, with my compliments, that you are a credit to your college.'

Adapted from Goldwin Smith's *Recollections.*

A Clerical Ale Cellar in 1782

MY companion stopped to take leave of me and said he should now go to his college. And I, said I, will seat myself for the night on this stone bench and await the morning, as it will be in vain for me, I imagine, to look for shelter in a house at this time of night. Seat yourself on a stone, said my companion, and shook his head. No, No! come along with me to a neighbouring ale-house where it is possible they mayn't be gone to bed, and we may yet find

company. . . . 'Twas then nearly twelve. They readily let us in, but how great was my astonishment when I saw a great number of clergymen all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My travelling companion introduced me to them as a German clergyman whom he could not sufficiently praise for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking. . . . In the course of conversation I gave them as good an account as I could of our German universities, neither denying nor concealing that now and then we had riots and disturbances.

'We are very unruly here, too,' said one of the clergymen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer and knocked on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused. One, Clerk, started objections to my travelling companion, whose name I found was Maud, and maintained as against him that it was said in the Bible that God was a wine-bibber. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent passion and declared that it was utterly impossible that any such passion could be found in the Bible. 'Waiter, fetch a Bible,' called out Mr. Clerk, and a great Family Bible was immediately brought in and opened on the table among the beer jugs. From Judges (ix. 13) Mr. Clerk then read, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man?'

Mr. Maud and his friend who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when all at once the spirit of revelation seemed to come on me, and I said, 'Why, gentlemen, you must be sensible that this is but an allegorical expression.'

'Why, yes, to be sure,' said Mr. Maud, 'it is an allegorical expression; nothing can be more clear.' And now they in their turn triumphed over poor Clerk, and drank large draughts to my health in strong ale. At last, when morning drew near, Mr. Maud suddenly exclaimed, 'Damn me, I must read prayers this morning at All Souls.'

Charles P. Moritz's *Travels in England*, 1795.

The Spirit of Keble

Some have held the language that religion has little business in a University. They have pointed out that Universities and Colleges are lay corporations, and from that they have drawn the curious inference,—justifiable only on the supposition that laymen have nothing to do with religion—that religion is no business of theirs. Others, and a far more numerous class, while not taking so extreme a view, have still held this opinion,—that secular learning is so

much more important than religious teaching, that if religious teaching, by reason of differences which exist, tends to impede the progress of secular learning, it is better to thrust aside the religious teaching altogether. And that is a school of feeling which appears to me to be more dangerous than any difference of opinion confined to religion itself. Those who differ as to the words of the Master have a far less difference of opinion between them than they have with those who say, 'Never mind what His words are; there is other knowledge which it is more important to attain than His words, whatever they were.' Now Keble College is and will remain a standing protest that now as in olden time the teaching of the University of Oxford is this,—that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' It is a standing testimony to the energy of the faith of the Church of England.

Lord Salisbury at the Opening of Keble College, St. Mark's Day, 1876.

W. M. Thackeray, Candidate for Oxford

It was the night after the Oxford election, in which Mr. Thackeray was an unsuccessful candidate, and the kind-hearted author hastened up to town to fulfil a promise to give some readings on behalf of the late Douglas Jerrold. I well remember the burst of laughter and applause which greeted the opening words of his reading. 'Walking yesterday down the streets of an ancient and well-known city, I,'—but here the allusion to Oxford was recognised, and he had to wait until the merriment it created had ceased.

Thackeray, by Theodore Taylor, 1864.

Distinction of University College

The ancient university was a corporation of learned men associated for teaching, and no one else could teach in their domain without their sanction, granted only upon proof of his ability. The test consisted of examinations and public disputations, the sanction took the form of a public ceremony, and the name of a degree; and the teachers, or doctors, so elected, or created, lectured in the public schools. The degree was simply a licence to teach. The recipient became, *ipso facto*, one of the ruling body, the corporation of the university. Such a university, as a corporation, did not house or feed its students. The only essential buildings were those required for its general meetings and ceremonies, a library, and lecture rooms.

On the other hand, a college was a foundation endowed by private munificence for the complemental work of lodging and boarding poor young men, who desired university privileges but lacked

means. Consequently, there came to be as many colleges in connection with a university as the number of young men wishing to study there required, and as wealthy benefactors provided. Each college had its own buildings, and each was governed by its own statutes. The students from all the colleges attended the public lectures and disputations of the university, and, at first, the older students were expected to assist the younger in private study. As numbers increased and larger endowments permitted, lecturers were appointed for this purpose from the members of the college, and each college had its private exercises in preparation for the public ones of the university. Sons of well-to-do parents lodged and ate where they liked, under the general supervision of the university rules, and had no relations to any instruction other than the public teaching of the university. But in time the obvious value of collegiate training for the university exercises and the superior comfort of the college buildings led even the sons of the wealthy to seek to share therein, paying rent and charges in some college rather than outside. Old members of a college also, who had lost their right to its freedom, sometimes were allowed to resume residence for further study.

The usual plan of an English college suggests its derivation from the monastery. Its general enclosure within walls; its disposition into courts; its refectory, kitchen, and offices; its chapel and master's lodge, all have monastic analogies. Only by lodging its scholars in chambers in place of a grand dormitory, does it differ essentially.

H. M. and M. Dexter, *England and Holland of the Pilgrims.* Constable, 1906.

The Act

In the Middle ages Oxford set much store by its 'Act.' This originally consisted of the final, but mostly formal, exercises for the degree of M.A. and Dr. in the Faculties. It was held in St. Mary's Church and extended over three days, and apparently a great concourse of people assembled for it. Then the Terrae Filii were allowed to produce their jests, which coarse and stupid as they appear to us now, amused the people of the day. And then the players were allowed to visit Oxford, and to perform in various places. Even the severity of academical ceremonies was relaxed, and among the disputations are to be found discussions on such subjects as what is the right way to tame a shrew? [1600], or again, ought Aristotle to have included a wife among the goods of the philosopher? Gradually, as time went on, the Act became fixed in Oxford on the Monday after July the 7th [1566]. The three days of the Act

became a kind of annual academical holiday. After the Restoration the Act became largely the occasion of festivities and for the performance of vocal and instrumental music. The Oxford Act, a new ballad opera printed for L. Gulliver in London, 1733, complains bitterly of the expenses of the Act, which, according to the writer, had reduced to beggary most residents in Oxford and compelled their emigration to the new settlement of Georgia.

Dr. Mee's *Oldest Music Room in Europe*, Introduction. Lane, 1911.

The Music Room

THE Music Room, Oxford, is probably the oldest building of its kind in Europe. Its founder, Dr. William Hayes, afterwards organist at Magdalen and Professor of Music, was asked to Oxford for the Act of 1733, when Handel's Athaliah was performed before an audience of 3700. The present building in Holywell was set on foot upon the strength of a subscription begun in 1742. A Society was formed for a monthly performance of choral music at the King's Head, and in July 1748 (at the Act) the Music Room was inaugurated by a performance of Handel's *Esther*. After forty years the concerts began to decay; a revival took place to welcome Haydn; but the regular Thursday concerts were suspended in 1820. The years that followed were lean ones for music in Oxford. In 1860 the Society vacated the Room. In 1889, however, Sir John Stainer amalgamated the three Oxford societies, the Philharmonic, the Choral, and the Madrigal, and in 1901 the Musical Union restored the room to its ancient honour and function. Once more a music meeting is held there once a week, and the music selected by the steward of the night.

A College Metropolitan

DURING the years when his opinions and character were formed, Laud's experience of life was confined to a University, and all his knowledge of religion was gathered from theologians. In the narrow hot-bed of college personalities, he learned to hate a set of men who were not improbably odious—the Puritan divines then dominant in Oxford. For many years they tried to suppress him; but in 1611 he rose in spite of them to be the President of St. John's. A reaction set in, and he was able to purify Oxford, largely by the help of that college discipline and influence which had, two hundred years before, weeded out Lollardry from its ancient home. A few colleges alone retained their Puritan character; in the cloisters and river walks of Magdalen, Hampden and his Buckinghamshire neighbours imbibed those principles which they afterwards maintained in arms, when they held the

Chiltern Hills as the outwork of London against the Oxford Cavaliers.

As a middle-aged man Laud was called into a larger sphere to take part in the government of Church and State; and when at last he became Primate in 1633, he still conceived that all Puritans were like the clerical pedants over whom his first victory had been won. England was to him another Oxford, a place whence Puritanism, at first blustering and assertive, could soon be driven out by methodical application of college discipline.

England under the Stuarts, by G. M. Trevelyan. Methuen, 1904.

Rogerius Bachon

MAGIS eius mirabilibus experimentis quibus nulla verior scientia, quam scripturae stilo aut doctrinæ verbo insistens: praefatus frater Rogerius Bachon, qui tantae hujusmodi scientiae plenitudine redundabat, ut delectatione experimentorum eius, omissis doctrinis et scriptis componendis aliquando in universitate Oxoniae duo specula composuit patentia, in quorum altero quilibet omni hora diei et noctis poterat accendere candelam, in altero vero videre quid agebant homines in quantumcunque remotis constituti partibus. Et quia ad experimentum primi studentes plus stabant candelas accendendo quam in libris studendo, et in secundo multi visis suis consanguineis et amicis mori aut infirmari aut aliter impediri de universitate recedentes studium destruebant, ejusdem universitatis communi consilio utrumque est fractum.

Cited by A. G. Little in his *Description of Bodl. MS. Misc.* 525. Paris, 1903.

Wobbling

'OXFORD! of whom the poet said
That one of your unwritten laws is
To back the weaker side, and wed
Your gallant heart to wobbling causes.'

Owen Seaman.

Croquis d'Oxford

LE dîner fini, nous nous retirons dans notre salle particulière pour y prendre le dessert et y boire le vin. De mains en mains, cérémonieusement, passent les fioles qui contiennent le blond sherry, le rouge claret, le brun porto. Par la grande baie de la fenêtre, on aperçoit une nappe de gazon avec de grands arbres. Cela fait, par les beaux soirs de printemps, un fond de verdure d'une surprenante intensité que les longs rayons mourants du soleil qui se couche éclairent silencieusement. Les discussions scientifiques alternent autour de moi avec les mêmes anecdotes sur la vie d'Oxford. Une douce chaleur causée par le porto se répand sur

mon visage avec ce pourpre spécial qui finit par devenir le teint habituel de beaucoup d'Anglais, et j'emmène mes amis dans mon salon pour y fumer et y boire le thé . . .

Ici . . . le jeune homme et le vieillard sont également paisibles et sans nul souci des choses de ce monde. Le collège où ils habitent existait il y a cent ans, il y a quatre cents ans, il y a six cents ans. Les trônes tomberont, les hommes passeront, mais l'antique Oxford ne saurait tomber,—cet Oxford où Dante aurait pu venir . . . Des voix résonnent dans le jardin; le fellow s'interrompt de sa lecture pour regarder, par le carreau cerclé de plomb, qui s'aventure dans son collège. Il aperçoit un groupe de visiteurs et de visiteuses, des étrangères qui sont d'un très grand monde . . . Peut-être ces visiteurs sont-ils à la recherche de cet oiseau bleu qu'on appelle le bonheur,—mais le *fellow*, lui, sait que l'oiseau bleu fait son nid dans les coins des vieux cloîtres, et il reprend ses papiers avec délices. Heureux homme à qui les hasards ont permis de résoudre sa vie par la seule félicité qui ne trompe point:—l'habitude!

Paul Bourget, *Études et Portraits*.

Durham College

In fact, in the outset Oxford University seems to be connected in every way with our North-country world. Not only did Balliol College spring from Durham, but at a slightly earlier time University College owed its origin also to Durham. William of Durham, a man of note, who had studied in the University of Paris, and had returned to our Northern parts to be Rector of Wearmouth, and who was afterwards Archbishop-Elect of Rouen, at his death in 1249 left a sum of 310 marks to be invested for the support of Masters in Arts in the University of Oxford. This money presently was used to buy the building occupied by these Masters, which was called 'The Great Hall of the University.' From this beginning sprang University College, which has always claimed a still earlier and a royal origin, though in fact it began a little later than Balliol College. The years run closely together:—William of Durham died in 1249; John of Balliol's whipping took place in 1260; Walter of Merton's scholars were set going in 1263, though the proper date of Merton College is 1266; and lastly, Durham College followed very soon after, beginning in 1286. And so it came about that Oxford from the beginning was divided into a Northern and a Southern nation; and though this distinction died out after a time, it was very well marked at first. The 'Boreales' were composed of North Englishmen and Scots, with a Northern Proctor as their representative; the 'Australes' were the

Southern English, the Irish, Welsh, and the Men of the Marches, also with their own Proctor. At the outset the difference was very considerable, the Southerners being the kinsfolk of Walter of Merton, who held property, and were landlords corporate; the Northerners, in the case of the men of Balliol, were merely pensioners, receiving pay from endowments not their own. Merton was not monastic in origin; Balliol was largely such, at first. The Balliol students dwelt outside the walls of Oxford, to the north; the Merton lads were inside the city walls, on the southern side of the town.

Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies, by Dean Kitchin. Murray, 1904.

Jupiter at Oxford, May 1758

ARRIVED at Oxford before dinner and put up at the Angel Inn. Robertson and Adam, who had never been here before, had everything to see. Home and I had been before. John Douglas who knew we were coming was passing trials for his degree of D.D., and that very day was in the act of one of his wall-lectures, as they are called, for there is no audience. At that University, it seems, the trial is strict when one takes a Master's or Bachelor's, but slack when you come to the Doctor's Degree; and *vice versa* at Cambridge. . . . We found Douglas sitting at a pulpit, in one of their chapels, with not a soul to hear him but three old beggar women who came to try if they might get some charity. On seeing us four enter the chapel, he talked to us and wished us away, otherwise he would be obliged to lecture. We would not go away as we wanted a specimen of Oxford learning; on which he read two or three verses out of the Greek Testament and began to expound it in Latin. We listened for five minutes, and, then, telling where we were to dine, we left him to walk about.

Autobiography of Dr. Alex. Carlyle of Inveresk.

'When *you* go down'

'HEY, for the lilt of the London road!'

It is when we have finally sung that chorus and have travelled a few miles upon that road, that we learn the secret which we never discovered while as yet Oxford held us in the thick of the fight. We thought then that we were the most desperate partizans; we asked no quarter, and gave none; pushed our argumentative victories to their uttermost consequences, and made short work of a fallen foe. But, when all the old battle-cries have died out of our ears, we begin to perceive humaner voices. All at once we realise that a great part of our old contention was only sound and fury and self-deception, and that, though the causes for which we strove may have been absolutely right, our opponents were not

necessarily villains. In a word, we have learnt the secret of Oxford. All the time that we were fighting and fuming, the higher and subtler influences of the place were moulding us, unconscious though we were, to a more gracious ideal. We had really learnt to distinguish between intellectual error and moral obliquity. We could differ from another on every point of the political and theological compass, and yet in our hearts acknowledge him to be the best of all good fellows. Without surrendering a single conviction, we came to see the virtue of so stating our beliefs as to persuade and propitiate, instead of offending and alienating. We had attained to that temper which, in the sphere of thought and opinion, is analogous to the crowning virtue of Christian charity.

'Tell it—when *you* go down.'

Lately it has been my privilege to address a considerable gathering of Oxford undergraduates, all keenly alive to the interests and controversies of the present hour, all devotedly loyal to the tradition of Oxford as each understood it, and all with their eyes eagerly fixed on 'the wistful limit of the world.' With such an audience it was inevitable to insist on the graces and benedictions which Oxford can confer, and to dwell on Mr. Gladstone's dogma that to call a man a 'typically Oxford man' is to bestow the highest possible praise.

But this was not all. Something more remained to be said. It was for a speaker who had travelled for thirty years on 'the London road' to state as plainly as he could his own deepest obligation to the place which had decided the course and complexion of his life. And, when it was difficult to express that obligation in the pedestrian prose of an after-dinner speech, he turned for succour to the poet who sang of 'the secret none discover.' Wherever philosophical insight is combined with literary genius and personal charm, one says instinctively, 'That man is, or ought to be, an Oxford man.'

Seeing and Hearing, by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Grant Richards, 1907.

Topics concerning Pluck

For arguing that a man will be plucked take the Topics following, which are writ according to the manner indeed of Aristotle, but with allowance for modern times; now among men likely to be plucked are these for the most part:

He that hath no friends, he that hath many friends; the first, because he hath none to put him in the way to escape pluck; the second, because he hath many to draw him therefrom. He that liketh good eating. He that liketh good drinking. He that goeth to

the Ascot races. He that buyeth many cigars; for he that buyeth many smoketh many, and he that smoketh many wasteth much time in smoke, and he that wasteth much time in smoke is idle, and he that is idle is likely to be plucked. He that loungeth in Quad. He that is often proctorized. He that hath much money; he that hath no money; for the first hath too many pleasures, and the last too little time, since he must needs spend time in getting money. He that readeth many books. He that readeth few books. He that readeth no books. He that readeth novels, for verily pleasant things are novels and entice away the mind exceedingly. He that sporteth not his oak. He that taketh no exercise, as was the case with Mr. Benjamin D*****, who indeed did read sixteen hours a day for three years, yet did never pass for that he fainted thrice in the schools. He that sporteth many new whips. He that mixeth punch well; for truly is punch well mixed, sweet to the taste of all but most to the mixer. He that keepeth more than one large dog. He that hath a large bill at the pastry cooks, for such an one liketh good eating which was before shown to produce Pluck. He that hath many large bills, for such an one hath doubtless one large bill at the pastry cook's! He that hath many little bills, for such an one hath doubtless one large bill. He that is in love. He that hath been in love, for he is likely so to be again. He that knoweth many pretty girls. He that knoweth one pretty girl. He that roweth overmuch in eight-oared boats. He that hateth Greek. He that was often flogged at school. He that is his own master. He that writeth not his own essays but employeth a barber. He that thinketh himself clever. He that thinketh himself a fool. He that despiseth the tutor's lectures, for such an one thinketh himself clever. He that prideth himself on his coat. He that prideth himself on his waistcoat, for the same prideth himself also on his coat. He that prideth himself on his trowsers, for the same prideth himself on his waistcoat also. He that is careless in little things. He that is careless in great things. He that is over-careful in trifles. He that hath his common books finely bound, for such an one careth only for their outside, moreover he is fearful of soiling them with over use. He that hath in his rooms an easy chair, wherein he constantly sitteth. He that hath a private tutor from the first, for needs must such an one learn to depend not on himself. He that cometh from a large school, for needs must such an one have many friends. He that cutteth chapel often. He that getteth up his Greek Testament in chapel. He that scribbleth in chapel. He that being poor sporteth champagne. He that betteth and loseth many times. He that hath

gone a second time to a dog fight. He that playeth oftentimes at billiards, yet playeth not well after all. He that is of a nervous nature. He that is a radical albeit his father was a Tory, for such an one thinketh himself clever. He that useth a high-priced walking-stick. He that weareth his hat cocked. He that weareth white kid gloves when shooting, for such an one is over-careful in trifles, and therefore careth not for things important. He that belongeth not to the debating society, for such an one hath no interest for present history, how then for ancient, that is Latin and Greek? He that driveth tandems. He that writeth poesy. He that hunteth more than twice a week. He that doeth what his acquaintance please. He that hath more than seven pairs of top boots. He that always weareth a tattered cap and gown. He that getteth tipsy of a morning. He that breaketh lamps in the street. He that learneth more than two instruments of music. He that eateth much pudding. He that hath an over-pity for others who are plucked, for verily he pitieth others because he feareth for himself. He that eateth much on the morning before examination. He that rideth often yet not well. He that rideth steeplechases often. He that hath many German pipes. He that hath a lock of hair in his desk. He that feareth shame over-much. He that disregardeth shame. He that thinketh he will be plucked. He that thinketh he will not be plucked. Now if thou knowest a man to be in one of these predicaments thou mayest suppose him likely to be plucked; if thou knowest a man to be in two or three, thou mayest guess he will be plucked; but if thou knowest a man to be in sixteen or seventeen, thou mayest bet in safety, since he will be plucked for a certainty.

Thus much for Little-go and Great-go together; then for Great-go, they likely to be plucked for Great-go are these following. He that was plucked in Little-go. He that was not plucked in Little-go. He that made a shave in Little-go. He that passed Little-go with ease, for he will take no pains towards his Great-go. He that gave a party after passing Little-go, for verily such an one esteemed his Little-go difficult, much more therefore his Great-Go. He that gave a party after being plucked in Little-go for such an one had no shame. He that was idle just before Little-go. He that took off his name at Little-go. He that was nervous in Little-go for truly much more nervous will he be in Great-go. He that was flippant in Little-go. He that in Little-go wrote two pieces of Latin.

A New Art Teaching how to be Plucked, by Scriblerus Redivivus. Oxford, 1835.

An Invitation to join a Winning Cause

UNGRATEFUL Oxford! was it then in vain
When grieved you sank beneath a tyrant's chain;
In vain did Nassau use his patriot cares,
Redress thy wrongs and banish all thy fears?
Still dost thou wayward court this hateful race,
Foes to thy rights and to thy country's peace;
Still dost thou thwart a grateful people's choice,
And damp by factious feuds the public joys?
While George's title's by rank foes confest,
And haughty France deserts her vagrant guest:
Revered abroad, at home rich, happy, free,
Shall England find her only foe in thee?

Thomas Tyrwhitt, *An Epistle to Florio at Oxford*, 1749.

The Martyrs' Memorial

THE publication of Hurrell Froude's *Remains* [1838] with his outspoken language in condemnation of the Reformers and his praise of many points in the Roman system . . . tended to widen the split and to increase the violence of the Romanizing party. 'It delighted me more than any book of the kind I ever read,' wrote Ward to Dr. Pusey. The counter-move of the Oxford residents to erect the Martyrs' Memorial drove the cleavage further. Newman would not subscribe to it; Keble would have preferred some memorial of the Reformation without mention of the Reformers and was unwilling to express a public dissent from Froude in his opinions of the Reformers as a party; Pusey was willing to recognise that we owe to the Reformers our position of adherents to Catholic antiquity; but all three ultimately refused to subscribe.

John Keble, by Walter Lock. Methuen, 1893.

'The Newdigate'

WHEN it was suggested to Jowett that the Newdigate should be written in blank verse instead of heroic couplets, he is reported to have remarked: 'You can't get reason out of young men, so you may as well get rhyme.'

Morning Post, March 25, 1907, Review of Mr. Thomas Wright's *Life of Pater*.

The Foundation of Keble'

STEP by step inroads were made upon the old Oxford of Liddon's youth, culminating in the second University Commission. Then it seemed to him as if Oxford had become 'a chaos of disintegrated convictions.' It appeared to him almost on the point of being changed into 'a place of purely secular instruction which might have been founded last week by a company of shareholders.' To

him the slight concessions made to religious teaching and worship, such as the Professorships of Divinity, the single clerical Fellow in certain colleges, were hardly worth considering. He would have preferred the Church to have retained two or three colleges out of her great inheritance: perhaps those only founded since the Reformation and for the rest to have been frankly secularised. . . . 'A young man,' he says, 'has been trained in a Christian family and is looking forward to serving God in Holy Orders; but he comes to Oxford to unlearn, one by one, the convictions which his mother had taught him, and to make up his mind that he cannot become a clergyman on the ground that he doubts whether he can still honestly profess himself a Christian. Young men are naturally influenced in religious matters by those whose information and powers of thought they have learnt to respect when studying other subjects; and if those who teach are, in whatever sense, unfriendly to the claims of Divine revelation, it is not singular that their pupils can be so too.'

It was for this reason that he so earnestly threw himself into the foundation, first of Keble College and then of the Pusey Library. They were to supply a new need not felt under the old conditions of the University. Bearing honoured and venerated names they were destined, he hoped, to becomes homes of sacred learning and rallying points for Christian Faith. Through them the old traditions of centuries past and the revived worship and teaching of the Church, the fruit of the Oxford Movement, were to be preserved, handed on, and extended. If that movement, with all its great influence, had been met with cold suspicion and active hostility, if, as he said, 'to a certain extent the opposition triumphed, some of the best men of the movement moved away to another church which knew how to welcome and honour them'; if 'all that the opponents of the movement would themselves have valued, or nearly all, has perished,' it remained for the Church in our time to make use of the fresh opportunity, given in a new foundation, of maintaining the Christian revelation as understood by the ancient and undivided Church of God.

Five Great Oxford Leaders, by Aug. B. Donaldson. Rivingtons, 1902.

The Burning of Latimer and Ridley

THOUGH these three martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were parted asunder, and placed in separate lodgings, that they might not confer together; yet they were suffered sometimes to eat together in the prison of Bocardo. I have seen a book of their diet—every dinner and supper, and the charge thereof: which was at the

expense of Winkle and Wells, bailiffs of the city at that time; under whose custody they were. As for example in this method:—

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER DINNER

Bread and ale	iid.
Item, oisters	id.
Item, butter	iid.
Item, eggs	iid.
Item, ling	viiid.
Item, a piece of fresh salmon	xd.
Wine	iiid.
Cheese and pears	iid.
	iis. vid.

From this book of their expenses give one leave to make these few observations. They ate constantly suppers as well as dinners. Their meals amounted to about three or four shillings; seldom exceeding four. Their bread and ale commonly came to twopence or threepence. They had constantly cheese and pears for their last dish, both at dinner and supper; and always wine; the price whereof was ever threepence, and no more. The price of their provisions (it being now an extraordinary dear time) were as follows: A goose, 14d.; a pig, 12 or 13d.; a coney, 6d.; a woodcock, 3d. and someimes 5d.; a couple of chickens, 6d.; three plovers, 10d.; half-a-dozen larks, 3d.; a dozen of larks and two plovers, 10d.; a breast of veal, 11d.; a shoulder of mutton, 10d.; roast beef, 12d.

The last disbursements (which have melancholy in the reading) were these:—

	s.	d.
For three loads of wood-fagots to burn Ridley and Latimer	12	0
Item, one load of furs-fagots	3	4
For the carriage of these four loads	2	0
Item, a post	1	4
Item, two chains	3	4
Item, two staples	0	6
Item; four labourers	2	8

Then follows the charges for burning Cranmer:—

	s.	d.
For an 100 of wood-fagots	6	0
For an 100 and half of furs-fagots	3	4
For the carriage of them	0	8
For two labourers	1	4

It seems the superiors in those days were more zealous to send these three good men to Oxon, and there to serve their ends upon them, and afterwards to burn them, than they were careful honestly to pay the charges thereof. For Winkle and Wells, notwithstanding all their endeavours to get themselves reimbursed of what they had laid out, which came to sixty-three pounds, ten shilling and twopence, could never get but twenty pounds: which they received by the means of Sir William Petre, secretary of state.

Strype, *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer.*

Palingenesis at Oxford

'THE Miraculous Deliverance of Anne Green' is narrated in '*A Full and True Relation of one Anne Green who was hanged at Oxford the 14th December 1651 for the murder of her Bastard Child . . . to which are added Copies of English Verses made on that Occasion by several of the Oxford Scholars* (Oxford, 1651. Often reprinted) and in *Newes from the Dead, or, A True and Exact Narration, etc. Written by a Scholler in Oxford for the satisfaction of a friend . . . Whereunto are added certain Poems, casually written upon that subject.*' Oxford, 1650-1651, and later editions. The poets include: Christopher Wren, Sir Joseph Williamson, Peter Killigrew, Anthony à Wood, Walter Pope, H. Davenant, Sir Charles Foster and Sir Edward Norreys.

The opening passage furnishes a conclusive proof of the stark brutality of the period. 'In the house of Sir Thomas Read at Duns-Tew in Oxfordshire there lived a maid named Anne Green born at Steeple Barton in the same county, being about 22 years of age, of a middle stature, strong, fleshie, and of an indifferent good feature; who being (as she said) often sollicited by faire promises and other amorous enticements of Mr. Jeffery Read, Grandchild to the said Sir Thomas, a youth of about 16 or 17 years of age, but of a forward growth and stature, at last consented to satisfy his unlawful pleasure. By which act (as it afterwards appeared) she conceived and was delivered of a Manchild: which being never made known and the Infant found dead in the house of office, caused a suspition, that she being the mother had murthered it, and throwne it there to conceale both it and her shame together. Thereupon she was immediately taken into examination, and carried before severall Justices of the peace of the Country: and soone after in an extreame cold and rainy day sent unto Oxford Gaole, where having passed about 3 weekes more in continuall affrights and terrours, in a place as comfortlesse as her condition, she was at a Session's held in Oxford, arraigned, condemned, and on

Saturday the 14 of December last, brought forth to the place of Execution: where after singing of a Psalme and something said in justification of herself, as to the fact for which she was to suffer and touching the Lewdness of the Family wherein she lately lived, she was turn'd off the Ladder, hanging by the neck for the space of almost halfe an houre, some of her friends in the meantime thumping her on the breast, others hanging with all their weight upon her leggs, sometimes lifting her up, and then pulling her downe againe with a sudden jerke, thereby the sooner to dispatch her out of her only paine, insomuch that the Under-Sheriffe fearing lest thereby they should breake the rope, forbad them to do so any longer. At length when every one thought she was dead, the body being taken downe, and put into a Coffin, was carried thence into a private House, where some Physitians had appointed to make a Dissection. The Coffin being opened she was observed to breath and in breathing (the passage of her throat being streightned) obscurely to rattle. A young man standing by thought to put her out of her misery by stamping on her. Dr. Petty of Brasenose, our anatomy professor, and Mr. Thomas Willis of Christ Church perceiving some life in her, as well for humanity as for their Profession sake, fell presently to act in order to her recovery. . . . They were soon successful, a reprieve was eventually obtained, and a collection made for the unfortunate girl. [She also survived the poems made in her honour.]

Newes from the Dead, written by a Scholler in Oxford, 1651.

Recovered Impressions

I HAD had a glimpse of Oxford in former years, but I had never slept in a low-browed room looking out on a grassy quadrangle, opposite a mediæval clock tower. This satisfaction was vouchsafed me on the night of my arrival; I was inducted into the rooms of an absent undergraduate. I sat in his deep arm-chairs; I burned his candles, and read his books. I hereby thank him as tenderly as possible. Before going to bed I took a turn through the streets and renewed in the silent darkness that impression of the charm imparted to them by the quiet college fronts, which I had gathered in former years. The college fronts were now quieter than ever, the streets were empty, and the old scholastic city was sleeping in the warm starlight.

Portraits of Places, by Henry James. Macmillan, 1883.

What's in a Name?

A CANDIDATE for clerical orders was asked by the bishop's chaplain if he had been to Oxford. He replied 'No'; but he had been twice to Abingdon.

Trial of Mary Blandy

THOSE members of the University who were present in the Divinity School on March 3, 1752, were taking part in no academic observance. On that day the School was given over to His Majesty's Justices of Assize, and for twelve long hours a wretched woman, Mary Blandy, was under trial for poisoning her father.

The case created a great sensation at the time. Horace Walpole refers to it more than once in his letters, and it was discussed by Fielding in the *Covent Garden Journal*. Many years later a story told in connection with it by Charles Lamb in *The Old Benchers of the Temple*, shows that the case was still one which might be mentioned without the need of any accompanying explanation.

Mr. Francis Blandy, the murdered man, was an attorney-at-law, who lived at Henley-on-Thames. He is described in the opening statement of counsel for the prosecution as 'a man of character and reputation who had one only child—a daughter, the darling of his soul, the comfort of his age. He took the utmost care of her education, and had the satisfaction to see his care was not ill-bestowed; for she was genteel, agreeable, sprightly, and sensible. His whole thoughts were bent on settling her advantageously in the world. With this object in view he made use of a pious fraud, pretending he could give her £10,000 for her fortune in hopes that some of the neighbouring gentry would pay their addresses to her.' In spite of the father's efforts she was still unmarried in 1745, when she was about 30 years of age. In 1746, however, William Henry Cranstoun, an officer in the marines, son of William, the fifth Lord Cranstoun, happened to come to Henley on recruiting service. He soon got acquainted with the prisoner, and hearing she was to have £10,000, fell in love, not with her, but with her fortune, and obtained her consent for marriage, concealing from her the fact that he already had a wife and children. The father, who 'had heard a bad character of Cranstoun,' and who had reason to believe that he was already married, was averse to the proposal. So matters stood in the summer of 1750. In the August of that year Captain Cranstoun was staying at Mr. Blandy's house, and according to the prosecutors it was during this visit that he determined, in concert with the daughter, to remove the father out of the way and get as soon as possible into possession of the £10,000 that the poor man had unfortunately said that he was worth. In order that people might be less surprised at Mr. Blandy's death, they began by giving out that they heard music in the house—a certain sign (as Cranstoun had learned from a wise woman in Scotland) that the father would

die in less than a year. The captain, too, pretended that he was endowed with the gift of second sight, and affirmed that he had seen Mr. Blandy's apparition, while Miss Blandy, in mentioning this to the servants, told them that it was an omen of death, and that her father would not live long. It was probably soon after November 1750, the date of Mr. Cranstoun's departure from Henley, that the daughter began to mix poison with her father's victuals. In April 1751, Cranstoun, under cover of a present of Scotch pebbles sent her a paper of white arsenic—pretending that it was a powder for use in polishing the stones. This she frequently administered in his tea and water-gruel. The end came in August, 1751. Early in the month, after drinking some water-gruel, he was attacked by violent symptoms of poisoning. On August 14th he died. Dr. Addington, a physician from Reading (whose profession furnished the nickname of 'The Doctor' to his son Viscount Sidmouth, Pitt's successor in the premiership), Dr. Lewis from Oxford, and the Apothecary, Mr. Blandy's regular attendant, gave evidence that the symptoms were undoubtedly those of arsenical poisoning, and detected arsenic both in the gruel, and clinging to a paper bearing the superscription 'the powder to clean the pebbles with' which Cranstoun had sent to Miss Blandy, and which was rescued from the kitchen fire where she was said to have thrown it. A curious anecdote is related in connexion with the trial in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1752, by an Oxford correspondent. When the judges arrived at the Divinity School where the Assizes were held it was found that the door could not be opened owing to a stone or nail having been put into the lock, and it was only after an hour's loss of time, during which the judges returned to their lodgings, that the door was forced open with iron crow-bars. The same correspondent describes Miss Blandy as 'of a middle stature, rather plump than slender, of no delicate shape, of a swarthy complexion, deeply pitted with the small-pox, with a large straight nose, full mouth, flattish cheeks, dark hair and eyebrows, and fine sprightly black eyes. She appeared to be about 35 years of age, as she really was. Her dress, chosen with great propriety, was plain but neat, and covered with a crape shade and hood; she appeared sedate and composed without levity or dejection during her long trial, which lasted twelve hours, and shed no tears save when a lady, with whom she had been intimate, gave evidence against her. Then the weakness of nature appeared when the ties of friendship were unloosed, and she dropped an involuntary tear, in spite of all that fortitude of mind which enabled her to support herself so long and

amidst so many spectators with more than masculine firmness.' But though Miss Blandy was unmoved, counsel for the prosecution enlarged 'upon the horror of the crime with such force of elocution as drew tears from almost every eye,' including, perhaps, 'the young gentlemen of the University,' whose attention he particularly begged, earnestly beseeching them to guard against the first approaches of and temptations to vice. A very pathetic feature in the trial was the evidence showing the dying father's efforts on his daughter's behalf. When Dr. Addington asked him how he thought he had taken poison, he answered, 'A poor love-sick girl—I forgive her. I always thought there was mischief in those cursed Scotch pebbles.' To his daughter he said—'Do, my dear, go out of my room, say no more lest thou should'st say anything to thy own prejudice. Go to thy Uncle Stevens, take him for thy friend.' The defence was that the daughter mistook the poison which she received from Cranstoun for a potion intended to win her father's favour to the match. The jury without leaving the box found the prisoner guilty.

A month later, on the morning of April 6, Miss Blandy was executed on the Castle Green in the presence of 5000 spectators. She was 'dressed extremely neat in a black bombasine short sack and petticoat with her arms and hands tied with black paduasoy ribbons.' Before mounting the ladder she addressed herself to the spectators in these words—'Good people give me leave to declare to you that I am perfectly innocent, as to any intention to destroy or even hurt my dear father; that I did not know or even suspect that there was any poisonous quality in the fatal powder I gave him; tho' I can never be too much punished for being even the innocent cause of his death. So help me, God, in these my last moments. And may I not meet with eternal salvation nor be acquitted by Almighty God in whose awful presence I am instantly to appear, if the whole of what is here asserted be not true.' As she ascended the ladder she added, 'Good people, take warning by me to be on your guard against the sallies of any irregular passion and pray for me, that I may be accepted at the throne of grace.' The people attending the execution were so much moved that in the words of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 'many and particularly several gentlemen of the university shed tears.' Cranstoun, the lover, escaped, and was outlawed, but died within a few months of Miss Blandy's execution.

PIETAS OXONIENSIS

A Traveller's Impressions

A TRAVELLER who visits Oxford or Cambridge is surprised and edified by the apparent order and tranquillity that prevail in the seats of the English muses. In the most celebrated universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy, the students who swarm from different countries are loosely dispersed in private lodgings at the houses of the burghers; they dress according to their fancy and fortune; and in the intemperate quarrels of youth and wine, their swords, though less frequently than of old, are sometimes stained with each other's blood. The use of arms is banished from our English universities; the uniform habit of the academics, the square cap and black gown, is adapted to the civil and even clerical professions; and from the doctor of divinity to the undergraduate, the degrees of learning and age are externally distinguished. Instead of being scattered in a town, the students of Oxford and Cambridge are united in colleges; their maintenance is provided at their own expense, or that of the founders; and the stated hours of the hall and chapel represent the discipline of a regular and, as it were, a religious community. The eyes of the traveller are attracted by the size or beauty of the public edifices, and the principal colleges appear to be so many palaces, which a liberal nation has erected and endowed for the habitation of science.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

'To the University I acknowledge no obligation'

To the university of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar; but I cannot affect to believe that Nature had disqualified me for all literary pursuits. The specious and ready excuse of my tender age, imperfect preparation and hasty departure, may doubtless be alleged; nor do I wish to defraud such excuses of their proper weight. Yet in my sixteenth year I was not devoid of capacity or application; even my childish reading had displayed

an early though blind propensity for books; and the shallow flood might have been taught to flow in a deep channel and a clear stream. In the discipline of a well-constituted academy, under the guidance of skilful and vigilant professors, I should gradually have risen from translations to originals, from the Latin to the Greek classics, from dead languages to living science; my hours would have been occupied by useful and agreeable studies, the wanderings of fancy would have been restrained, and I should have escaped the temptations of idleness which finally precipitated my departure from Oxford.

Perhaps in a separate annotation I may coolly examine the fabulous and real antiquities of our sister universities, a question which has kindled such fierce and foolish disputes among their fanatic sons. In the meanwhile it will be acknowledged that these venerable bodies are sufficiently old to partake of all the prejudices and infirmities of age. The schools of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in a dark age of false and barbarous science; and they are still tainted with the vices of their origin. Their primitive discipline was adapted to the education of priests and monks; and the government still remains in the hands of the clergy, an order of men whose manners are remote from the present world, and whose eyes are dazzled by the light of philosophy. The legal incorporation of these societies by the charters of popes and kings had given them a monopoly of the public instruction; and the spirit of monopolists is narrow, lazy, and oppressive; their work is more costly and less productive than that of independent artists; and the new improvements so eagerly grasped by the competition of freedom are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in those proud corporations, above the fear of a rival and below the confession of an error. We can scarcely hope that any reformation will be a voluntary act; and so deeply are they rooted in law and prejudice, that even the omnipotence of parliament would shrink from an inquiry into the state and abuses of the two universities.

The use of academical degrees, as old as the thirteenth century, is visibly borrowed from the mechanic corporations, in which an apprentice, after serving his time, obtains a testimonial of his skill and a license to practise his trade and mystery. It is not my design to depreciate those honours, which could never gratify or disappoint my ambition, and I should applaud the institution if the degrees of bachelor or licentiate were bestowed as the reward of manly and successful study; if the name and rank of doctor or master were strictly reserved for the professors of science who have approved their title to the public esteem.

In all the universities of Europe, excepting our own, the languages and sciences are distributed among a numerous list of effective professors: the students, according to their taste, their calling, and their diligence, apply themselves to the proper masters, and in the annual repetition of public and private lectures, these masters are assiduously employed. Our curiosity may inquire, what number of professors has been instituted at Oxford? by whom are they appointed, and what may be the probable chances of merit or incapacity? how many are stationed to the three faculties, and how many are left for the liberal arts? what is the form, and what the substance of their lessons? But all these questions are silenced by one short and singular answer, 'That in the university of Oxford, the greater part of the public professors have for these many years given up altogether even the pretence of teaching.' Incredible as the fact may appear, I must rest my belief on the positive and impartial evidence of a master of moral and political wisdom, who had himself resided at Oxford. Dr. Adam Smith assigns as the cause of their indolence, that, instead of being paid by voluntary contributions, which would urge them to increase the number, and to deserve the gratitude of their pupils, the Oxford professors are secure in the enjoyment of a fixed stipend, without the necessity of labour or the apprehension of control.

Gibbon's *Memoirs*.

Absence from Oxford

FAIR CITY! that so long hast been my home!
When from thy quiet places I depart
By far-off hills and river banks to roam,
I bear thy name about upon my heart.
City of glorious towers! whene'er I feel
The world's rude coldness o'er my spirit steal,
Then dost thou rise to view; thine elmy groves
Vocal with hymns of praise, thine old grey halls,
Where the wan sun of autumn sweetest falls,
Yon hill-side wood the nightingale so loves,
Thy rivers twain of gentle foot, that pass,
Fed from a hundred willow-girded wells,
Through the rich meadowlands of long green grass,
To the loud tones of all thy convent bells.

Poems, by Frederick William Faber, D.D., 1857.

'I never dream of Oxford'

OF all the months in my life (happily they did not amount to years) those which were passed at Oxford were the most unprofitable. What Greek I took there, I literally left there, and could not help losing; and all I learnt was a little swimming and a little boating.

I never remember to have dreamt of Oxford—a sure proof how little it entered into my moral being; of school, on the contrary, I dream perpetually.

Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, 1849.

The very stones speak

On the water I went yesterday, in a little skiff, which the least deviation from the balance would overset. To manage two oars and yet unable to handle one! My first setting off was curious. I did not step exactly in the middle, the boat tilted up, and a large barge from which I embarked alone saved me from a good ducking; my arm, however, got completely wet. I tugged at the oar very much like a bear in a boat; or, if you can conceive anything more awkward, liken me to it, and you will have a better simile. . . . When I walk over these streets what various recollections throng upon me, what scenes fancy delineates from the hour when Alfred first marked it as a seat of learning! Bacon's study is demolished, so I shall never have the honour of being killed by its fall; before my window Latimer and Ridley were burnt, and there is not even a stone to mark the place where a monument should be erected to religious liberty. . . . I have walked over the ruins of Godstow Nunnery with sensations such as the site of Troy or Carthage would inspire; a spot so famed by our minstrels, so celebrated by tradition, and so memorable in the annals of legendary, yet romantic truth. Poor Rosamund! some unskilful impostor has painted an epitaph upon the chapel wall, evidently within this century; the precise spot where she lies is forgotten, and the traces are still visible of a subterranean passage—perhaps the scene of many a deed of darkness, but we should suppose the best: surely amongst the tribe who were secluded from the world, there may have been some whose motives were good among so many victims of compulsion and injustice. Do you recollect Richardson's plan for Protestant nunneries? To monastic foundations I have little attachment; but were the Colleges ever to be reformed (and reformation will not come before it is wanted) I would have a little more of the discipline kept up. Temperance is much wanted; the Waters of Helicon are far too much polluted by the wine of Bacchus ever to produce any effect. With respect to its superiors, Oxford only exhibits waste of wigs and want of wisdom; with respect to the undergraduates, every species of abandoned excess.

Southey's *Life and Correspondence*.

'Bluidy' Mackenzie in Bodley

According to the author of his *Life* (1722), Sir George Mackenzie took refuge in a city naturally dear to him, for its libraries and its

Toryism, arrived in Oxford in September, 1689, and was admitted as a student in the Bodleian on June 2, 1690.

Deus nobis haec otia fecit, Mackenzie may have murmured to himself in the uninvaded peace of the gardens of Magdalen or St. John's, in the crystal October days. He was doubtless accompanied by his wife, who had been with him at Knaresborough, and by his little son, of his second marriage, who, about 1704, entered University College as a Gentleman Commoner. The Master of University College, Dr. Charlett, was a friend of Mackenzie, who presented him with his portrait.

In June, 1684, as Wood the Oxford antiquary records, Mackenzie had presented to the University his *Jus Regium*, a defence of prerogative, and Convocation formally thanked him for the congenial gift. In his *Diaries* Wood notes that, on September 21, 1689, he met Mackenzie at the Crown Tavern, with Charlett, Dr. Plott, author of a history of Oxfordshire, Creech, and a Balliol undergraduate, John Alexander. Wood notes, later, that Bishop Burnet (who refused to subscribe to an edition of the Septuagint) is 'cold towards learning, like all the Scotchmen, who care for nothing but themselves, no matter for learning provided that they thrive.' The only exceptions to our facetious and rejoicing ignorance are 'that famous Scott Sir George Mackenzie,' the great Montrose, and John Urry of Christ Church! . . .

In the Bodleian, Mackenzie read law and was happy, he tells the University, among 'your libraries, whereof each of your colleges has one which might almost supply the place of a Bodleian. Who could know Oxford, 'without being forced by a noble emulation to leave all other pleasures, that he might retire into your libraries, or his own closet, there to purchase some share of that improvement, which every private man's breast concurs with the world to esteem?' . . .

The languor of mortal sickness could not depress Mackenzie's indomitable spirit, nor could imminent death chill his ardour for literature and law. His last years in England, where, as Melfort said, 'they see the best side of him, and that is very good,' were, let us hope, his happiest years. One loves best to think of Mackenzie in a nook of the Bodleian, by a window where the sun shines fair on Exeter gardens; or in that ancient library of Merton with the green Christ Church meadows beneath; or limping with a friend along the Broad Walk, shadowed by the elms that then were young; or musing on what his life might have been, beside the still grey waters of the Cherwell.

A. Lang, *Bluidy Mackenzie*. Longmans, 1909.

I HAVE myself been at home entirely, with the exception of a week's visit to Oxford, where I found sundry contemporaries grown bald and grave, and met sundry children of my friends in the country shot up into dashing young men. That same place always presents a curious gerometer to people who have long ceased to be resident; but I do not know that I ever felt it so much before. In some respects, it is whimsically altered from what I remember it, though, of course, the whole outward show proceeds with less visible alteration than the library of Goëthe's grandfather, described in his *Memoirs*, where everything was so old, and in such good order, that it seemed as if time had stood still, or as if the watch of society had been put back for a century. But in Oxford, notwithstanding this outward monotony, there are certain changes which an observer less keen than yourself would not fail to discover. First, when we remember Christ Church, it was an absolute monarchy of the most ultra-oriental character; whereas the reigning dean [Charles Henry Hall] is as little attended to, to all appearance, as the Peishwah of the Mahrattas; the whole government resting on an oligarchy of tutors, under whom, I think, the college flourishes, at least as much as under the cloud-compelling wig of the venerable Cyril [Jackson]. My own old college [B. N. C.] is less altered in this respect; but the tutors there, as elsewhere in the university, are so different a race from the former stock, as to occasion a very ludicrous comparison. The old boys never stirred from home; these pass their whole vacation on the continent, are geologists, system-mongers, and I know not what. It is possible that, when we were lads, we rather underrated the generality of those set over us; but I cannot help thinking that this race of beings is, on the whole, considerably amended.

Oxford revisited, 1818

Of the young men, I do not know that I can say much. The general story is, that they were never so diligent and so orderly as at present; all which is put down to the account of the system of examination. There is really, I think, much less lounging than formerly, which is produced, of course, by the greater frequency and regularity of lectures; but hunting seems practised to a degree considerably beyond our times; and so far as I can learn, in general they worship the same divinities who are enumerated in the Herodotean account of the university:—

> Διονυσον και Αρτεμιδα και Αφροδιτην, ἐνιοι δε φασι ὁτι και τὸν Ἑρμην.

If Bacchus is somewhat less honoured (of which, from certain sounds which reached my ears during a nightly walk, I have some

doubt), the general change of manners in this respect has probably had as much efficacy as any strictness of discipline. . . .

Life of Bishop Heber.

Oxford, I owe thee nothing

OXFORD, ancient Mother! hoary with ancestral honours, time-honoured, and haply it may be time-shattered power—I owe thee nothing! Of thy vast riches I took not a shilling, though living among multitudes who owed to thee their daily bread. Not the less I owe thee justice; for that is a universal debt. And at this moment when I see thee called to thy audit by unjust and malicious accusers—men with the hearts of inquisitors and the purposes of robbers—I feel towards thee something of filial reverence and duty.

De Quincey, *Autobiography*, 1853.

Nation and University

NOWHERE does the English temper show itself more clearly than in its relation to the Universities. Two centres of intellectual life came into being we can hardly say how: but so soon as two existed great objection was felt to the creation of any more. They were enough for local convenience. They were enough to excite emulation and display slightly different tendencies. Attempts to add to the number were vigorously suppressed. It seems as if the notion of two parties, to keep one another in order, was an ideal of early growth, and was dimly felt in the domain of learning before it was extended to the domain of politics. Anyhow England looked coldly on the New Learning till it forced its way into the Universities and proved its practical utility.

Historical Lectures and Addresses, by M. Creighton. Longmans, 1903.

Oxford Index of England

THE cathedral itself was an epitome of English history. Every stone, every pane of glass, every panel of woodwork, was true, and of its time—not an accursed sham of architect's job. The first shrine of St. Frideswide had indeed been destroyed, and her body rent and scattered on the dust by the Puritan; but her second shrine was still beautiful in its kind—most lovely English work both of heart and hand. The Norman vaults above were true English Norman; bad and rude enough, but the best we could do with our own wits—and no French help. The roof was true Tudor—grotesque, inventively constructive, delicately carved; it, with the roof of the hall staircase, summing the builder's skill of the fifteenth century. The west window, with its clumsy painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds, a monument of the transition

from window to picture which ended in Dutch pictures of the cattle with either shepherds or Christ—but still the best man could do of the day; and the plain finial woodwork of the stalls represented still the last art of living England in the form of honest and comfortable carpentry.

In this choir, written so closely and consecutively with indisputable British history, met every morning a congregation representing the best of what Britain had become—orderly, as the crew of a man-of-war, in the goodly ship of their temple. Every man in his place, according to his rank, age, and learning; every man of sense or heart there recognising that he was either fulfilling, or being prepared to fulfil, the gravest duties required of Englishmen. A well-educated foreigner, admitted to that morning service, might have learned and judged more quickly and justly what the country had been, and still had power to be, than by months of stay in court or city. There, in his stall, sat the greatest divine of England—under his commanding niche, her greatest scholar—among the tutors the present Dean Liddell, and a man of curious intellectual power and simple virtue, Osborne Gordon. The group of noblemen gave, in the Marquis of Kildare, Earl of Desart, Earl of Emlyn, and Francis Charteris, now Lord Wemyss—the brightest types of high race and active power. Henry Acland and Charles Newton among the senior undergraduates, and I among the freshmen, showed, if one had known, elements of curious possibilities in coming days. None of us then conscious of any need or chance of change, least of all the stern captain, who, with rounded brow and glittering dark eye, led in his old thunderous Latin the responses of the morning prayer.

Præterita, by John Ruskin. Allen, 1889.

Past and Present

NOTHING is wanting here, neither the beauties of art, nor the freshness of nature, nor the great and grandiose impressions of history. A moment since, when going through the colleges, I was told the names of their ancient occupants, students for ever famous—Wycliffe, the Black Prince, Sir Walter Raleigh, Pym, Hampden, Archbishop Laud, Ireton, Addison. At each building the guide pointed out the dates and the authors of the foundation, the embellishments, the restorations. All these old men seem living still; for their work has survived them and endures. The wisdom of ancient times remains written in Latin sentences upon the walls; on a sun-dial, above the hours, this solemn phrase may be read—*pereunt et imputantur*. And this is not a dead city, nor is it asleep; the modern work completes and increases the ancient work; the

contemporaries, as in former times, contribute their buildings and their gifts. When at the Bodleian library one has seen the manuscripts, the precious volumes, the portraits of Vandyck, Lely, and Kneller, one finds further on a recent collection of sketches and original drawings by Raffaelle and Michel Angelo, where the vitality, the sentiment of nudity, the superb Paganism of the Revival, are displayed with incomparable freedom. The collection cost seven thousand pounds sterling; Lord Eldon alone contributed four thousand. I have visited two or three professors' houses, the one resembling our old French mansions, the others modern and charming, all possessing gardens, flowers, noble or laughing prospects. The oldest, under the portraits of the predecessors, contain every modern comfort. I compared them to those of our scholars, resembling cages, to the third floor in a great city, to the dismal lodgings of the Sorbonne, and I thought of the aspect, so gloomy and confined, of our College of France. Poor Frenchmen, so poor, and who live encamped. We are of yesterday, and ruined from father to son by Louis XIV., by Louis XV., by the Revolution, by the Empire. We have demolished, everything has required to be built anew. Here the generation following does not break with the preceding one: reforms are superimposed on institutions, and the present, based upon the past, perpetuates it.

H. Taine's *Notes on England*, 1872.

OXFORD, *October* 1854.

Thirteen Years' Retrospect at Oxford

I AM writing from Walrond's rooms in Balliol. This time thirteen years ago I was wandering about this quadrangle a freshman, as I see other freshmen doing now. The time seems prodigious. I do not certainly feel thirteen years older than when I came up to Oxford. . . . I am going to-day to explore the Cumnor country, and on Thursday I got up alone into one of the little coombs that papa was so fond of, and which I had in my mind in the *Gypsy Scholar*, and felt that peculiar *sentiment* of this country and neighbourhood as deeply as ever. But I am much struck with the apathy and *poorness* of the people here, as they now strike me, and their petty pottering habits compared with the students of Paris, or Germany, or even of London. Animation and interests and the power of work seem so sadly wanting in them. . . . However, we must hope that the coming changes and perhaps the infusion of Dissenters' sons of that muscular, hard-working, *unblasé* middle class—for it is this in spite of its abominable disagreeableness—may brace the flaccid sinews of Oxford a little.

Letters of M. Arnold, 1848-1888. Macmillan, 1895.

Oxford geniality of life

WITH all its faults of idleness and littleness there is a charm about Oxford which tells on one, a certain freshness and independence ('it has never given itself over to the Philistines,' as Matt. Arnold says), and besides a certain geniality of life such as one doesn't find elsewhere. Perhaps its very blunders—and one meets a blunder at every step if one regards it as a great educational institution—save it at any rate from falling into the mere commonplace of the *Daily Telegraph*. . . . And with all its oddities Oxford seems to give a wide toleration and charity to the social intercourse of thinkers; Comtist and Romaniser laugh together over High Table, and are driven by the logic of fact from the shallow device of avoiding one another as 'fools' or 'madmen.'

Letters of J. R. Green. Macmillan, 1901.

Mr. Gladstone in College

LAST night there was a great party at W. R. A.'s house, and my wife and I were invited to the drawing-room. When the gentlemen came in from the dining-room, Mr. Gladstone came in alone and looked round, and presently came and talked to me. I presented my wife, and we had a good deal of pleasant talk. He was exceedingly polite and kind to her, but it was quite evident that his old Oxonian Toryism resented the idea of 'married Fellows,' and we heard from other sources that the whole of the woman element in modern Oxford was profoundly distasteful to him.

T. R. further elucidates this point: 'He spoke kindly of efforts to improve the education of women: one of his own daughters was a tutor at Newnham, Cambridge; but colleges for women at Oxford!—a deep "Ah" indicated that Mr. Gladstone had misgivings. When Mrs. Gladstone was in Oxford a lady spoke of her visit as a "pleasant surprise"; "Not at all, not at all, ma'am," said the old man in a tragic voice, "there are far too many ladies in Oxford already."' . . .

He spoke much of the hurry of life in modern Oxford, and I said that I believed if the terms were longer we should not be so hustled. He agreed and commended the Scottish system of six months' term, and when I said everything Scottish was to be commended he smiled cordial approval, and spoke of the nobility of the Scottish student life and the peck of meal in the garret. Harcourt came up, and the wife and I retired. He at once began to Harcourt on Homer, which, as the latter is a man of science pure and simple, was a little hard on him. When he said good-night to me, which he did very warmly, he said how happy he had been in College and how he would gladly end his days here.

'Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1890,' by C. R. L. F., in the *Cornhill Magazine*, May 1908.

The Tide of youthful Life

THE Buildings stand, to mark by their varying architecture, the succession of changeful centuries through which the University has passed. In the Libraries are the monuments of the successive generations of learning. But the tide of youthful life that from age to age has flowed through college, quadrangle, hall and chamber, through University examination-rooms and Convocation Houses, has left no memorials of itself except the entries in the University and College books; dates of matriculation, which tell of the bashful boy standing before the august Vice-Chancellor at entrance; dates of degrees, which tell of the youth putting forth, from his last haven of tutelage, on the waves of the wide world. Hither they thronged, century after century, in the costume and with the equipments of their times, from mediæval abbey, grange and hall, from Tudor manor-house and homestead, from mansion, rectory, and commercial city of a later day, bearing with them the hopes and affections of numberless homes. Year after year they departed, lingering for a moment at the gate to say farewell to College friends, the bond with whom they vowed to preserve, but whom they were never to see again, then stepped forth into the chances and perils of life, while the shadow on the College dial moved on its unceasing round.

Oxford and Her Colleges, by Goldwin Smith. Macmillan, 1894.

Haec Olim

IT is an inexpressible pleasure to be here. I sit among the shadows of my past life. I see the members of the old Balliol boat, which I helped to push forward. Chateaubriand, on revisiting Venice, found a charm gone; but from school and college the charms never pass away. Memory is the only fountain of perpetual youth. Here we can dream once again that we are young.

Sir Charles Bowen, *At the Opening of Balliol New Hall.*

The 'Glamour of Oxford'

THE Novel of University life has not been written yet and perhaps never will be. I am not at all sure that *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green* do not mark the nearest approach to it—save the mark. . . . To begin with, *Verdant Green*, with all its faults, did contrive to be exceeding youthful and high-spirited. And in the second place, with all its faults, it did convey some sense of what I may call the 'glamour' of Oxford.

Now the University, on its part, being fed with a constant supply of young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty, does contrive, with all its faults, to keep up a fair show of youth and high spirits; and even their worst enemies will admit that Oxford and Cambridge wear, in the eyes of their sons at any rate, a certain

glamour . . . and until you recognise it for a fact and a feature of the place and allow for it, you have not the faintest prospect of realising Oxford. Each succeeding generation finds that glamour or brings it; and each generation, as it passes, deems that its successor has either found or brought less of it. But the glamour is there all the while.

Pall Mall Magazine, Jan.-April, 1898.
'From A Cornish Window,' by A. T. Quiller Couch.

The Arrival Platform

Of the hundreds of boys who are shot on the G.W.R. platform every October to be caressed or kicked by Alma Mater and returned in due time full or empty, it is only an insignificant minority who come up with the ostensible purpose of learning. Their reasons are as many as the colours of their portmanteaus. Brown has come up because he is in the sixth form at school, and was sent in for a scholarship by a head-master desiring an advertisement; Jones, because it is thought by his friends that he might get into the 'Varsity eleven; Robinson, because his father considers a university career to be a stepping-stone to the professions—which it fortunately is not as yet. Mr. Sangazur is going to St. Boniface because his father was there; and Mr. J. Sangazur Smith—well, probably because *his* father wasn't.

Aspects of Modern Oxford, by A Mere Don. Seeley, 1894.

Fleeting Generations

An undergraduate's memory is very short. For him the history of the University is comprised in the three or four years of his own residence. Those who came before him and those who came after are alike separated from him by a great gulf; his predecessors are infinitely older, and his successors immeasurably younger. It makes no difference what his relations to them may be in after-life. Jones who went down in '74 may be an undistinguished country parson or a struggling junior at the bar; and Brown, who came up in '75, may be a Bishop or a Q.C. with his future made; but all the same Brown will always regard Jones as belonging to the almost forgotten, heroic period, before he came up, and Jones, whatever may be his respect for Brown's undoubted talents, must always, to a certain extent, feel the paternal interest of a veteran watching the development of youthful promise. . . . So complete is this severance of successive generations, that it is hard to see how undergraduate custom and tradition and college characteristics should have a chance of surviving—yet, somehow, they do manage to preserve an unbroken continuity. Once give a college a good or a bad name and that name will stick to it.

Aspects of Modern Oxford. Seeley, 1894.

Continuity of Life

In Oxford nothing is the creation of one man or of one year. Every college, and church, and garden, is the work of centuries of men and time. Many a stone reveals an octave of colour that is the composition of a long age. The founder of a college laid his plans; in part, perhaps, he fixed them in stone. . . . His successors continued the work and without haste, without contempt of the future or ignorance of the past, helped the building to ascend unto complete beauty. . . . The Benedictine Gloucester House of 1283 has grown by strange methods into the Worcester College of to-day. Durham College must now be sought beneath the foundations of Balliol. The Augustinian Priory site is now occupied by Wadham. St. Alban's Hall is no more, but its lamp, Stubbins Moon, is a light in a recess of Merton. Wolsey drew upon the bank of old foundations for the munificence of his House. A chantry for the comfort of departed souls became a kind of scholarship. Duke Humphrey's library was the nest from which Bodley's august collection overflowed; the very timber of the Bodleian was in part Merton's gift. No city preserves the memory and signature of so many men.

The Mighty Dead

The thousand years of English glory stretch across the English sky from 900 to 1900 in a luminous tract where the stars are sown in multitudes outnumbering those of all the other heavens; and in Oxford above other places one needs a telescope to distinguish them. The logic of any commemoration of the mighty dead is that they will animate the living to noble endeavour for like remembrance. But where the mighty dead are in such multitude perhaps it is not so. Perhaps in the presence of their records the desire of distinction fails, and it is the will to do great things for the things' sake rather than the doer's which remains. The hypothesis might account for the prevailing impersonality of Oxford, the incandescent mass from which nevertheless from time to time a name detaches itself and flames a separate star in the zenith.

What strikes one with the sharpest surprise is not the memories of distant times, however mighty, but those of yesterday, of this forenoon, in which the tradition of their glory is continued. The aged statesman whose funeral eulogy hardly ceased to echo in the newspapers, the young hero who fell in the battle of the latest conquest, died equally for the honour of England, and both are mourned in bronze which has not yet lost its golden lustre beside the inscriptions, forgotten themselves in the time-worn lettering of the tablets on the walls, or the brasses in the floors. Thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, they strew the solemn place, but in the

religious calm of those chapels and halls there is no rude blast to scatter them, or to disturb the quiet in which, for a few hundred or a few thousand years, they may keep themselves from the universal oblivion.

'Oxford,' by W. D. Howells, *North American Review*, Oct. 5, 1906.

'Visions of the Future'

Such visions of the past may be the dreams which old men are allowed to dream; but how many visions of the future have been granted to young men within these courts and gardens; dreams which may have been the inspiration of a great career, or the memory of which may have soothed the regrets for imperfect fulfilment. There has been the scholar's aspirations, sometimes realised even beyond hope, sometimes lost later on 'in the light of common day,' sometimes buried in an early grave, over which might be written in sad earnest the words of the English scholar-poet: 'Literarum quaesivit gloriam, videt Dei.' To many in the older time the dream may have taken a concrete form which had its limitations, perhaps of the College living which had been the expected portion from tender years, yet too touched with hope and the desire for usefulness, and often with romance. The modern dream perhaps has had larger outlines, forecasting great service to be done for God and man, the command of the attention of senates or courts, a man's share in the white man's burden by the Indus or the Nile. These dreams do not clog the life and work of the present; they have arisen, as they always will arise, out of the consciousness of powers newly realised, and of opportunities here freely offered and gratefully embraced, before the waking vision of many

> 'Who, rowing hard against the stream,
> Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
> And did not dream it was a dream.'

New College, by A. O. Prickard. Dent, 1906.

Predilections and Tastes needed for a full Enjoyment of Oxford

There must be some love for the past and some knowledge of it; some sense of that historic continuity of which there is not, even in this still not quite disinherited country of ours, any such variously organic representative in the form of a town as Oxford; some sympathy with, or at least some conception of the great movements (some of them not so distant) of which it has been the home; some remembrance of the men who have lived and died, and read and felt, and sometimes fought within or around its walls; some touch of imaginative compassion for all the fantastic and

fallacious hopes, all the dreams sent from the ivory gate, that have flitted thicker than any motes in its thousand chambers.

Sights and Scenes in Oxford, by Thomas Whittaker. Cassell, 1896. George Saintsbury's Preface.

Oxford Revisited

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,[1]
Oxford, and chime harmonious, but I say,
Sighing to think how time has worn away,
Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells
Heard after years of absence, from the vale
Where Cherwell winds. Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scattered wide
By many fates. Peace be within thy walls!

. . . . . .

Sonnets, by William Lisle Bowles, 1791.

Balliol Scholars: A Memorial

WITHIN the ancient College-gate I passed,
Looked round once more upon the well-known square;
Change had been busy since I saw it last,
Replacing crumbled walls by new and fair;
Th' old chapel gone—a roof of statelier show
Soared high—I wondered if it sees below
As pure heart worship, as confiding prayer.

. . .

But though walls, chapel, garden, all are changed,
And through these courts quick generations fleet,
There are whom still I see round table ranged,
In chapel snowy-stoled for matins meet;
Though many faces since have come and gone,
Changeless in memory these still live on,
A Scholar brotherhood, high souled, complete.

. . . . . .

The voice[2] that weekly from St. Mary's spake,
As from the unseen world oracular,
Strong as another Wesley, to re-wake

---

[1] Byron refers to this line in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers':—

'O maudlin prince of mournful sonnetteers!
And are not thou their prince, harmonious Bowles!
Their first great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief
The fall of empires or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells. . . .'

[2] Newman.

The sluggish heart of England, near and far,
Voice so intense to win men, or repel,
Piercing, yet tender, on these spirits fell,
Making them other, higher than they were.

Foremost one stood,[1] with forehead high and broad
Sculptor ne'er moulded grander dome of thought,
Beneath it, eyes dark-lustred rolled and glowed,
Deep wells of feeling where the full soul wrought;
Yet lithe of limb; and strong as shepherd boy,
He roamed the wastes and drank the mountain joy,
To cool a heart too cruelly distraught.

. . . . . .

There, too, was one,[2] broad-browed, with open face,
And frame for toil compacted—him with pride
A school of Devon from a rural place
Had sent to stand these chosen ones beside;
From childhood trained all hardness to endure,
To love the things that noble are, and pure,
And think and do the truth, whate'er betide.

With strength for labour, 'as the strength of ten,'
To ceaseless toil he girt him night and day;
A native king and ruler among men,
Ploughman or Premier, born to bear true sway;
Small or great duty never known to shirk,
He bounded joyously to sternest work—
Less buoyant others turn to sport and play.

. . . . . .

Comes brightly back one day—he had performed
Within the Schools some more than looked-for feat,
And friends and brother scholars round him swarmed
To give the day to gladness that was meet;
Forth to the fields we fared—among the young
Green leaves and grass, his laugh the loudest rung;
Beyond the rest his bound flew far and fleet.

All afternoon o'er Shotover's breezy heath
We ranged, through bush and brake instinct with Spring,
The vernal dream-lights o'er the plains beneath
Trailed, overhead the skylarks carolling;
Then home through evening-shadowed fields we went,
And filled our College rooms with merriment—
Pure joys, whose memory contains no sting.

[1] A. H. Clough. [2] F. Temple.

. . . . . .

Among that scholar band the youngest pair
In hall and chapel side by side were seen,
Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,
But far in thought apart—a world between.
The one wide-welcomed for a father's fame,[1]
Entered with free, bold step that seemed to claim
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

The other,[2] of an ancient name, erst dear
To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,
Reared in grey halls on banks of Severn piled;
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach,
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled.

. . . . . .

And thou wast there that day, my earliest friend,
In Oxford! sharer of that joy the while!
Ah me, with what delightsome memories blend
'Thy pale, calm face; thy strangely-soothing smile';
What hours come back, when, pacing College walks,
New knowledge dawned on us, or friendly talks
Inserted, long night-labours would beguile.

What strolls through meadows mown of fragrant hay,
On summer evenings by smooth Cherwell stream,
When Homer's song, or chaunt from Shelley's lay,
Added new splendour to the sunset gleam;
Or how, on calm of Sunday afternoon,
Keble's low, sweet voice to devout commune,
And heavenward musings, would the hours redeem.

But when on crimson creeper o'er the wall
Autumn his finger beautifully impressed,

[1] Matthew Arnold. [2] James Riddell.

And came the third time, at October's call,
Cheerily trooping to their rooms the rest,
Filling them with glad greetings and young glee,
His room alone was empty—henceforth we
By his sweet fellowship no more were blest.

John Campbell Shairp, 1873.

Men's Memories

City of weathered cloister and worn court;
Grey city of strong towers and clustering spires;
Where art's fresh loveliness would first resort;
Where lingering art kindled her latest fires;

Where, on all hands, wondrous with ancient grace,
Grace, touched with age, rise works of goodliest mien,
Next Wykeham's art obtain their splendid place
The zeal of Inigo, the strength of Wren;

Where at each coign of every antique street,
A memory hath taken root in stone,
There, Raleigh shone; there, toiled Franciscan feet;
There, Johnson flinched not, but endured, alone.

There, Shelley dreamed his white Platonic dreams,
There, classic Landor throve on Roman thought,
There, Addison pursued his quiet themes,
There, smiled Erasmus, and there, Colet taught.

Lionel Johnson.

An Oxford Idyll

Ah little mill, you're rumbling still,
Ah sunset flecked with gold!
Ah deepening tinge, ah purple fringe
Of lilac as of old.
Ah hawthorn hedge, ah light-worn pledge
Of kisses warm and plenty,
When she was true and twenty-two,
And I was two-and-twenty.
I don't know how she broke her vow—
She said that I was 'horty';
And there's the mill a-goin' still,
And I am five-and-forty.
And sooth to tell, 'twas just as well,
Her aitches were uncertain;
Her ways though nice, not point-device;
Her father liked his 'Burton.'

But there 's a place you cannot trace,
So spare the fond endeavour—
A cloudless sky, where Kate and I
Are twenty-two for ever.

'Magdalen Walk,' by T. E. Brown, in *Collected Poems*. Macmillan, 1900.

Un Revenant

At Oxford I found the perennial new buildings which vex the conservative soul; a vast civic pile in St. Aldates, and some puzzling demi-cottages off Holywell; St. Mary's new apex gleaming like a nightcap amid the new pinnacles, frigid mechanisms—

'Icily regular, splendidly null.'

I mused whether it would be possible, before any more of the old features vanish, to move the whole modern business of the University to Brompton — Schools, Professors, Delegacies, Extension Meetings—and there make them happy in beautiful new buildings. With them might go the trains, the stone saw, the paper boy, and a hundred other energies of the time, leaving behind them the *Genius Loci* they insult, the relics of Oxford's immemorial grace, to rest through quiet terms and slumberous vacations, educational in a way which perhaps not even Endowed Research has yet discovered.

When I am in Oxford, I generally find that my ramblings about the town follow more or less a customary order. I lean over Magdalen Bridge and watch the punts emerge from the archway with hollow plash and ring; I wait by St. Mary's entry while the bell is going, and the gowns flock by to congregation; from a narrow lane I look up to a house-front, white in the sunlight, with green window-boxes, to the open windows of the rooms which were mine. I am a *revenant*; I find myself inclined to walk softly, to give room to the corporeal passing crowd, to stop in convenient corners to watch the currents that have gone by me. On this last visit, Summer term was on the lees, and that vague spirit of unrest was abroad which drives the undergraduate from his haunts. Something of the old feeling awoke even in me when I met the clattering hansoms, hat-box and portmanteau atop, and the serene, brown, wholesome faces, set towards New Road and the Long Vac. The man who has not kept up his connection with his College, and has no friends even among Dons and Fellows—those *νεκύων ἀμενηνὰ κάρηνα* still haunting the ways of life—should choose the far end of the Long Vacation for revisiting Oxford. When there is a touch of yellow in the Broad Walk Elms, and milder sunshine sleeps upon the smouldering façades; when the coil of the Extensionists has

died away, and the new electric installation is finished in the College Hall; then it is easiest to raise the dead and renew one's ancient terms.

Idlehurst: *A Journal kept in the Country*, by John Halsham. Smith, Elder, 1898.

Semper eadem

It does not follow, because Oxford during the last twenty years has, to the eye of the visitor, altered very considerably, that the characteristics of Oxford have altered to anything like the same extent. Undoubtedly they have been modified by the relaxation and suspension of the laws forbidding Fellows to marry. Undoubtedly, the brisk growth of red-brick houses along the north of the city, the domestic hearths, afternoon teas, and perambulators, and all things covered by the opprobrious name of 'Parks-system,' have done something to efface the difference between Oxford and other towns. But on the whole I think they have done surprisingly little; and I am certain that it would be ludicrously wrong to calculate their effect upon University life by mere computation of the numbers of red-brick houses or perambulators. Naturally these innovations loom large upon the fears of those who have watched their progress year by year. But for this very reason it may perhaps be worth while to listen to a reassuring outsider who remains of the opinion that the true Oxford still lies south of St. Giles's Church, and will for many more years than we are ever likely to see.

Pall Mall Magazine, Jan.-April, 1898.
'From a Cornish Window,' by A. T. Quiller-Couch.

The Spells of Oxford

Strange is the hold that Oxford lays upon men, and not less strong than strange. Nothing weakens it; neither time, nor distance, nor success, nor failure, nor the revolution of opinion, nor the deaths of friends. Oxford had been unjust to Froude, and had driven out one of her most illustrious sons in something like disgrace. Yet he never wavered in his affection for her, and after the many vicissitudes of his life he came back to Oriel with the spirits of a boy. The spells of Oxford, like the spells of Medea, dispersed the weight of years.

Life of Froude, by Herbert Paul. Isbister, 1905.

M. Arnold and the Sleeping Oxford

As some princess or queen wast thou to him
On whose proud beauty long ago there fell
In a quiet court of sleep, or cloister dim,
Lonely and separate, or low unsunned cell,

Among forgotten far-off realms, a spell
Of secular slumber; where a timeless trance,
O'erlooked by battlement and oriel,
Breathed on by briar-rose of old romance,
Sealed her sweet eyelids down with a lost inheritance.

Corydon: An Elegy, by Reginald Fanshaw. Frowde, 1906.

Her call to the Ideal

BEAUTIFUL city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

'There are our young barbarians all at play!'

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty in a word, which is only truth seen from another side. . . . Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!

Preface to *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan.

City of Dreams

TIMID and strange, like a ghost, I pass the familiar portals,
Echoing now like a tomb, they accept me no more as of old;
Yet I go wistfully onward, a shade thro' a kingdom of mortals
Wanting a face to greet me, a hand to grasp and to hold.

Hardly I know as I go if the beautiful City is only
Mocking me under the moon, with its streams and its willows agleam,
Whether the City of friends or I that am friendless and lonely,
Whether the boys that go by or the time-worn towers be the dream.

Whether the walls that I know, or the unknown fugitive faces,
Faces like those that I loved, faces that haunt and waylay,
Faces so like and unlike, in the dim unforgettable places,
Startling the heart into sickness that aches with the sweet of the may,—

Back to the Cloisters

Whether all these or the world with its wars be the wandering shadows!
Ah, sweet over green-gloomed waters the may hangs, crimson and white;
And quiet canoes creep down by the warm gold dusk of the meadows,
Lapping with little splashes and ripples of silvery light.

Others like me have returned: I shall see the old faces to-morrow,
Down by the gay-coloured barges, alert for the throb of the oars,
Wanting to row once again, or tenderly jesting with sorrow,
Up the old stairways and noting the strange new names on the doors.

And still, in the beautiful City, the river of life is no duller,
Only a little strange as the eighth hour dreamily chimes,
In the City of friends and echoes, ribbons, and music, and colour,
Lilac and blossoming chestnut, willows and whispering limes.

Over the Radcliffe Dome the moon as the ghost of a flower
Weary and white awakes in the phantom fields of the sky:
The trustful shepherded clouds are asleep over steeple and tower,
Dark under Magdalen walls the Cher like a dream goes by.

Back, we come wandering back, poor ghosts, to the home that one misses
Out in the shelterless world, the world that was heaven to us then,
Back from the coil and the vastness, the stars and the boundless abysses,
Like monks from a pilgrimage stealing in bliss to their cloisters again.

City of dreams that we lost, accept now the gift we inherit—
Love, such a love as we knew not of old in the blaze of our noon,
We that have found thee at last, half City, half heavenly Spirit,
While over a mist of spires the sunset mellows the moon.

'A pretty Town enough'

I CAME through Oxford [Sept. 1832]. It was as beautiful a day as the second day of our visit, and the High Street was in all its glory. But it made me quite sad to find myself there without you and Margaret. All my old Oxford associations are gone. Oxford, instead

of being, as it used to be, the magnificent old city of the eighteenth century—still preserving its antique character among the improvements of modern times, and exhibiting in the midst of upstart Birminghams and Manchesters the same aspect which it wore when Charles held his court at Christ Church and Rupert led his cavalry over Magdalen Bridge,—is now to me only the place where I was so happy with my little sisters. But I was restored to mirth, and even to indecorous mirth, by what happened after we had left the fine old place. There was a young fellow of about five-and-twenty, moustached and smartly dressed, in the coach with me. He was not absolutely uneducated: for he was reading a novel, the *Hungarian Brothers*, the whole way. We rode, as I told you, through the High Street. The coach stopped to dine; and this youth passed half an hour in the midst of that city of palaces. He looked about him with his mouth open, as he re-entered the coach, and all the while that we were driving away past the Ratcliffe Library, the great court of All Souls, Exeter, Lincoln, Trinity, Balliol, and St. John's. When we were about a mile on the road he spoke the first words that I had heard him utter. 'That was a pretty town enough. Pray, sir, what is it called?' I could not answer him for laughing; but he seemed quite unconscious of his own absurdity.—Ever Yours, T. B. M.

Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by Sir G. O. Trevelyan. Longmans, 1876.

The Myriad Appeal

THE observation has been made before that though it would be the height of bad taste in an Athenian—the term (for Oxford) is not merely Dryden's, it is as old at least as Lyly—to extol his mother university at the expense of others, it is legitimate to call attention to the fact that those others very rarely seem to excite in their own nurslings the peculiar fanatical affection which 'Athens' does in all the best of hers. The charm is manifold, and like all really potent charms, it cannot be fully analysed. There may be other cities which possess individual set pieces of greater landscape or architectural beauty. . . . Oxford does not fling itself in one bold appeal upon you and acknowledge defeat, if that fail. Not only may no single college be neglected without loss, but hardly a bye-street, which does not contribute something to the general effect.

From Professor Saintsbury's Introduction to *Oxford Sights*, 1896.

When I was at Balliol

YEARS ago when I was at Balliol,
Balliol men—and I was one—
Swam together in winter rivers,
Wrestled together under the sun.
And still in the heart of us Balliol, Balliol,
Loved already but hardly known,
Welded us each of us into the others:
Called a levy and chose her own.

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again;
And the best of Balliol loved and led me,
God be with you, Balliol men!

Verses, by Hilaire Belloc.
Duckworth, 1910.

Commemoratio Balliolensis Benefactorum

WE render most humble and hearty Thanks unto Thee, O Eternal and Heavenly Father, for all Thy gifts and Graces most bountifully and mercifully bestowed upon us: and, namely for Thy Benefits, our Exhibitions and Maintenance here, at the Study of Virtue and good Learning, by the Liberality of John Balliol and Dervorguilla his Wife, Founders of this College; Sir Philip Somervile, Sir William Felton, Mr. Peter Blundell, the Lady Elizabeth Periham, Dr. John Bell, Bishop of Worcester, Dr. John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas Wendy, Dr. Richard Busby, John Snell, Esq., Dr. Henry Compton, and Dr. John Robinson, successive Bishops of London, the Rev^{d}. Henry Fisher, the Rev^{d}. Thomas Williams and Jane his wife, Dr. Richard Prosser, Dr. Richard Jenkyns, Master of this College, Miss Hannah Brackenbury, Francis Charles Hastings, Duke of Bedford, the Rev^{d}. Benjamin Jowett, Master of this College, Sir John Conroy, and others our Pious Benefactors: most humbly beseeching Thee to give us Grace so to use them, as may make most for our furtherance in Virtue, and Increase in Learning, for the comfort and Salvation of our own Souls, and the Benefit and Edification of our Brethren, and above all for the Glory of Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

N.B.—This Prayer is to be read on St. Catherine's Day, Lady Periham's, and during the whole week of St. Luke's Tide.

The Bidding Prayer

YE shall pray for Christ's holy catholic church, that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the whole world, and especially for the Church of England; and herein for the King's most excellent majesty our sovereign Lord, George,

of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, over all persons, in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, throughout his dominions supreme; also for our gracious Queen Mary, Alexandra, the Queen-Mother, Edward, Prince of Wales, and all the royal family. Ye shall also pray for the ministers of God's holy word and sacraments, as well archbishops and bishops, as other pastors and curates; for the King's most honourable council; for the high court of parliament; and for all the nobility and magistrates of this realm [*especially for the learned and reverend judges of this assize*]: that all and every of these, in their several callings, may serve truly and diligently to the glory of God and the edifying and well governing of his people, remembering the account that they must make. Also ye shall pray for the whole commons of the realm, that they may live in true faith and fear of God, in dutiful obedience to the King, and in brotherly charity one to another. And, that there may never be wanting a succession of persons duly qualified for the service of God in church and state, ye shall implore his blessing on all places of religious and useful learning, particularly on our Universities; and here in Oxford for the right honourable George, viscount Curzon, our chancellor, for the reverend the vice-chancellor, for the doctors, the proctors, and all heads of colleges and halls with their respective societies; more particularly am I bound to pray for the good estate of New College and herein for the Reverend the Warden, the Fellows, the Scholars and all other members of that Society: that here, and in all places specially set apart for God's honour and service, true religion and sound learning may for ever flourish.

To these your prayers ye shall add unfeigned praises for mercies already received; for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; particularly for the advantages afforded in this place by the munificence of benefactors, such as were Humphrey duke of Gloucester, John Kempe archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Kempe bishop of London, Margaret countess of Richmond,[1] King Henry the Seventh and Elizabeth his wife, Richard Lichfield archdeacon of Middlesex, Thomas Wolsey cardinal and archbishop of York, King Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James the First, sir Thomas Bodley, sir Henry Savile, sir William Sedley, sir Nicholas Kempe, Dr. Thomas White, Mr. William Camden, Mr. Richard Tomlins, Dr. William Heather, William earl of Pembroke, John lord Craven of Ryton, King Charles the First, Edward earl of Clarendon,

[1] *Cf.* vol. i. p. 87, where 'Queen' should be deleted.

William Laud and Gilbert Sheldon archbishops of Canterbury. Henry earl of Danby, Dr. Elias Ashmole, Mr. Henry Birkhead, King George the First, Dr. John Radcliffe, Nathaniel lord Crewe bishop of Durham, Dr. William Sherard, Dr. Richard Rawlinson, Mr. Charles Viner, George Henry earl of Litchfield, rev. Charles Godwyn, rev. John Bampton, Francis lord Godolphin, Dr. John Sibthorpe, Dr. George Aldrich, Dr. John Wills, Mr. Richard Gough, King George the Third, colonel Joseph Boden, Mrs. Anne Kennicott, Mr. Francis Douce, sir Robert Taylor, Dr. Robert Mason, John Ireland dean of Westminster, John second earl of Eldon, Mr. Chambers Hall, the rev. Frederick William Hope and Ellen his wife, the rev. John Hall, the Rev. Henry Houghton, Mr. Felix Slade, Mr. John Henry Parker, and Mrs. Martha Combe, eminent benefactors to this University; in addition to whom I am bound to mention William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester, sometime Lord High Chancellor of England, the sole and munificent founder of the two St. Mary Winton Colleges. But, above all, ye are bound to bless Almighty God for his inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. Finally ye shall praise God for all those who are departed out of this life in the faith of Christ, and pray that we may have grace to direct our lives after their good example; that, this life ended, we may be made partakers with them of the glorious resurrection in the life everlasting; through Jesus Christ our blessed Lord and Saviour.

Our Father, etc.

This form is used only on the Sunday before Commemoration and at the Assizes. On other occasions the names of University benefactors are omitted; but the preacher should always mention his own college or hall and the founders and benefactors appropriate to it. In the form of the bidding prayer set forth above the preacher is supposed to be a member of New College.

[Sermons are preached before the University on each Sunday in full term, on Christmas Day, Good Friday, Ascension Day, Lady Day, and the Festivals of St. Mark and of St. John Baptist and at the several Assizes. There is also a Latin sermon with the Litany at the beginning of Michaelmas, Hilary, and Easter Terms. All University sermons are preached at St. Mary's Church, except those on Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Ascension Day, preached by the Dean of Christ Church which may be delivered in the Cathedral, those on Lady Day and Trinity assigned to a preacher nominated by New College which may be delivered in New College Chapel, and those on the Festivals of St. Mark and St. John Baptist preached by Fellows of Magdalen which may be delivered in Magdalen College Chapel. Before the sermon the preacher reads the 'Bidding Prayer' from the pulpit.]

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